CORONET

EBRUARY

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THE MIRACLE OF HICKORY by Carol Hughes

. . . the story of the town that fought and won the battle against polio

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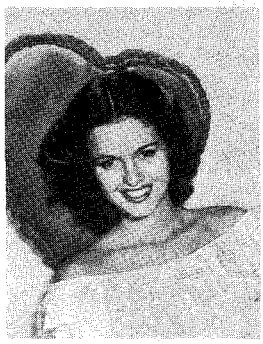

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Cover Girl The sweet, sweet Valentine on our cover is Marie Denham, perhaps the most trig brunette with violet eyes to be found in all California. Marie is a member of the Beverly Hills younger set. She still attends high school while dreaming of, and working toward—you guessed it—a career in the movies. It's her first appearance as a cover girl, by grace of photographers Mead-Maddick, and a nicer Valentine we couldn't wish you.

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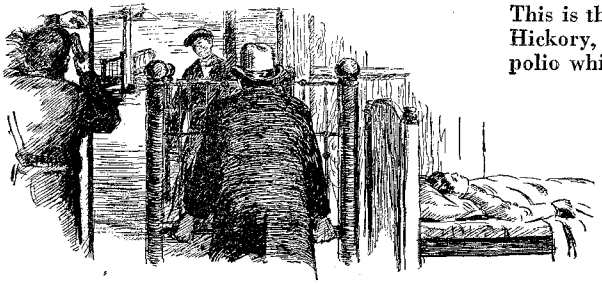

This is the glorious, heroic story of Hickory, N. C., and of the battle on polio which made it great for all time

The Miracle of Hickory

by CAROL HUGHES

PRIOR TO JUNE 1, 1944, Hickory, North Carolina, was a quiet, thriving little city of 13,487 inhabitants. Tree-shaded, moderately wealthy, blessed with rivers, mountains and excellent opportunities, it had by hard work earned a reputation as "North Carolina's best balanced and fastest growing city."

On June 12 terror stalked its streets. Hickory became a town to be shunned. People, compelled to drive through it, closed the windows of their cars and held handkerchiefs over their mouths. Travelers on trains whispered: "Put down the windows, we are coming into Hickory." Its streets became quiet. Its thriving business and industrial center thrived no more. The approaches to the town were marked—by fresh graves.

For it was on the night of June 1 that a little eight year old boy named Ranzo Brittain became violently ill. He had a high fever accompanied by nausea and drowsiness. His mother telephoned the local doctor. The little boy's legs were to become shrunken bits of flesh and the diagnosis was to be: "Infantile paralysis." Polio, the dread disease, had come to Hickory.

Before another 24 hours had passed six cases were reported in the nearby vicinity—20 in the county. Quickly the disease spread from family to family. Polio afflicted the lung muscles of one of the town's richest children and on the same day struck down the only child of a Negro sharecropper. Both children died. One frightened mother decided to rush her child to the nearest hospital. It was in Charlotte—60 miles away. The child died en route.

At this moment the town of Hickory became great—for all time. Actually, the town itself had only six cases of infantile paralysis within its borders. But around it, in the county and neighboring cities, there were 68. As a town centrally located in the western counties, its duty was clear. A hospital in Hickory could save hundreds of lives.

Overnight, Hickory citizens declared war on their fearsome enemy; an enemy they could not see and against which there was no known

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weapon. A meeting was called in the high school building. The whole town seemed to be present and the byword became: "How can I serve?" That was, literally, the last time many people returned to their homes for days.

The miracle that followed was the result of complete cooperation by the entire community. Present were the leading doctors, lawyers, bankers and manufacturers; present too, were housewives, factory workers, most of the Negro population and the heads of all civic clubs. Two doctors, Dr. H. C. Whims of nearby Newton, and Dr. A. Gaither Hahn of Hickory, began the difficult task of turning untrained civilians into nurses, attendants, and medical aides to fight the battle against polio. To aid them, Dr. Don M. Gudakunst, director of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, put his organization at Hickory's disposal.

The race against death was on. C. Crabtree, the Foundation field director, arrived from Raleigh within the hour. By five o'clock the following morning local architect Q. E. Herman had drawn a set of plans for a new building—one wing of a hospital. Just outside the city there was a Fresh Air Camp for under-privileged children. Sixty children were enjoying the sun and air of the countryside when Dr. Gudakunst telephoned: "Evacuate all children—send them home. Hickory children are confined to their own homes for an indefinite period."

Even as the architect was drawing plans, lumber began to move. Owners of lumber yards put through an order: "Give lumber for the new hospital to any man who comes for it." A strange assortment of laborers made their way to the building site. Men who had worked as dentists or whose hands had held an easel, now pounded nails and hoisted timber. Woman began a house-to-house canvass: "We need blankets. We need beds. We must have linens—and more women nurses."

ALL NIGHT and all day the exhausting campaign went on; and there was no let up when night fell again. Down from the mountains the mothers came, holding in their arms small, limp, pain-wracked bodies—some blessed with the peace of unconsciousness, others crying out in pitiful despair. The mothers laid their children on the improvised hospital beds, and leaving them to the tender mercy of the men in white, turned to cooking meals, heating water, washing blankets, and helping with the lumber hoisting. Some did not see their children again for several days.

On the second night, the rains came. But the work went on at a furious pace. When the supply of lumber from all nearby mills was exhausted, green trees cut from the forest were used. In just 55 hours a great building feat had become fact—a 55-bed hospital had been built and equipped. And even as the last nail was driven and the last bed moved in, the hospital was found to be not large enough. Every bed had been taken. With 224 cases reported, the epidemic had kept pace with the workmen.

So the workmen again took up their tools. The architect went back to his plans. A general medical alarm was sounded. By June 26, there were 194 children crowded

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into the mushrooming hospital. New beds were being moved in even while the roof was being nailed down. Twenty children had died of the horrible bulbar paralysis; over 50 cases were awaiting space in the wards.

The outside world began to move in. Through the National Foundation, doctors, nurses, specialists, physical therapists, supplies and equipment began to move towards Hickory from all parts of the country. In far-away California nurses left high-salaried jobs and came to the improvised Hickory hospital. From Philadelphia came Philipp R. Trommer, M.D., a specialist in the treatment of polio. In Chicago, Dr. Edward A. Piszczek boarded a plane for Hickory. Yale University sent Doctors Joseph Melnick, Robert Ward and Dorothy Horstmann to search for clues as to the manner of the spread of the disease. Johns Hopkins Hospital sent experts. The Red Cross moved in. Black Mountain, a convalescent hospital for soldiers, loaned 40 beds and immediately Hickory truckmen took to the road to haul them. Respirators, better known as iron lungs, became an urgent need. They came as if by magic, from all parts of the country.

But still the patients came. The case load increased so rapidly that another appeal had to be made. This time to the Army—for tents. The next morning 10 soldiers and 15 laborers arrived, driven by a WAC. The WAC deposited her passengers and started carrying lumber for the tent platforms. Seven nurses trained in the "Sister Kenny" method came, and taking time only to change their travelling clothes, began their work. The Hickory Hotel found itself jam-packed with 80 nurses and a host of doctors. Residents opened up their homes to all comers. Police Chief E. W. Lentz put his entire staff on 24-hour duty. Police cars, ambulances and patrol wagons transported exhausted workers back and forth from the hospital to places of rest.

And still help was needed, help in serving four hundred meals three times a day; help in laundering a thousand blankets and sheets; more and more labor to build and build; a host of people to keep the pack boilers going 24 hours a day. The hospital authorities asked North Carolina's governor: "May we have prison labor?" "Of course," replied Governor J. M. Broughton.

The prisoners came—convicts from the state prison at Raleigh. Several score of them helped clear grounds for another new building, dug ditches for sewage disposal, and helped the water company install pipes. And 80 women prisoners came to become "Angels of Mercy" at polio city. The prisoners came on their honor. There wasn't time enough to bother with guards and iron bars and shackles. They lived in tents and there are no locked doors on tents.

But no one tried to get away. One young girl's "time" was up, and she was free to leave. "I have become attached to the children," she said simply, and went back to her work. She's still there.

Many strange, glorious, heroic things happened at Hickory; the story of many sacrifices will never be told. But each citizen of the town has locked in his heart the

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memory of the part he played when polio struck. Dr. Gudakunst declared in his report: "This is one of the greatest examples of wholehearted cooperation I have ever seen." Dr. Trommer, paying tribute to the town, said: "In my association here I have yet to see anyone get hysterical, or even unduly excited, and yet they have wrought a miracle."

Lawyer T. R. Bryan was one of the hundreds of parents Dr. Trommer was talking about. On July 3, Lawyer Bryan arrived at the hospital with his eight year old son, John. Infantile paralysis had attacked the brain of the handsome little boy. The pain of the child was almost unimaginable. John couldn't swallow. Breathing was difficult. A long tube had to be run through his nose and into his stomach to feed him and to provide oxygen. Lawyer Bryan placed his son in a ward and left quietly. Three days later he was found scrubbing pails in the kitchen by one of the doctors. He had been there all the time, scrubbing floors and laboring beside the prisoners. Urged to go home to rest, he said: "I am like one of the boards nailed in the hospital walls. I cannot go."

Most wistful of all those who waited out the long hours at the hospital was probably "Little Polio Pete," a small mongrel dog, who arrived at the door of the emergency ward one day. His master was inside. Hopefully and faithfully he stayed at his post, sniffing at every incoming and outgoing patient—awaiting the hour when a small, skinny little boy would emerge and take him home again.

Much was learned about the dreaded polio at Hickory and further research will be based on findings made there. It will be many months before a full report is made, but these facts about polio were verified: poliomyelitis is chiefly a disease of childhood. Polio is more prevalent in summer months. Second cases are found occasionally. There are many theories about how the disease is spread. Some experts say the virus is eliminated from the body of the patient with discharges from the nose, throat and bowels. Personal contact with the discharges spreads the virus. The interval between exposure to the disease and the onset of its symptoms varies from three to eighteen days. The onset is usually abrupt, with symptoms of fever and often nausea, vomiting, drowsiness, irritability and stiffening of muscles.

ONE INTERESTING statement made by a visiting expert at Hickory came from Dr. M. S. Aisenberg, Professor of Pathology at the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, who stated that 70 per cent of 272 polio patients over three years of age were found to have decayed teeth with pulpal exposures. Only 25 per cent of 286 children in the same age grouping who had never had polio were found to have decayed teeth with pulpal exposures. Monkeys, in whose teeth the virus had been sealed, came down with the disease in seven to ten days, indicating that the teeth may be an important pathway by which the polio virus enters the body.

How much it actually cost to set up Hickory's emergency treatment center is not yet known, but it's estimated that $50,000 could not

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possibly pay for the labor and equipment involved. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis proved a savior in the North Carolina emergency. It gave $50,000 immediately and will probably prove to have expended nearly $300,000, when the final reckoning is made. It also provided doctors and nurses and aided in securing additional labor. Volunteer workers from the foundation saw that essentials, such as iron lungs, were secured without delay.

While due credit must be given to all cooperating agencies, it was Hickory and its civilian population which really performed the miracle. From June 1 to September 27, the town was almost completely mobilized. There was no "normal life." Children were confined to their homes. Mothers were giving 10 and 12 hours a day to the fight on infantile paralysis. Fathers were exhausted from overwork. For Hickory in that four month period *built an eight structure hospital*. The town gave $34,000 in actual money contributions and in materials and labor, well over $50,000. About 435 cases of polio were cared for.

The hospital stands today as a monument to a people's courage. It's a beautiful building, set in a forest near the Hickory Lake.

Money was never mentioned during its building. No one asked "How much do I get paid?" Doctors and nurses mentioned no price as they gave their services. Any child brought to the hospital door was taken in. One family, who carried their sick child down from the mountains, had exactly 40 cents in cash to offer as payment for medical services. Other parents who could pay more—did. The Hickory hospital was built and operated chiefly by the selfless devotion of an entire city of people.

The full cost of Hickory's polio epidemic may never be known. The brave little city has taken a terrific financial beating without once regretting it. And the amazing fact remains that while the epidemic raged in full fury, the town of Hickory had only six cases of infantile paralysis within its limits—fewer than any other stricken area in the state. Yet it constructed a hospital open to all races and creeds, and willingly took on itself the stigma of being known as "Polio City."

By that very sacrifice, Hickory became a great city—for all time.

Standing Room Only

IT WAS DURING GIGLI'S North American debut singing Faust in the opera *Mephistopheles*. In one scene a trapdoor was supposed to sink below the stage as Mephistopheles is shown guiding Faust into the lower regions. But the apparatus failed, and as Gigli stepped in and began to descend, the trapdoor became stuck midway. He puffed and pushed, but to no avail. Finally, when the entire audience was aware of the mechanical difficulty, a somewhat tipsy spectator in the gallery stood up and roared:

"Thank the Lord—I'm safe at last. Hell is full!"

—SIDNEY J. HARRIS in *The Chicago Daily News*

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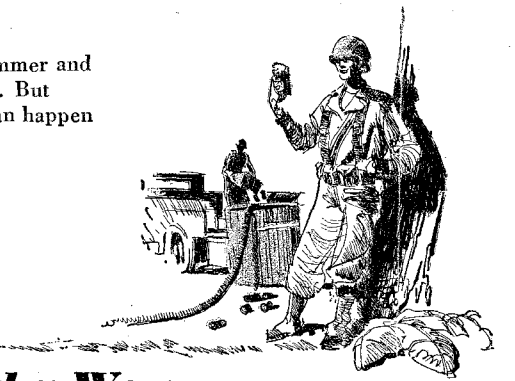
Left alone in the jungle with a hammer and a nail, GI Joe can do pretty well. But give him a shovel—and anything can happen



Yanks Will Find a Way

by SIDNEY CARROLL

ANYBODY who has ever been on a Pacific atoll, where the days are hot and the heat is strictly out of a torture chamber, knows that you need three things with which to combat the enemy and the elements in order to survive: you need ammunition, insecticide—and beer! Now you don't have to keep your insecticide at any fixed temperature —but beer! Beer has to be cold! And just how to cool it off on a hot Pacific island would seem to be one of those weighty problems that make this a long war.

Our men in the Pacific have the situation well in hand, though. Thousands of miles from a Frigidaire, tens of thousands of miles from the iceberg lanes, they have invented their own methods for taking the curse off a can of beer.

Immediately after we capture a Jap stronghold in the Pacific, we move in on the Jap gasoline dumps. Our men appropriate the large barrels of gasoline. They cut the tops off these barrels. They dump as many cans of beer as they can into the gasoline. They take a high pressure hose and stick it into the mixture of gasoline and beer cans. They blow air into the gasoline. The bubbles start coming up. The gasoline starts to evaporate. In no time at all the beer is so cold you can hardly touch the can.

All of which naturally leads to the conclusion that our men on the farflung battlefronts are capable of coping with even the most gruesome problems in logistics. Though Uncle Sam provides his fighting men with the finest equipment in the world, with tools and weapons that can meet any known emergency, every GI knows that new types of emergencies crop up every hour on the hour. In such cases, the soldier or sailor or marine must devise his own equipment.

And he's doing all right.

Take the beer can itself. A handy gadget, everything considered. It has been used as a canteen, as a cooking pot, as an ashtray. The cap on the beer can is used when you run out of checkers, and sometimes the can is used as a stove.

The story goes back a little way.

In Africa, some time ago, the British soldier devised what is

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known as the "desert stove." He took a round gallon can, cut the top off, punched holes all around the can in a circle a few inches from the top. Then he filled the can with sand, right up to the holes. He poured gasoline over the sand. He set a match to the mixture. He had a good working stove that would burn with a steady flame for about an hour. Our men in the Pacific made a slight improvement on that one, a more portable model. He took his beer can and did exactly the same thing with it. His "beer stove" doesn't burn as long as the British version, nor with as bright a flame, but it is something you can carry in your pack without any extra bulge.

The Seabee, of course, is the master of any situation, so much so that he has even won the admiration and respect of the United States Marines. The first time I ever saw the gasoline-air-hose method of cooling beer, I complimented the Marine who was working the air hose. He scoffed at my praises. "Ingenious?" he said. "This is simple stuff. I'll show you something really ingenious." He took me over to a quonset hut, on the windward side of which was one of the homeliest machines in the world—the famous "Seabee Washing Machine." It was an eyesore, and I doubt if it will ever make its way into the heart of the American housewife as a substitute for the Bendix, but the Marine was right about it. It was ingenious.

Here's the way it works.

The unsung Edison who invented the thing (legend says that he was a Seabee; nothing more is known of him) first made a small windmill, with wooden blades. Then he took one of those steel oil barrels and cut off the top of it. Then he dismantled a captured Jap truck and took the gooseneck gear out of it. He planted the gooseneck inside the barrel. With a couple of simple gears, he connected the gooseneck to the windmill. Then he filled the barrel with hot water, soap suds, and dirty clothes. Net result: the wind blows, causing the windmill to turn, causing the gooseneck to revolve inside the barrel. Suds are whipped up in no time at all and hell is beaten out of the dirty clothes. I saw a dozen of these windmill washers going full blast at a Seabee laundry on one of the Marshall Islands. They do a remarkable cleaning job.

THE AMERICAN genius for jackknife mechanics isn't entirely an inventive genius. Sometimes it simply *adapts*, which is another way of saying that an American has a peculiar gift for turning one thing into another. When the Marines acquired the island of Saipan, they bumped into a foe that wasn't anticipated. It was dust, plain dust, great rolling waves of dust.

When the Marines came ashore, they didn't have enough goggles to go around, but they settled that in jig time, by a simple adaptation. They found a Jap chemical warfare station that was filled with gas masks. The Marines cut out the goggle part of the gas mask, and thus came up with one of the finest eye protectors ever devised.

The American soldier also has a gift for improving on nature—as in the matter of wristwatch straps. When I was on my way to Palau, I

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was well fortified with wristwatch straps for my watch. I had linen ones and leather ones in copious quantities, for I had been warned that such things wear out fast in the tropics. I soon discovered that they not only wear out, they go up in smoke. Perspiration is the sworn enemy of the wristwatch strap, and there is a good deal of perspiration in the Pacific. After I had thrown away my third strap on my third day aboard ship, I told my troubles to a Signalman, Second Class. He patted me on the head and told me not to worry about it any more.

He took a shapeless piece of stainless steel. He had a hammer, a nail, and a small hand drill. In two days he had made me a wristwatch band that is a thing of joy, beauty and utility. No longer does sweat seep into my strap, thence into my watch, thence into my nervous system. You see these handmade metal straps all over the Pacific, all made by servicemen—out of steel, or aluminum, or a piece of metal stripped from a Jap Zero. Mine was made, I repeat, with a hammer, a nail, and a small hand drill. The Signalman who made it had never done anything of the sort in civilian life. Before the war, he had some sort of a job pasting stamps on cigarette packages.

I was told a long time ago that the average American fighting man, left alone in the jungle with a hammer and a nail, will proceed to build himself a three-story house with concealed plumbing.

I have since found out that a hammer and a nail may not be quite enough for GI Joe—but if he happens to have a shovel, anything can happen. I offer in evidence the simple matter of the foxhole.

A foxhole, to put it bluntly, is a hole in the ground. Not very comfortable. But when a GI or a Marine finds himself faced with the prospect of inhabiting that hole for a matter of days, perhaps weeks, he goes to work on it, and what he turns out is often wonderful to behold.

On the first day at Palau the foxholes were nothing but foxholes. On the second day, I saw certain Marines burrowing in. First they built roofs for themselves—out of scrap boards they picked up on the beaches, out of ponchos, out of pieces of metal they pulled off Jap planes destroyed on the ground. Once the roof was up, there was no stopping them. Some of them built extra niches into the sides of the foxhole, to be used as wash basins. Some of them picked thatch off the palm trees and wove mats which they spread across the limestone floor of the foxhole. That was a rug, just like home. They took the lifebelts they had acquired on shipboard, laid two or three of them side by side, and blew them up. That was a mattress.

The foxhole, you see, can be something more than a hole in the ground. I've even seen them with desert stoves simmering in one corner and pin-up girls tacked on the hard sand walls. The only trouble with making such a set-up for yourself is that when you have the whole thing ready, all cozy and comfy-like, some sergeant sticks his head up out of a hole in the ground and bawls the order for the whole company to pack up and move on out.

You add it all up and arrive at a

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conclusion that even our enemies won't refute: the American fighting man is a past master of the art of making himself comfortable. He'll march into a God-forsaken coral island, and he'll turn the place into a nice little suburb with pretty nearly all the gimmicks of home. He'll keep his clothes clean, his food hot, his beer cold.

Perhaps the real inspiration for all his inventions is a simple form of homesickness. Now that he is so far from all the comforts of home he does the next best thing—he makes reasonable facsimiles of those comforts. It is a kind of cure for homesickness.

And his inventiveness seems to be infecting even the islanders. A colonel on the island of Engebi told me that when his men first moved into the place, there seemed to be some kind of larceny going on with the electric wire. Large rolls of it were constantly disappearing. The guilty parties turned out to be the natives, who were stealing as much of the stuff as they could find. The colonel asked the natives what they were doing with the electric wire.

"They told me," said the colonel, "and when they did I began to realize that maybe this ingenuity thing is pretty contagious. They told me that electric wire was the best thing in the world for holding up a grass skirt."

I'll Always Remember

BAD BOYS are often talented and full of surprises, but there was one especially whom I'll always remember.

They called him Blackie, and he came into my Boys' Court in Chicago not long ago with a sullen curl to his lip. He had been caught burgling quarters from pay washing machines in the basements of apartments in his neighborhood. Collectors for the machines were out more than 900 dollars. The crime was a felony, enough to send the young thief to Stateville Penitentiary—that is, if he really belonged there.

Cautiously I questioned Blackie. Why had he stolen the money? How had he spent it? He was poor, he explained, had always been poor, and the pocketsful of quarters bought him and his ragged pack of pals hamburgers and movies and other minor joys of life.

It looked like the old story, a bad kid on his way to the devil. But I wanted time to consider it, so I continued the case for a couple of weeks and let Blackie think it over in jail. The washing machine company was up in arms and demanding quick punishment.

"How about the people you robbed?" I asked Blackie when I next saw him. "Isn't there some way you can make it up to them?"

For a minute the boy was silent. "Give me a little more time to think," he said. Eager to give the boy every chance, I continued the case again. A couple of days later Blackie sent me a smudged sheet of paper on which there was a crude drawing. I called the boy to my office.

"What is this?" I asked, pointing to the sketch.

"It's a burglar-proof coin box," said Blackie calmly. "Nobody can get into that one."

And sure enough they couldn't; the design was flawless. The company withdrew its complaint and we were able to free Blackie on probation.

—JUDGE J. M. BRAUDE

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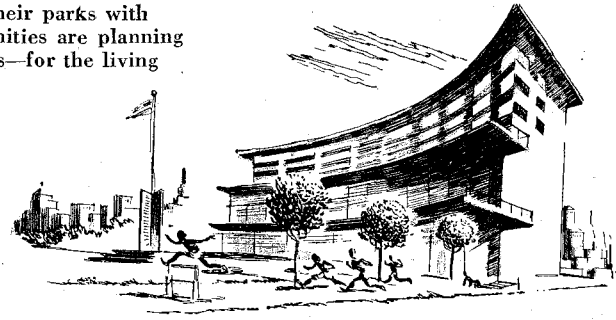
Rather than overpopulate their parks with bad statuary, many communities are planning new kinds of war memorials—for the living



Legacy to the Living

by EDITH M. STERN

TWO YOUNG SOLDIERS, lounging in a city square, glanced at the statue of a stiff-legged man astride a stiff-legged horse balanced precariously on a birdlime bespattered pedestal.

"Guess there's one like it in every town," one of the men said. "Well, they'll have it tough after this war, when it comes to memorials. What will they do? Make statues of guys in jeeps?"

The other soldier laughed. "For my money," he remarked, "they can do without a monument to me. I'd rather they fixed up a park so there'd be a place for kids to play baseball, like we never had."

I hope that those soldiers, wherever they may be, know now that many civilians are similarly concerned over the millions upon millions that have been invested in cold marble statues of indifferent merit and almost forgotten significance. I hope they have heard about the movement for Living War Memorials, which is reaching the proportions of a landslide in these United States.

Briefly, a Living War Memorial is one which, at the same time as it memorializes the war and its heroes, serves the people of the community, and helps to mold the character of the oncoming generations for whom men fought and gave their lives. It may be as modest as a single stone fireplace and a roadside picnic site or as elaborate as a several-million-dollar civic center; it may be improvement of an existing facility or creation of a new one, as utilitarian as a hospital or an endowed prenatal clinic or as decorative as a memorial highway lined with flowering trees that grow lovelier each year.

The memorials of the American Revolution, the War of 1812 and the Civil War consist mainly of battle monuments, battlefields and stacks of cannon balls.

After the first World War, though the conventional type of memorial still predominated, people began to think in terms of commemoration plus usefulness. No one seems to know exactly where and when the idea of Living War Memorials originated, but

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it probably was in an article in *The American City*, in September of 1918. At any rate, by the end of 1919, 378 communities had planned living memorials ranging from recreation halls to civic centers.

Two Midwestern cities, directly across the Mississippi River from each other, furnish striking contrast between the old-fashioned monument and the Living War Memorial. On the one hand, Kansas City, Mo., has its Liberty Memorial, which cost over two million dollars, collected from 83 thousand citizens. A high limestone shaft, it is connected with a Memorial Hall, housing trophies of war, and "not for utilitarian purposes." Kansas City, Kan., by contrast, built its Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial for only one-fourth as much, yet it combines civic usefulness with sentiment and beauty. An impressive, high-columned building, opening on the city park, it contains an auditorium seating four thousand, a chapel, a memorial hall used by civic organizations, a banquet hall and a kitchen equipped to feed 3,500.

Columbus, Ohio, keeps the memory of its first World War heroes green—literally—with its "Road to Remembrance." Once a rather barren highway paralleling a nearby river, it was marked with a memorial plaque and planted, after the war, with thousands of saplings.

A bridle path was laid out along one side of the road, a hiking trail on the other. Under the city park director's supervision trees have flourished, and hundreds of thousands of horsemen, hikers and motorists have enjoyed their beauty.

Despite such steps in the right direction, many cities are glutted with products of the sculptor's art, near-art or far-from-art. New York City has some 500 statues, many of them in inappropriate places and subject to deterioration and vandalism. Chicago recently turned down a bequest for a statue because it could find no place to put it. An unidentified statue stood for years in the State House at Columbus, Ohio. Finally a newspaperman ran down the fact that the subject had been a local dentist; removal of the statue to the university campus neither bettered nor worsened the lives of Columbus citizens.

Public-minded men and women are not waiting until V-day to promote Living War Memorials.

THE AMERICAN Commission for Living War Memorials, financed by the magazine *Esquire's* donation of the proceeds from its All-American Boys' Baseball game, works in cooperation with the Committee on Physical Fitness and advocates memorials that "will make America stronger by making Americans stronger." Such memorials might take the form of playing fields, parks or stadiums. Practically every leading sports figure in the country has endorsed the project, but long before its brochure was off the press it had already been working with nearly 200 interested communities in all but nine states.

The Office of Community War Services gives its sanction to everything for which the Committee on Physical Fitness stands—plus. It is strong for "multiple use" memorials, community centers where a dozen different activities can be going on

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at once and where the whole family can spend days or evenings—Ma and Pa, for instance, listening to a concert, Junior banging nails in a crafts room, Sis playing pingpong, while baby crawls in the nursery.

Commercial interests are on the bandwagon, too. The Revere Copper and Brass Company recommends a church community house, and the American Nurserymen's Association suggests parkways, playgrounds or picnic grounds.

So FAR AS I have been able to discover, very few people oppose the idea of a Living War Memorial once they have heard about it. What does, however, bring out the good old democratic right of free speech is: what kind of living memorial? By whom shall it be used? Where shall it be placed? How much shall it cost?

I asked Dr. Sherwood Gates, Director of Recreation, Office of Community War Services, for counsel on these matters.

"From the beginning," he advised, "have the project stem out of the people in the community. It must have the backing of all the people.

"Second, decide what type of facility is most needed in your community. Some towns are short on outdoor recreation areas. Some have plenty of parks, but no indoor place where residents can gather in numbers. I know of three smallish southern cities, within easy traveling distance of one another, each with a 100 thousand dollar stadium. Obviously, no nearby community should project a memorial stadium!

"Third, don't bite off more financially than you can chew. Remember that living memorials require maintenance, and include that item in your budgeting. A New England city of 60 thousand has so many swimming pools requiring upkeep that it can't even afford the personnel to service them!

"Finally, rather than splurge with a great downtown structure or a huge, inaccessible park, plan your living memorial on a neighborhood basis. The town of Marcus, Pa., has the right idea—park space in *each* of its four boroughs."

Local sponsors and spark plugs for Living War Memorial drives include a wide variety of groups and interests. In St. Louis the "Quarterbacks Club" has submitted plans for the erection of a municipal stadium. The Garden Club of New Jersey, cooperating with the State Highway Department, is going to plant a thousand dogwood trees on a five mile tract between two towns. A group of Burlington, N.C., manufacturers, realized their city's shortage of recreational facilities and subscribed 213 thousand dollars to buy a block of property. A couple in Whitehall, Wis., has donated six acres on which a scout troop will plant 10 thousand memorial trees. Chambers of Commerce, American Legion Posts and other organizations push community projects.

The boys who gave their lives for America would approve these Living War Memorials.

For it is not wars we honor, but men, and living memorials symbolize many of the things for which those men are fighting and dying.

Private Robert N. Mellen, for one, would find the memorial project in his home town, Romeo,

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Mich., peculiarly fitting. Before he was killed in action, he had won 16 letters in high school competitions and at football, basketball and baseball at Western Michigan College, where he was captain of the 1943 squad. Romeo is improving and enlarging the athletic field to which he brought distinction.

Or take Lt. Chester R. Angell, killed in action over Sardinia last March. His father, William R. Angell, Detroit financier and sportsman, contributed 50 thousand dollars, in his memory, to Kalamazoo's 300 thousand dollar memorial athletic field program.

And surely Lt. John L. Voehringer, who lost his life while he was engaged in a mission bombing Germany, would not ask for a mausoleum or statue or monument in preference to the model play area donated by his parents to the city of Greensboro, North Carolina. Its simple inscription seems to sum up the whole case for Living War Memorials:

"In memory of John L. Voehringer and of the other sons of Greensboro, who gave their lives to their country so that future generations could play in peace and freedom."

Individuals or communities interested in Living War Memorials can get expert advice and plans by writing to—:

INFORMATION SERVICE
OFFICE OF COMMUNITY WAR SERVICES
SOCIAL SECURITY BUILDING
WASHINGTON 25, D.C.

THE AMERICAN COMMISSION
FOR LIVING WAR MEMORIALS
30 EAST BROAD STREET
COLUMBUS 15, OHIO

Freak Squeaks

Robert E. Simpson of Brighton, Tennessee, appeared for work at a cotton gin mill one day wearing a jacket never intended for his 190 pounds. The zipper wouldn't zip so he let it hang loose—which proved his undoing. When he leaned over a revolving shaft of an engine, the zipper caught and Simpson went for a whirl. He was eventually slammed to the floor unhurt, but attired rather informally in the neckband of his undershirt.

Not even civilians prosaically engaged in selling girdles can escape wartime hazards. Trying to squeeze resistant forms of customers into elastic-less girdles earned Maudie Lee Clark of Albuquerque, New Mexico, a sprained hand and a 309 dollar settlement in district court. A similar effort put Bessie Swank of Bridgeton, New Jersey, in the hospital with an injured back.

Mrs. B. A. Freed, who had never flown before, found herself circling over the Galesburg, Illinois, airport after she had been inadvertently launched while sitting in the cockpit of her husband's aircoupe. Mr. Freed was only trying to crank the engine by twirling the propeller when the plane lurched forward and took off on its own.

Mrs. Freed brought it back to earth as best she could—a maneuver which resulted in a broken landing gear for the plane and a case of nervous shock for her.

—GRACE POSTON

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Book burning is a dangerous sport—
and a threat to the freedom of us all

How Tolerant Are You?

by CHANNING POLLOCK

AT DINNER recently, my old friend Bill Smith remarked, "I see that Hitler is being provided with a daily special edition of his own newspaper, containing only reports from the front not calculated to disturb his mind. Could there be a more absurd sidelight on totalitarian government?"

We agreed there could not.

Half an hour later, when the conversation had turned to a new book presenting political views to which he is strongly opposed, Bill said, "That fellow's a Radical. It's outrageous that he should be permitted to spread poison in print."

"Bill," I asked, "do you think we Conservatives should have special books and newspapers that won't disturb our minds? Because if you do, it's equally right to suppress anything that might disturb the Radicals, and I'm afraid we shall not only wind up in an intellectual vacuum but within measurable distance of totalitarianism."

Of course Bill protested that the only thing he wanted to suppress was outright subversion. Subversion, in Bill's opinion, is anything threatening the system he favors. That other people should regard arguments for that system as subversive seems to Bill proof of *their* subversiveness. However, Bill needn't worry. Except that he may be moved to angry demands for gags and book-burnings, nothing short of a surgical operation can ever disturb *his* mind. For it is hermetically sealed, and the prejudices, called convictions, he stores there will be unaltered so long as he lives.

You and I may smile at Bill, as he smiled at Hitler, but there are millions of him in America, and they begin to be dangerous. Last October, the American Library Association proclaimed that "the right of freedom of the press, grounded in the first article of our nation's Bill of Rights, has been infringed frequently in the last few months. Several libraries have reported pressure from community groups to remove certain books or periodicals from circulation." As my pencil skims this paper, an honestly written novel has been excluded from bookstores in Boston, a serious drama has been kept out of the theatre in New York, and a radio commentator of unusual integrity has been denied the use of his microphone.

On the serio-comic side, there was the recent demand for a public apology from the President because he is alleged to have rebuked a recalcitrant voting machine with "a great big damn," and the international crisis brought about by Noel Coward's ill-advised aspersions on the fortitude of a couple of soldiers from Brooklyn.

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This return to medievalism seems to me a modern trend. At my age, one is apt to look backward through rose-tinted glasses, but my own experience extends to a fairly recent time when most intelligent people wanted to hear both sides of every question, and to argue their side rather than exclude the other. When I fought the 18th Amendment, a few fanatical or professional advocates of a national Sahara suggested that I was an habitual drunkard, or in the pay of the liquor interests, but I cannot recall that any of them tried to silence me. Last year, on the other hand, an important and powerful organization that resented something I had said about Communism declined to engage any other of my manager's 65 lecturers unless he canceled his contract with me.

ALL THIS alarms me, of course, but puzzles me still more. Why should anyone *wish* to hear no opinion but his own? How can a man know that he might not adopt this other opinion—or is that what he fears? Usually, as I said of Bill, the fear is unwarranted, since the leopard's changing his spots would be less a miracle than that facts or logic should change this man's mind. Most of the Bills I know recall the native son who boasted that it was never cold in California. Shown weather bureau reports on temperatures, he exploded, "Just filthy Florida propaganda!"

When I see a bookshelf on which Karl Marx stands beside Carl Snyder, I expect to hear beliefs based on understanding of pro and con, but, on the other hand, when a friend tells me that he reads only a Democratic or a Republican newspaper, because he is a Democrat or a Republican, I cannot regard his pronouncements as more valid than those of a man who minutely describes Borneo without ever having been off his own block. It seems to me that nothing can be more conclusive of mental growth than this increasing unwillingness to hear the other side of a question.

Lewis Browne, author of *This Believing World*, who leans heavily to the Left, remarked to me recently, "Of course, I am never asked to speak before any organization that leans to the Right." The reverse is true of me—and both facts are deplorable. Why should any group waste time listening to what it already believes? I *should* be talking to gatherings of Leftists and Browne to the National Association of Manufacturers. Neither broadens its outlook by calling me a Fascist—without the faintest idea what a Fascist *is*—and Browne a Radical.

Not long ago, when I finished a lecture for a convention of teachers in the Middle West, one of them rose and, complaining of my presence, said, "Most of us entertain views diametrically opposite to Mr. Pollock's."

I replied, "That, I should think, is why I am here. I can't imagine your bringing a speaker a thousand miles to hear what you knew—or thought you knew—before he started."

As a people, we are too largely actuated by blind adherence to the creeds of our class or party or church, by unenlightened prejudices and unexamined slogans. For one single month I should like to

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see *The Daily Worker* read by our leading industrialists, and the *Nation's Business* by the present subscribers to *The Daily Worker*. Better still, I should like to see each devoting half its space to the arguments of the other. Even then, I'm afraid, each group would go on ignoring the statements of the opposing group, or, at least, give them no real consideration. A man with closed eyes sees no more than a blind man, and I cannot comprehend why a person with the precious gift of sight should refuse to make use of it.

In any event, let us hope that we have progressed since the time when an East Indian potentate cut off the tongues and the hands of those of his subjects who might speak or write against him. Too much will depend upon the decisions of the next few years to risk suppression of any doctrine that may affect them. I suggest that, having seen the results of this suppression in the totalitarian nations, we leave to them endorsement of Dr. Goebbel's dictum that "discussion of matters affecting our existence must cease altogether."

The measure of civilization is our ability to tolerate or absorb differences of opinion. We advance by considering the views of others, we remain as we were if we only permit them, but when we deny anyone the right to express them we deny also the faith on which our nation was founded, and begin the backward march into the dark ages.

Vicious Circles

An old South African native was told he had to be taxed because the government, like a father, protected him from enemies, cared for him when he was sick, fed him when he was hungry, gave him an education and, for these reasons, needed money. Taking it all in, the old native replied slowly:

"Yes, I understand. It is like this: I have a dog and the dog is hungry. He comes to me and begs food. I say to him, 'My dear faithful dog, I see you are very hungry. I am sorry for you. I shall give you meat.'

"I then take a knife, cut off the dog's tail, give it to him and say: 'Here, my faithful dog, be nourished by this nice piece of meat.' "

—W. J. Turner in *A Pictorial Guide to Many Lands* (Hastings House)

About to sail for India, an English nobleman was seized by a fear that vandals might destroy a picturesque ruin on his estate while he was gone. So he took his steward out to the spot, and, drawing a line with his stick around the ruin, he gave orders to build a five-foot wall enclosing the old landmark. Upon his return, the nobleman made a beeline for the place. He was aghast at what he saw. There was the new stone wall, sure enough, but nothing inside!

"What happened to the ruin?" he exploded.

"Oh, that old tumble-down?" replied the steward. "Why, I used it to build the wall!"

—James Aldredge

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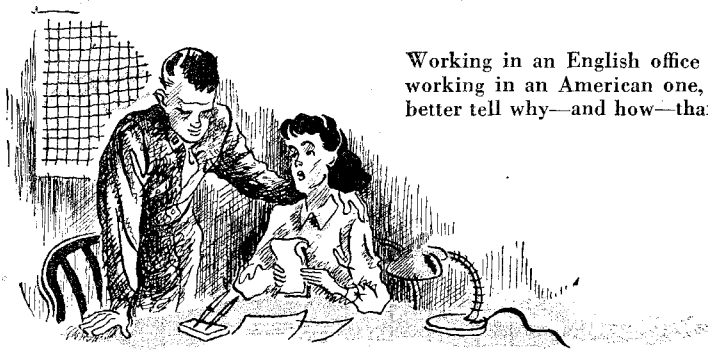

Working in an English office is quite unlike working in an American one, and no one can better tell why—and how—than Miss Whigham

English Girl: American Boss

by VERONICA WHIGHAM

WHEN I STARTED off on a five-day leave from the Army Air Forces office in England, where I work, a lieutenant colonel kissed me resoundingly on the forehead and told me: "Have fun." Another officer said that the hotel I planned to stop at was no good. Everyone wished me a good time, and when I got back they all asked me about my holiday.

If I had been working in an English office, it's quite possible that I might have gone away, come back, and no one in the place would have known where I had been. And, on my return, it probably would have been only, "Good morning, Miss Whigham," as if I hadn't been away at all. Certainly there would have been no farewell kisses.

There you have one big difference between the American, as a man to work for, and the Englishman. To the American, you're always a person, an individual—not just an employe or an automaton. The Englishman's rather distant attitude toward his women employes may be due to shyness, or perhaps to a feeling that it "wouldn't do" to be too friendly. With the Americans, you're one of them after a week. They take you into their confidence and consult you about everything that concerns them.

The major, whose secretary I am, was worried because he thought one of his lieutenants was spending too much money.

"Miss Whigham," he said, "I want you to take the lieutenant in hand and make him take care of his money. I don't care if you have to take all his money on pay day and give him 10 shillings a day for the rest of the month." I did.

Another officer was upset because he hadn't had a letter from his wife in a long time. He even asked me to write to her, urging her to write him. I didn't.

No Englishman would confide matters so intimate to a stenographer — especially one he had known only a short time. Nor would he consult her about matters of business as my major does: what do I think should be done about some problem, who would be a good man

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for some job—and so on. It's probably partly because American men, far more than Englishmen, are dominated by the women in their lives—their wives, mothers and sweethearts.

This all makes for pleasanter working conditions, of course. It's good to know that your opinion is considered of some value, and to feel that you're part of an organization. But the fact that Americans are more at home with women, and more dependent on them, makes for a kind of helplessness. That's it—helplessness, and intentional helplessness at that. The English telephone system may be a little complicated and perhaps not as efficient as the American, but it's not as bad as the Americans make out. Rather than make a stab at getting a number himself, an American officer will walk down a long corridor, up a flight of stairs, and ask his English secretary to do it.

Getting about in London isn't hard either, but they like to make it seem that way. This major of mine will call up from somewhere in the West End and say: "Can you send a jeep for me? I can't find a taxi." I don't tell him so, but I think to myself, "There are such things as buses and tubes; why can't you learn to use them?"

Yes, Americans are hopelessly dependent on women, but they make up for that to a great extent by being helpful, patient and friendly. If you lose a paper, or if you're not as fast at dictation as they'd like you to be, they don't rebuke you for it. Instead, they try to understand and to help you.

I sometimes wonder, though, if I were painfully ugly, would I get the same sort of treatment? Ugly or beautiful, in an English office a girl is treated the same: politely, but formally and impersonally. I don't know how a really ugly English girl would fare in one of the American Army's offices. The Americans just don't seem to hire any of that kind. But there is no question about this: they are much more conscious of beauty than the English. If an Englishman sees a particularly unattractive woman he'll usually make no comment, but the American will say, "Cheez, look at that dame!"

I've called the American "boss" kind and considerate, but he doesn't go in much for the ordinary forms of politeness. "Please" and "Thank you," which are second nature to the English, are a waste of time to him.

"Get Colonel so and so on the phone, Miss Whigham," the major will say. Then, five minutes later, a strained look will come over his face and reluctantly he'll mutter, "Please ma'am." And the Americans are always completely bewildered, after asking for a telephone number, to hear a sharp-tongued operator add "Please!"

Leaving out these formalities startled me at first, but I came to realize that most of the time they are implied, and Americans are really perfectly polite without them. Their own explanation, as one sergeant gave it to me, is this: "You're just unnecessarily formal. When we say 'thank you' for something, we really mean it."

Another thing that amazed me is the amount of swearing they do. In front of anyone, any woman, any time, anywhere. So much, in fact,

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you realize it doesn't mean anything, and it almost ceases to be swearing. There's no anger involved, it's just the way they talk. "I use it for punctuation," one of them told me.

Most Englishmen, I think, live in constant terror of appearing absurd. But not the Americans. Hence, they go in for a lot more horseplay and joking than you'd ever find in an English office. The Englishman's sense of humor (he really has one) is quiet, restrained, and expressed with dead-pan delivery. The American's is usually a more conscious, planned type of humor—usually followed by a pause for laughter. What's more, all Americans make jokes of one kind or another practically all the time. A lot of them are funny; a lot of them are not. But wherever you are, you can count on being teased constantly, pestered and ridiculed—all in a friendly way, of course.

There's one comforting thing about this: you never need to worry about whether your slip is showing, or if your stocking seams are crooked. They'll tell you. An Englishman probably wouldn't notice it. But if he did, he wouldn't dream of mentioning it.

From all I've said so far, you might think that no work at all is done: that the Americans spend all their time taking their secretaries out to lunch, playing practical jokes on one another and talking about their personal troubles.

This isn't true. The American Army—including the office-bound, chairborne troops whom I know best—works long hours and gets a lot done. But the great myth of American efficiency, judging, at least, by the American Army, is just that—a myth. Things are accomplished, somehow or other, but always in spite of just as great a welter of lost papers, forgotten names and confused orders as in any English office.

The casual, forgetful attitude the Americans have extends to their social life, too. As I hinted, they're always asking you out to lunch (English bosses don't go in for this much). And when they take you, it's likely to be a fine lunch, at one of the best places. But you never know when they'll break the date. They're broke, they will tell you. Or they just don't turn up. They're always making wild promises: "I'm going to see that you get a better job"; "I'm going to arrange with the Air Ministry to have your pay increased"; "I'm going to have my mother send you some things from America." When they make promises they can't possibly keep, it's not intentional unkindness. It's just their expansive nature. They like to do things in a big way.

HERE IS the first question people ask me, when they learn that I've gone to work for the Americans: "Are they as fresh as people say?"

The answer is—"Yes."

Certainly a lot of things happen that would never, never happen in an English office. English employers, civilian or military, don't put their arms around you. The Americans, from privates on up, do, and apparently think nothing at all of it. They do it while talking to someone on the telephone, in the process of reaching across a desk for a paper, anywhere, any time.

But it's just another one of those

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things you have to get used to. It seems to be a part of the American man's nature. He hasn't the Englishman's restraint and self-consciousness to hold him back. It's embarrassing at first, but you get over it.

I've made a lot of generalizations about Americans, and of course they don't always apply, any more than sweeping statements about Englishmen do. But I think that most of the things I've said are true. The Americans are generous, yet forgetful; thoughtful, yet thoughtless; helpful but helpless—and terribly fresh. But after working for them for a year, I've come to this conclusion: I like them enormously, and I like working for them. Though it may sound very disloyal, I don't think I would much enjoy working in an English office again.

Almost all the Americans I meet tell me that I must come to America after the war. I am going to take them up on it.

Presidential Profiles

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, undoubtedly the worst dressed Chief Executive, wore the same hat for 10 years. Chester A. Arthur had 80 pairs of trousers and other clothes in proportion. He loved night clubs, his dinner parties were Lucullan, and as an authority on etiquette he surpassed Emily Post.

GROVER CLEVELAND HAD an artificial upper jaw of vulcanized rubber. George Washington wore a set of false teeth made from rhinoceros ivory. The reason he looks tight-lipped in his portraits is because he had difficulty keeping the teeth in place. Theodore Roosevelt lost the sight of one eye while boxing with a young naval officer in the White House.

FILLMORE AND HARDING were considered the handsomest presidents; Van Buren and Arthur the most polished.

FOR 72 YEARS NO president wore a beard or mustache. After the Civil War there came the bearded succession of Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Benjamin Harrison. Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt and Taft wore mustaches. Then followed the present smooth-shaven era. John Quincy Adams was the only bald-headed president.

WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON each were 6 feet 2 inches tall, and Lincoln was 6 feet 4. James Madison was 5 feet 4 inches in height, and weighed less than 100 pounds.

TAFT, WHO WEIGHED 332 pounds, was once stuck in the White House bathtub. John Quincy Adams also had bath trouble. It was his custom to go swimming in the Potomac in the early morning. One day a tramp stole his clothes and the president had to stay immersed until a small boy came fishing and was sent on an emergency errand to the White House.

—CHESTER HOPE AND DON SMITH

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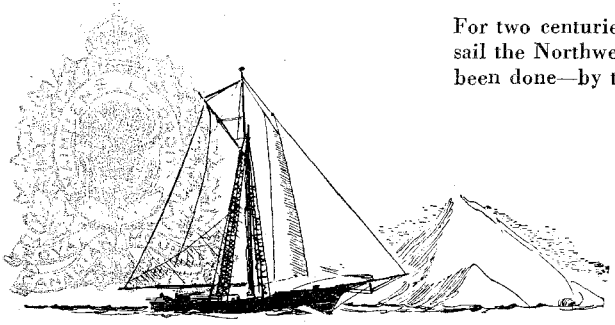

For two centuries men have tried to sail the Northwest Passage. Now it's been done—by the Canadian Mounties

Discovered: The Northwest Passage

by RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

ONLY AT THE HEIGHT of a global war could the argosy of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police schooner *St. Roch* have gone unnoticed. It started in June, 1940, from Vancouver, British Columbia, when the war was under way and was completed in November, 1942, at Halifax, Nova Scotia. Between those points, on opposite sides of the continent, lay 10 thousand miles of icy travel and 28 months of Arctic loneliness.

Yet, as the little 105-foot schooner came into Halifax, rocking in the swells from the transports and dreadnaughts, only the harbor master realized he was seeing the end of an historic voyage. He alone in the great bay knew that the tiny two-master had accomplished what no other boat ever had done before. She had sailed from the Pacific to the Atlantic through the Northwest Passage — an undertaking which had fired the imaginations of frontiersmen for two centuries.

It was a voyage of ice, desolation and loneliness, but it started brightly enough in the sunny inlet at Vancouver. The sails of the *St. Roch* billowed in the southwind as a Canadian Pacific switch-engine along the shore whistled an impudent farewell. The *St. Roch* seemed a frail craft in which to brave the crunching jaws of the polar ice pack. Only 105 feet long with a 25-foot beam, she looked more like a fishing smack than a ship to break open the fabulous Northwest Passage. But she had stout timbers of Douglas Fir and her hull was sheathed with Australian "iron bark," the one wood resistant to the terrific pressure of massed ice floes. Her sails were augmented by a Diesel engine of 168 horsepower.

S. T. Wood, commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and himself a veteran of many Arctic patrols, had first ordered one of his divisions to undertake the feat—and Sergeant Henry Larsen was chosen as skipper.

For nearly two decades in the Mounted Police, Larsen had been part of the famous wilderness patrol which keeps law and order across the vast expanse from Hudson Bay to the Alaskan border.

There was no Arctic outpost he

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had not seen. And now at last, with the chevrons and crown of a sergeant on his crimson jacket, Larsen was attempting the final great exploration possible on the North American continent.

No commissioned officer sailed in the *St. Roch*. Second in command to the 43-year-old Larsen was Corporal M. F. Foster, whose two chevrons represented 19 years of service. The rest of the crew consisted of six constables. The oldest was a Welshman, W. J. Parry, who at 58 did the cooking and baking; the youngest of them was less than half Parry's age—Ed Hadley, 23-year-old radio operator from the Saskatchewan prairies.

A stiff breeze spanked the *St. Roch* along the fiords of the British Columbia seacoast and into Alaskan waters. At the American Naval base at Dutch Harbor in the Aleutians the Mounties stowed aboard stores of food and 2,153 gallons of fuel oil. They ate a chicken dinner in the messroom of the U.S. Coast Guard cutter *Shoshone*, and as the crew of the *St. Roch* went down the gangplank their American hosts remarked on how the blond Larsen with his long Scandinavian face resembled another who had explored the Arctic, Amundsen.

In a shroud-like fog the *St. Roch* passed through the Bering Strait between Alaska and Siberia and entered the Arctic Ocean. Immediately the ice pack bared its talons, and Larsen and his men had a warning of what was to come. The skipper weaved the *St. Roch* through floes like a football runner in a broken field.

Even in midsummer the chunks of ice were as big as trolleycars, and the Midnight Sun could not melt the young ice which formed between them. Twice the Mounties had to use blasting powder to free their schooner from the pack.

By the time she reached the lonely R. C. M. P. post at Coppermine, north of the Arctic Circle, the boat was badly beaten. Sergeant Larsen took aboard a string of malemutes, for it was evident that soon winter would lock them in the ice. Dog teams would enable them to make patrols where few white men ever had been before. They cruised eastward across Coronation Gulf, took on 1,000 gallons of fresh water at Tree River and poked into the uncharted labyrinth of islands which form the gables of the Western Hemisphere.

And now the northern night was settling down, the night that lasts for a half year. With the September equinox the ice caught the *St. Roch* in a trap-like grip. So they returned to Walker Bay, off the west coast of Victoria Island, where they would spend the winter.

Unloading began immediately. If the ice crushed the schooner they did not want the supplies on which their lives depended to be crushed with her. The ice tossed and heaved. It squeezed the *St. Roch* like a walnut. Seams were torn apart and water trickled into the forepeak. But the little vessel had stout planks and the trickle never became a torrent. The Australian "iron bark" and the Douglas Fir held.

The winter was long and dreary. The salvation of the crew of Mounties was the radio panel where Constable Hadley sat at the controls. The Northern Messenger, a special program beamed to the

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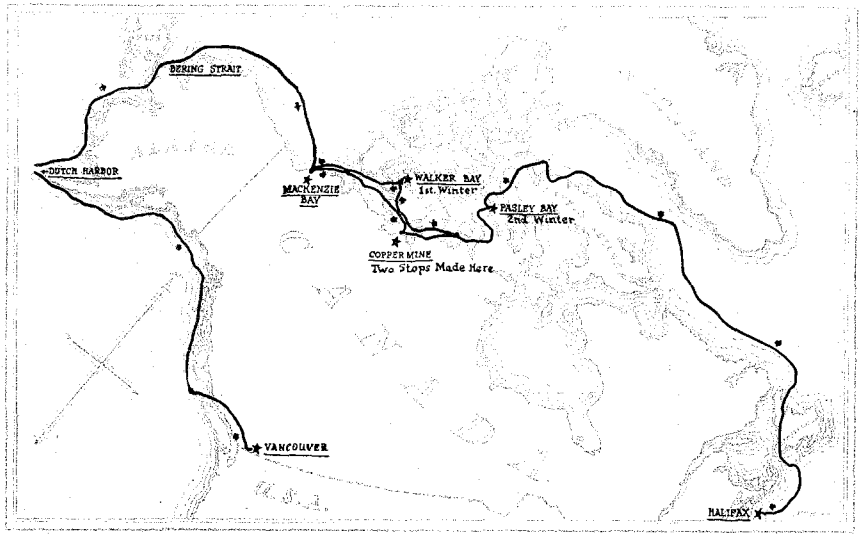

polar regions from far-off Edmonton, brought them news and tidings of their families and friends at home. "I wonder," said Corporal Foster, smoking his pipe, "what Arctic explorers did before there were radios?"

For 10 months the *St. Roch* was cemented in the ice. Would they ever get out? Was there no open water in the summer months at the roof of North America?

But finally in August the winds softened and the ice yielded. The long-silent engines were started and the *St. Roch* moved for the first time in nearly a year. Once Sergeant Larsen had to moor her to an iceberg so that she would not become entangled in blind leads in the pack. To get supplies, they sailed back to MacKenzie Bay, then sailed eastward again, stopping once at Coppermine.

And then, early in September, new ice began to form again. Snow commenced falling. The boat was caught between two huge floes, in Pasley Bay. After a journey of 39 days and less than 400 miles—the result of a year's vigilant effort—the *St. Roch* was once more frozen fast for the winter.

The monotony was now doubly trying. Many months had passed since the Mounties had glimpsed a white settlement. The compass did not work because they were only a few miles from the North Magnetic Pole. But even in the never-ending gloom of the Arctic night there was work to be done—work that helped to pass the long hours.

For one thing, the Norwegian-born sergeant and 28-year-old Constable P. G. Hunt made one of the longest polar patrols in the history of the Royal Mounted. They were out 61 days and traveled 1,100 miles by sled. Never was the weather milder than 48° below zero.

Larsen took the census of Eskimo

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tribes which never had been counted in the past, and he and Hunt stumbled onto the wintering place of the old sailing vessel *Victory*, abandoned in the ice pack by Sir John Ross more than a century before. They found coils of rope as good as new and just as tough, preserved by the 75°-below temperature. The iron of the ancient ship's engines was being used by the natives for tools and weapons.

When, finally, they returned to the *St. Roch*, they found that the cold and desolation had claimed the life of one of the constables, Albert Joseph Chartrand. The victim had died of a heart attack during one of the worst cold snaps of the dreadful Arctic winter, when whisky froze in the bottle and the touch of metal seared off skin and flesh. And so Larsen and Hunt doubled back on their long trek, seeking a Catholic priest to read the burial service.

Now the third summer of the voyage was beginning. As the Chinook winds softened the ice again, the Mounties chipped away at the pack with steel ice chisels. They set off charges of blasting powder. The propellors whirred furiously. Once more the *St. Roch* shook away the floes. This time the sergeant steered due north, to get around the rocky Boothia Peninsula. Ice bumped the schooner and broke the number one cylinder head, but still the *St. Roch* kept going. Larsen knew they could not spend a third winter locked in the polar ice sheet.

After a month of the most steady progress they yet had made in the North, the Mounties saw a low-lying promontory off the starboard beam. They had reached Ponds Inlet, farthest north of all the wilderness outposts of the Royal Mounted, above even the North Magnetic Pole. The *St. Roch* was at last near the end of her voyage.

They weighed anchor and ran down the coast of Baffinland, dodging icebergs as big as battleships. Off the shore of Labrador they groped through pea soup fog, but at last put the Arctic behind them and rounded Newfoundland. When they swung in at Halifax Harbor they had journeyed 10 thousand miles and been away from civilization for nearly two and a half years.

It was a voyage which demonstrated many things. It showed, for one thing, that the Northwest Passage could be navigated from Pacific to Atlantic. If the 105-foot *St. Roch*, with its wooden planks, could slip across the top of the hemisphere, then steel icebreakers, equipped with the turbines of Victory Ships, could rip open a new route from ocean to ocean.

But also the voyage of the *St. Roch* proved that even in a bloody world, explorers continue to ply their ancient trade—as they will until the last frontier is gone.

Scourge of Nippon →

The island of Japan is now well acquainted with this winged avenger. It's the famous Boeing B-29 Superfortress, which makes the headlines regularly with its trips from Saipan, India, and all bases west to the homeground of the Nips. This is the first color photograph taken of this pride of the Air Forces. Facts worth remembering about it are that: it's half again as big as the redoubtable Flying Fortress, its engines are twice as powerful, it carries a larger bomb load, and has a longer range and higher speed than any bomber in the world. There's talk of an even bigger bomber to come—the B-36.

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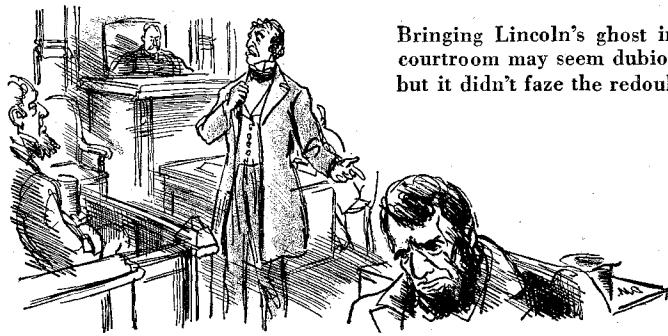

Bringing Lincoln's ghost into an Illinois courtroom may seem dubious legal procedure but it didn't faze the redoubtable Mr. Swett

Shades of Mr. Lincoln

by OTTO EISENSCHIML

ABRAHAM LINCOLN had been dead for three years when there began to unfold in Chicago a series of events that were virtually to bring him back from his grave.

Shortly before noon on April 2nd, 1868, Eleanor Josephine Comstock, a pretty girl of 22, was quietly occupied preparing lunch for her father, a city policeman. She was thinking of a day some two months ahead, when she would become the bride of a handsome young man named Joseph Moss.

There was a knock on the front door and the girl answered. A woman dressed in black, who wore goggles and a heavy veil, stood at the threshold. "Your friend Jennie Hart has been badly hurt," said the visitor, who was a stranger. "Come with me."

Miss Comstock quickly put on her bonnet and set out with the bearer of the bad tidings, who seemed oddly silent. When the pair reached a desolate spot on Vincennes Road, outside the city limits, the veiled woman suddenly pulled a butcher's mallet from under her shawl and beat her companion into unconsciousness.

At this moment a horse trainer named James Rockey rode into the scene. The assailant told him there had been an accident and asked him to drive her to a point where she could summon assistance. Rockey correctly surmised what had happened, and planned to take the woman to the nearest police station.

But he had covered only a short distance when the veiled woman jumped off the wagon and disappeared before Rockey could tether his colt and pursue her. In the

← *Portrait of Cooky*

The young lady's name is Cooky, who until her recent death was one of the star performers in New York's Bronx Zoo. When this chimpanzee put on one of her charming performances on a small stage built especially for her, she drew large and delighted crowds, who perhaps were a little startled at just how human Cooky looked and acted. Ylla the photographer refused to let her play with the camera and Cooky struck this all-too-human, pensive pose. Like females the world over, she probably knew full well that it was a effective way to get her own way.

PHO GUILLIMETTE

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meantime, passers-by had discovered Miss Comstock and taken her to her home.

Chicago had not had such a mysterious crime for a long time, and the newspapers were full of the affair. Within 24 hours, while physicians despaired of Miss Comstock's life, the city buzzed with excitement. Detective Sergeant Craney was put in charge of the case. Impressed by the fury of an attack which didn't involve robbery, he concluded shrewdly that the crime had been committed by a jealous woman.

Sergeant Craney sought out young Mr. Moss, the victim's fiancé, and asked him if, by chance, any feminine acquaintance of his would have reason to be jealous of the pretty school teacher; whereupon it developed that Moss, prior to becoming engaged to Miss Comstock, had been quite friendly with a widow named Samantha Grier, a fellow-boarder, reputedly worth a great deal of money.

The horse trainer Rockey accompanied Sergeant Craney to the boarding-house where the widow lived. After taking one look at Mrs. Grier, Rockey whispered to Craney, "That's the woman. Even if I did not remember all her features, I would know her by her nose."

The widow's nose, which was unattractively retroussé, was her outstanding characteristic. Rockey had obtained a good look at it when the woman had removed her veil during the ride.

Mrs. Grier, a brunette about 35 years old, of medium height and with a shapely figure, denied any knowledge of the crime when Sergeant Craney questioned her. But Craney, convinced he had found the culprit, arrested her. Subsequently, she was formally charged with the brutal assault.

Mrs. Grier engaged as her counsel a man who had been one of Abraham Lincoln's most intimate friends—Leonard Swett. Mr. Swett, who was in his early forties, had won fame as a high-priced criminal lawyer of extraordinary resourcefulness. The most remarkable thing about him, though, was that he bore a resemblance to Abraham Lincoln which was no less than startling. Moreover, he had, either naturally or by design, acquired many of the late President's mannerisms and habits.

During Lincoln's incumbency of the White House, Swett had executed many confidential missions for the President, a fact that he had not neglected to make known when he opened law offices in Chicago after Lincoln's assassination. For a year after the President's death, many pedestrians on the Chicago streets stopped dead in their tracks at his approach, convinced they were seeing a ghost.

The newspapers, which were doing their best to keep the case alive during the months before the trial, were assisted by the natural course of events. Miss Comstock recovered, miraculously, and married Mr. Moss. Then the Lincolnesque Mr. Swett announced that he had called in, as associate counsel, Isaac I. Arnold, an aging former Illinois congressman.

Mr. Arnold, like Mr. Swett, had enjoyed a long intimacy with Lincoln. Their relationship to the President, however, was the only thing the two men seemed to have

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in common. Certainly Arnold's retention in a criminal case was puzzling. Arnold had not practiced law for many years; moreover, he was a quiet, scholarly type of man who, when he had practiced law, preferred the cloistered study of the civil attorney to the hippodrome of the criminal courtroom. He was, *in fine*, a most incongruous character in the Grier case cast, and the incongruity was to remain a mystery until the denouement in this legal drama.

One day the redoubtable Mr. Swett came upon an item in a Chicago newspaper which compared the much-discussed and unattractive nose of his client to that of a prize fighter. He thereupon made a motion for a change of venue on the ground that his client could not receive a fair trial in Cook County, whose press gave currency to such biased remarks about her. The motion was granted and the case transferred for trial to Waukegan, the seat of neighboring Lake County.

The town of Waukegan, Leonard Swett well knew, bowed to no community in the land in its reverence for Abraham Lincoln. Many of the residents had known Lincoln personally, and all had loved him. Consequently, the Messrs. Swett and Arnold were the objects of widespread hero-worship in Waukegan when they arrived there for the trial in February of 1869.

The prosecuting attorney, Charles H. Reed, seemed mystified when counsel for the defense laid uncommon stress upon the political affiliations of candidates for the jury. Lincoln had been the leader of the Republican Party, and the defense made certain that all of the 12 men—10 farmers and 2 mechanics—were Republicans. But Reed, a stout Republican himself, was quite satisfied to humor the opposing counsel by letting them have their way.

The evidence which the prosecutor presented against Mrs. Grier was simple and crushing. Rockey, the horse trainer, positively recognized the defendant, and the victim, now Mrs. Moss, identified Mrs. Grier by her voice and manner of walking, and by an oddly shaped ring the assailant had worn and which subsequently had been found in Mrs. Grier's possession.

In the meantime, the police had also traced to Mrs. Grier the ownership of a butcher's mallet such as the one which had been used as the weapon of attack. The motive of jealousy was established without much difficulty. Law students in attendance at the trial could see nothing in sight but a quick verdict of *guilty*.

The defense, which had been curiously quiet, began with what appeared to be a half-hearted attempt on Swett's part to establish an alibi for his client. Swett produced several witnesses who testified that during the hours preceding, during and after the crime, Mrs. Grier had never been out of their company. The whole alibi story became something less than convincing, however, when upon cross-examination all the alibi witnesses were found to be close relatives of the accused woman.

Now Mr. Swett produced what present-day reporters are wont to call a bombshell. He called on a

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woman and her two children, a boy of 12 and a girl of 8, who testified unanimously that they had been witnesses to the crime. They went on to say—mother, son and daughter—that Mrs. Grier could not possibly have been the guilty party, because they had seen the assailant's face while her veil had been blown up over her face during the attack, and it bore not the slightest resemblance to the face of the woman on trial.

Under cross-examination by the prosecutor, the woman and her two children quickly went to pieces, involving themselves in no end of contradictions.

The assistant prosecutor, D. D. Driscoll, summing up for the State, skipped briefly over the evidence and then plunged into an attack on the defense for bringing a parade of perjurers to the witness stand. Mr. Swett sat with his shaggy head bowed as he heard the harsh terms of his opponent's denouncement. But behind his mask of penitence he was anything but downcast.

Swett's associate, the benign Arnold, who had scarcely opened his mouth thus far, began the argument for the defense. As he stood before the jurors, he seemed to be gripped not by worry over the fate of Mrs. Grier, but by concern over his colleague, who was still sitting with his head bowed.

The faint outlines of what was in the offing began to show when Mr. Arnold sighed sadly and mentioned how sorry he was that the prosecution had seen fit to attack Mr. Swett. "The indirect reflection on myself," he said, "counts for naught, gentlemen. I have been hurt, yes, but I am an old man and I have not too long to live." His words were barely audible. "What really pains me deep in my heart," he went on, "is that the reputation of that great man, Leonard Swett, that trusted servant of another great and exalted man, Abraham Lincoln, has been foully besmirched."

When Arnold finished his eulogy of Swett, during which he fought the Civil War over again, the jurors followed his gaze as he turned to contemplate his associate counsel. The sight of Mr. Swett, frozen in Lincolnesque sadness, was too much for Mr. Arnold to bear. He made an apologetic gesture to the court for being unable to go on, and slumped into a chair.

If ever a jury was visibly shaken by a plea that bore not the slightest relationship to the issue at hand, it was the jury in that crowded Waukegan courtroom. The situation was not brightened any for the prosecution when several women in the courtroom began to sob.

Now it was Leonard Swett's turn to address the jury. He arose from his seat, clasped his hands Lincolnwise behind his back, and walked slowly with lowered head toward the jury box. Swett's resemblance to Lincoln had never been more startling than it was this day. Here, apparently, stood a man far above mortal things and with nothing but compassion in his heart.

Swett remained with bowed head in front of the jurors for a dramatic interval. Then he looked up at them gravely. He wished to thank Mr. Arnold, he said, for his kind remarks—remarks, he feared, of which he was unworthy. Mr. Arnold it was, Mr. Swett pointed out, who

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truly represented the great Lincoln. "The man I am privileged to call my friend," said Mr. Swett, pointing to Mr. Arnold, "represents, more than any man living or dead, the mind and soul of our martyred President.

"When the prosecution casts suspicion on my colleague by casting suspicion on me," Mr. Swett said, "it casts suspicion on the memory of our murdered President. And to connect Abraham Lincoln with perjury is nothing short of blasphemy — blasphemy, gentlemen, *blasphemy*."

Then Mr. Swett's mood changed and he smiled. He was reminded of a little story, a humorous little story, just as Lincoln had been reminded of little stories to illustrate grave points. After his little joke, he turned to look at Rockey, the horse trainer, a man of high repute and the State's star witness. Mr. Swett studied Mr. Rockey's countenance for a few moments, and then turned back to the jurors. "We must be charitable," he said. "We must not condemn this man Rockey merely because we see nothing but lines of degradation in his face. Poor man, he cannot help lying any more than you and I can help being honest."

Mr. Swett went over the other State witnesses, tearing them all apart, piece by piece, under the guise of outward charity. Then he began to speak of Mrs. Grier. Whatever thoughts the jurors might have had about the defendant underwent a decided change when her counsel was through eulogizing her. There was perhaps some conflict in their minds by that time as to whether she was an ordinary mortal or an angel from heaven.

When Swett drew to the close of his oration, he had achieved the illusion that not he, but Abraham Lincoln himself had walked and talked before the jury box.

The jurors, many of them in tears, retired. For hours and hours they wrangled and finally disagreed. Eventually the charge against Mrs. Grier was dropped. Eight of Mrs. Grier's peers were reported to have voted for acquittal. Several of them, and many of the spectators, told reporters that while Mr. Swett had spoken they had experienced the feeling, time and again, that Mr. Lincoln himself was speaking to them from the grave.

For years afterward Waukegan folk who were at the trial told the story of Lincoln's ghost—how his presence in the courtroom had swayed the course of justice and saved a woman who, but for his timely appearance, would in all probability have been convicted.

Potpourri

OSCAR, THE FAMOUS CHEF of the Waldorf, could concoct a flavorsome dish of hash. A wealthy dowager who was especially fond of the way he made it tried to wheedle the recipe from him. But the secret was not to be revealed.

"There is no recipe, Madam," he shrugged. "I just let the stuff accumulate."

—LOUIS HIRSCH

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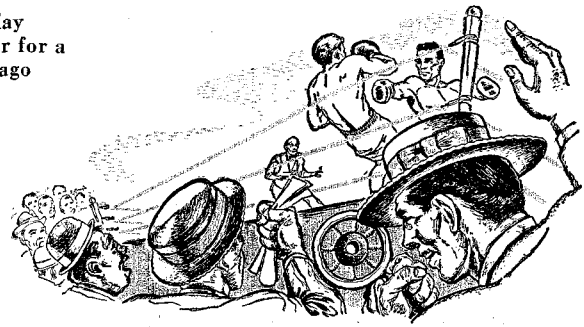
Broadcasting was born the day Dempsey knocked Carpentier for a loop in Jersey City 23 years ago



The Big Broadcast of 1921

by THOMAS SHANE

RADIO BROADCASTING, as we know it today, had its grand premiere at Jersey City on the sizzling hot summer day of July 2, 1921—and therein lies a tale . . .

The scene was Boyle's Thirty Acres, and the occasion: J. Andrew White's blow-by-blow description of the much touted heavyweight fight between champion Jack Dempsey and the colorful French challenger, Georges Carpentier.

It was America's first country-wide broadcast.

Scientists and savants and big electrical corporations maintained to the last that it couldn't be done. For radio communication in 1921 was mostly dot-and-dash, signals received in headphones. There was no such thing as a home radio to be bought in a store, and loudspeakers didn't even exist. There was, of course, little broadcast-sending equipment.

How White not only shanghaied a powerful c-w battleship transmitter from the United States Navy, but had it adapted for voice; how he organized wireless amateurs from Maine to Mississippi to handle the receiving in theatres, halls and parks; then climaxed it by personally giving a ringside account of the bout—these are but small moment in a long line of executive triumphs that was to introduce the commercial wonder of the century.

It had been just five years prior to 1921 that David Sarnoff, now president of RCA, first envisioned the broadcasting idea. Sarnoff had worked up broadcasting's 1916 conception in a businesslike two-page memorandum that stands today as an amazing forecast: it set forth the complete diversity of radio entertainment as it is now known.

But Sarnoff was merely a junior executive with the Marconi Company. And White was the inconspicuous editor of the semi-technical *Wireless Age* magazine and president of the National Amateur Wireless Association. When Sarnoff first presented the scheme for "a wireless music box in every home" before the directors of the Marconi Company, both he and White were youngsters in their twenties. The idea was turned down.

By 1921, however, Sarnoff's job

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gradually had been bettered. Marconi had merged into the Radio Corporation and Sarnoff was managing the department which rented radio equipment to merchant ships. The radio business needed something new, averred Sarnoff. So he took the chance. He nicked his department's funds for 1500 dollars, staked the National Amateur Wireless Association, and told White to go ahead on that, sink or swim.

It was on this skimpy 1500 dollars that White decided to attempt the first countrywide broadcast. And for the event, he selected the Dempsey-Carpentier bout.

Tex Rickard's special arena was being built at Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City, New Jersey. His special permission was secured to erect a radio aerial there, close to the ringside. But this the city commissioners promptly vetoed, ruling that the aerial tower would have to be of steel for the safety of 90 thousand expected fight spectators. Lowest bid for the erection of the tower was 10 thousand dollars—or more than six times the cash advanced to White to do the whole job!

White turned his attention eight miles away toward Hoboken, and the terminal of the Lackawanna Railroad with its landmark clock tower. He talked the railroad into letting him swing his aerial wires from the tower's tip, and arranged with the telephone company for a one-day lease of a wire hook-up connection to the ringside.

Although the airlanes were filled nightly with dot-and-dash appeals, explanation and cajolery, it was not until the end of four costly weeks that a sizable network was plotted. Two hundred amateurs were finally pledged to at least make the try at widespread reception.

The transmitter was a 5 kw Navy c-w job, battleship type. It had been spotted at the General Electric testing laboratories—first of its kind—unexpectedly finished 60 days ahead of schedule. White actually succeeded in borrowing this apparatus by the bold offer to General Electric to give the priceless new Navy set "one deuce of a workout." There was no reason, he advanced, why the Navy should ever know, and Uncle Sam would be way ahead by having his battleship mouthpiece delivered in good working condition, really tested, and right on time.

The owner of a fleet of river tugboats was finally persuaded to deliver the set 150 miles downstream from Schenectady—gratis.

To two skilled amateurs, Owen Smith and Bill Purcell, was left the task of installing and tuning up the untried transmitter, as White busied himself making certain that thousands of people would be listening on the day of the great experiment. He lined up theatres, mostly vaudeville houses, assigned local amateurs to these and to miscellaneous auditoriums secured in some 60 cities.

NEWSPAPER editors, checking with technical sources, learned from the savants that broadcasting was a pipe dream; a type of radio work that simply couldn't be done. Result: not a single line of the advance publicity got into print.

Furthermore, transmitter tests at Hoboken certainly hadn't arrived at a point to refute expert opinion. Nightly the carrier wave was being sent out, but something was wrong.

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The expected air-voice shout remained the faintest of whispers. Work all day, test all night, the voice simply would not come through. The amateurs were hearing nothing. Some threatened to quit; others just quit.

Loss of confidence suddenly spread into a contagion. The theatre owners met, compared notes and sent for White. All heads nodded in agreement as White was told that every contract he had made with local theatre managers was canceled.

On departing, a man beckoned, said softly: "Before you get started even, they put you out of business. Now, they may be right about this wireless. It's possible. But all the money I've made is because when the theatre owners do something, I do different. You can have my theatres."

White stammered his thanks to the unknown benefactor. The small man laughed. "I am Marcus Loew. Go ahead, and good luck!"

Within 48 hours the tide had turned. Theatre managers followed the Marcus Loew lead.

LIGHTNING then struck from another source—this time a summons to the board room of the telephone company.

"You are playing with a toy," White was told. "Yours is misguided enthusiasm in a somewhat childish channel. As a public service corporation we cannot be a party to your plan in any way. In fact, your contract for a ringside wireline connection was made without proper authorization. It is canceled."

White fought back. In his pocket was their signed one-day lease. He was advised, "Give up. You can't buck a monopoly."

But White bucked. Then came the edict: in fulfillment of the contract, the wireline would be available, but it could not be attached by any physical connection to the radio transmitter!

In flagrant defiance, amateur ingenuity solved the wireline problem by working out a repeater set-up.

In the meantime, Tex Rickard had run out of money and taken in a partner who figured people might stay away from the fight if a description was to be broadcast.

But, protested White, he had Rickard's word!

Two days later Tex asked White for assurance that the untried radio would succeed. Given that assurance, Tex would stand his ground. White had great hopes, but how could he pledge success for something that had never been done?

Tex had thought of that too, so he introduced a friend to whom he wished White would talk. The friend was identified merely as "Frank." Frank asked questions, searching ones, many technical. These brought out a description of the transmitter that obviously floored the friend. He pointedly identified the equipment and voiced skepticism. Such specification, he mused, applied only to a certain forthcoming Navy set, a 5 kw c-w battleship type transmitter. White confessed that's what it was. Sharply, Frank asked how he got it.

White explained.

Frank laughed loud and long.

Amateurs, recalled Frank, had for years been looked upon by the Navy as Public Air Nuisance No. 1—and here they'd had the audacity

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to shanghai the Navy's radio pet! Suddenly he slapped Tex on the back and gave his verdict. "Take a chance," he said, "if only on this fellow's nerve. He'll probably succeed. Anyhow he's swiped the finest radio equipment in existence."

Then he departed.

As Tex nodded an affirmative, White knew that all his life he would be grateful to the stranger. "Who's Frank?" he asked.

Rickard's eyes narrowed as he spoke, "I thought you knew—Franklin Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy."

Now there were only 48 hours left. What if the experts were right? And then came a midnight report—clear and loud the voice was heard in Eastport, Maine! Long distance calls and telegrams poured in—a dozen, fifty, a hundred. Before dawn, from Maine to Mississippi the voice was being heard.

The manager of Reuters News Service decided to play a hunch and arranged to be tuned in to the radio for a flash, to scoop the world on the fight news, if . . .

Thus it was that J. Andrew White, haggard and drawn, worn out from months of sleepless nights, finally found himself sitting at the ringside in the arena sizzling under midsummer heat. The eyes of the world were on the championship bout. Ears to be added, maybe!

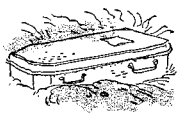
Sarnoff slipped down to the ringside. "Remember, no man has ever done this. If you succeed—"

Blow by blow. A nation listened to White's voice as he became lost in the enthusiasm of the event. Police struggled with crowds in packed theatres, parks and halls who had gathered to hear him shout—"Dempsey is still champion of the world!"

There was a rush to the ringside followed by handshakes and backpounding. White heard Reuters' manager say, "Do you realize what's happened? A worldwide newspaper beat!"

Bleary-eyed, J. Andrew White glanced at a message from Europe. The Radio Corporation's absent president had cabled:

"You have made history!"



Bringing Down the House

THE WAR WAS OVER. Hitler was dead, and the corporal who had helped lay the body underground was describing the scene. "The Germans put the coffin down 25 times," he said.

"Twenty five times?" echoed his listeners. "What for?"

The corporal smiled grimly, "Encores." —*Lincoln AM*

AN ACTOR left the profession to become a surgeon. After performing his first appendectomy before an assembly of medical students, he received so much applause that he removed the patient's tonsils as an encore.

—*Camp Howze Howitzer*

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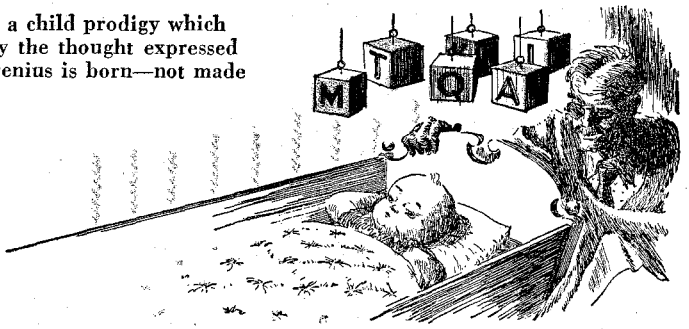
The weird story of a child prodigy which reverses completely the thought expressed in the adage that genius is born—not made



Twilight of a Genius

by FRANCES VELIE AND CAROLINE MENUEZ

THE CASE OF William James Sidis was filed away in obituary records last July under "death from natural causes," and physically, the report was true. At 46, Sidis had been stricken in a Brookline, Mass., boardinghouse with a cold which resulted in complications from which he never recovered.

But if the doctors could have seen through the shabbily dressed, unkempt shell of the man they treated, down to the mind which had once made him a world marvel, there would have been another verdict.

For, just as surely as Boris Sidis, his father, had molded the genius mind of his son in his own psychological laboratory, so surely did William Sidis, the son, with malice aforethought, for revenge, and with deliberate intent, destroy his own great mind.

How the genius brain was fashioned and how it was strangled make a psychological thriller.

At six months, William James Sidis, son of Professor Boris Sidis, professor of abnormal psychology at Harvard University, could pick out every letter in the alphabet.

At age two, baby William could read textbooks. At four he could pound out stories on the typewriter in either French or English. At five he wrote a treatise on anatomy, and invented a method for calculating the day of the week on which any date—as far back as 10 thousand years—had fallen. Barely out of his teens he wrote a text on geometry, and he did it in Greek. He could read a page by merely glancing at it. The name of Sidis became a household word, and every mother who prodded a backward schoolchild called on the name of Sidis.

Amazed at the wonders the young Sidis brain had wrought, the world wondered what epic achievements, what contributions this mental giant would bequeath to mankind. Would he become an Aristotle, a Newton, a Shakespeare?

He became a 20 dollar a week clerk, more often fired than hired.

What went wrong? Must the genius be a misfit? Leading psychologists do not think so. Professor Lewis Terman of Stanford University in an exhaustive study of high

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I.Q. children found in a large group that 99 per cent found permanent and lucrative work, that 72 per cent of the girls married, as against a 36 per cent record for other girls in their class. And the group had only half as many nervous breakdowns as any average group.

The story of Sidis was not one of these. It was the weird story of the bitter struggle for the mind of a man, fought in the realms of abnormal psychology, in dangerous areas of the mind where a slip of the experimenter can lead to his victim's madness. This story has never been told.

It opens in the laboratory of the brilliant Russian professor of abnormal psychology, Dr. Boris Sidis, distinguished author of ponderous tomes, and honored member of the staff of Harvard, who had ideas on the education of infants—education deliberately designed to create geniuses.

It was a happy day for the austere professor when he became the father of baby William.

Suspended over the baby's crib were alphabet blocks with large letters, the names of which were dinned relentlessly into his consciousness. So incessantly were they droned into the baby's ears, as he ate, as he bathed—no, not as he played, for he never played—that by the time he was six months old his father had proved that babies can be forced to learn the alphabet before they can properly control their wobbly backs and sit up.

William became a living proof of his father's theories. Professors called to see the human guinea pig read not nursery rhymes, forbidden as nonsense, but abstruse textbooks. Fond *Pater* Boris explained it was a kind of mental forced feeding. Inwardly, at least, there were the beginnings of rebellion in the boy. A keen observer might have noted the increasing frequency of a high hysterical giggle. Sometimes, in the middle of one of his weighty discourses, the child would giggle shrilly, meaninglessly, shake himself, and then go on.

Under his father's gimlet eyes, William had knowledge stuffed into his mind constantly.

THE BOY had no playmates or friends, nor was he permitted any. The only people he saw were the ones before whom he was exhibited. He learned to hate staring eyes, and to shun all society. He developed a fear of newspaper reporters.

Critical psychologists viewed the experiment with misgivings, predicted its end in a sanitarium. But William's education went relentlessly on, outwardly a smashing success. At nine he was ready for college. Harvard authorities conceded his qualifications but made him wait until he was 11.

William James Sidis was ready for college because he knew so much of the things that are in books. But he didn't know how to throw a ball or tell a good story, or how to get along with people, or how to swim or find his way home from the woods. These things his father brushed off as of no importance. But how much the child actually did love the game of knowledge acquisition is another story.

A picture of William as an undergraduate at Harvard still exists, and a more tortured, unhappy face

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has seldom looked out from a photograph. For William, a Harvard phenomenon at the age of 11, was mobbed by reporters who came to cover "the Sidis case" and remained to dog the unhappy child's footsteps. Ignored by his fellow classmates who knew him only as a freak, William's college days resembled a nightmare.

Yet the boy did have his day of glory—papa's version. Dressed in black velvet knickerbockers to emphasize his youth, and to his own sensitive eyes to increase his ridiculous freakishness, William was placed on the lecture rostrum to discourse on The Fourth Dimension to the learned societies of Harvard. The shy blond boy pushed a stubborn lock of hair from his eyes, and in his shrill voice began his exposition. Shriller and shriller his voice became, and once or twice came the ominous giggle. The lecture over, the professors were unanimous in their applause.

Its cost to the genius leaked out several months later. The great brain had broken down. William was removed from Harvard to his father's sanitarium at Portsmouth in New Hampshire.

Bitterly now, the father ate his words. He had been roused to fury by his critics. In the sanitarium, the anguished man fought to win his battle to continue his boy on the road to genius. William returned to his studies at Harvard, and was graduated cum laude before he was 16. But never again did he consent to give spectacular demonstrations of his genius. At his graduation, reporters rushed to interview William.

He told them that he sought the perfect life. The boy who had been brought up in an illuminated glass case went on to explain. "The only way to lead a perfect life is to live in seclusion."

These words were the first clue that William Sidis had turned his back on his father's ambitions, had determined to destroy the genius his father had created.

In his first step for self-possession, he took a teaching job at Rice Institute, in Houston, Texas, far from his father's influence. But distance did not bring escape. His lopsided education made him a misfit among normal people. In an agony of embarrassment, the genius learned that his manner was too abrupt, his conversation halting. He learned, too, that people do not converse in floods of weighty talk and then suddenly subside into long silences. Students began to shun him.

Shut out by society, he hit back. He helped organize a May Day riot, was tried and sentenced to 18 months in jail for inciting to riot. Although the sentence was never carried out, and Sidis never went to jail, society's judgment on him was the last straw.

He had only one thing to give society, the knowledge his father had given him. And now he hated society as violently as he hated his father.

How he longed to commit suicide! Wistfully he spoke of it to his friends. But he could not summon the physical courage to kill himself. He could not destroy his body—but the thought he had nursed for years came back to him now. He could destroy his mind.

Sidis dropped away from all his

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old haunts. He refused any job that required or signified intellectual attainment. He took jobs as a petty clerk at 23 dollars a week. He, who at 15 could add up columns of figures at a glance, painstakingly operated an adding machine. Shunning the white glare of public scrutiny, he went under assumed names.

When the *New Yorker* published a profile of him, Sidis sued for libel, claiming the magazine had invaded his privacy and his right to pursue an ordinary existence. He also charged the magazine had libeled him by calling him a genius! The libel charge was settled out of court. The Supreme Court threw a suit out of court which charged invasion of privacy.

After the trial, Morris Ernst, famous libel lawyer, whose partner, Alexander Lindey, had defended the *New Yorker*, sought out Sidis, told him he'd give him money any time he needed it. "I'll pay you a thousand dollars for any article, long or short, and I won't use your name. Sign any name you like," Ernst offered.

"I won't do it," Sidis said, sidling away. "I don't trust you."

From his height as intellectual king among men, Sidis sank to the depths. He allowed himself only the pettiest jobs, lived in cheap hall-rooms. An unshaven stubble now permanently darkened his loose, low-slung jaw. His great hands and long, dangling arms aroused visions of some primordial man, helped to give the illusion of the clod Sidis sought to create. His shabby clothes grew shabbier. He cultivated the habit of wearing rubbers indoors, and in front of a roaring fire. He wolfed food, neither knew nor cared what he was eating.

Once a lifelong friend of the Sidis family prevailed upon William to lecture on one of the genius' favorite theories—that Venus was more likely to be inhabited than Mars. Complete anonymity was promised Sidis. And so when some 200 persons gathered to hear him, Sidis was introduced as Frank Folupa. As his audience leaned back expectantly to hear of Venus and Mars, "Frank Folupa" embarked in a high, tense voice and in all seriousness on a lengthy discourse about streetcar transfers!

With the solemnity he might have devoted to a discourse on the Einstein theory, Sidis described how you could tell the population of a city from the transfers. He read a complete Los Angeles transfer. He passed around a poem he had written about transferring from one trolley to another.

Later, as if to show how cheaply he valued his mind, he published at his own expense *Notes on the Collection of Transfers*, an analysis of his 2,200 transfers collected from 25 states and three Canadian provinces.

DURING the day, at his modest jobs, he could subdue his great brain, but at night, like a swollen, misshapen thing that bursts out in one place when you suppress it in another, his imagination flowered in bizarre ways. He wrote a lengthy dissertation on American Indians to prove that they were the true fathers of Democracy. He compiled a grammar of universal language called the Kulgid, complete with lessons and vocabulary but tran-

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scribed in code so that no one will ever be able to use it.

As he faded steadily into the obscurity he sought, the press occasionally found him out, trained its spotlight on him. Once when a reporter discovered the genius at a 24 dollar a week job in New York City, the National Industrial Conference Board, a research organization, asked Sidis for a suggestion to increase office efficiency. Casually, Sidis scribbled a plan which showed how to save 40 clerks three months' work a year.

Except for exceptional instances like these, Sidis strove patiently to forget his knowledge and the father who had taught him all he knew. For years he refused to see the man who had trained his great genius mind. When a friend called one day to say that Sidis' father had died, the genius said: "Why do you bother me with that?"

The son did not go to his father's funeral. He refused to touch a penny of the legacy Professor Sidis had left to him.

And so into society's no man's land, drifted William Sidis, genius. Shabby, down at the heels and badly in need of money, furtive in his ways, he lost one job after another. Tortured in soul, he grew more tortured in appearance.

Let no one say now William Sidis was a genius. Did not the miserable jobs and miserable pay prove he was commonplace? Desperately he rejected the tag of genius and sought to become common and normal. But he could never become either.

In the battle for his mind, both father and son lost.

The Informers

IF NOTHING ELSE, the old codger was an experienced jury man who had sat in on many trials. Seeking to glean some useful information, an attorney asked him, "Who influences you the most—the lawyers, the judge or the witnesses?"

The old man pondered for a moment before replying. At last he drawled: "Well, I'll tell ye. I'm a plain and reasoning man, and I ain't influenced by anything the lawyers say, nor by what the witnesses say—no, nor by what the judge says. I just look at the man in the dock and I asks myself, 'If he ain't done nothing wrong, why's he here?' So I brings 'em all in guilty."

—*The Highway Traveler*

THOROUGHLY DISGUSTED with a jury which seemed unable to reach a verdict in an absolutely cut-and-dried case, the presiding judge rose and said, "I discharge this jury."

One sensitive member, indignant at the apparent rebuke, obstinately faced the magistrate. "You can't discharge me," he said firmly, his face glowing with righteous anger.

"And why not?" snapped the surprised judge.

"Because," and the juror pointed to the lawyer for the defense, "I'm being hired by that man."

—JOHN N. MAKRIS

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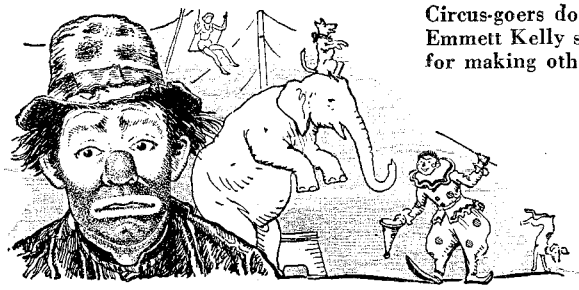

Circus-goers don't see themselves as Clown Emmett Kelly sees them; but he has a talent for making others see themselves in his shoes

Cry, Clown, Cry

by ALAN HYND

FOR 11 YEARS NOW, Emmett Kelly, who portrays a curiously pathetic clown with the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus, has been altering the private lives of his audiences. After seeing Kelly, who impersonates a tramp so ridden by woe that women and juvenile spectators are often driven to tears instead of laughter, many people, previously dissatisfied with their lives, realize how much better off they are than the tramp. Consequently, they alter their outlook on life.

In his guise of a bewildered tramp, Kelly's eyes, which mirror every suffering known to humankind, fascinated Winston Churchill when Kelly was playing at an indoor circus in London in 1938. England's Prime Minister never looked at the rest of the circus but kept his gaze riveted on Kelly during the entire performance.

As a result of the impact that Kelly's tramp character has on people in every stratum of society, the private life of the tramp's creator has also undergone a change.

Kelly, a 47-year-old Kansan of Irish and Bohemian heritage, is normally a happy extrovert. Of late, however, he has taken to a certain amount of brooding over the fact that he exerts such an influence on the destinies of other human beings. He isn't sure that he relishes the power that has come to him through a purely imaginary personality; but he consoles himself in the belief that, so far as he knows, the tramp-clown's influence has always been for good and never for evil.

Up to the time he joined the Ringling show in 1941, the tramp had never been a real person to Kelly. And then, one night in May of that year, when the show was playing in New York's Madison Square Garden, Kelly was overcome by a strange impulse to gaze into the trunk where he kept the clothes he wore as a tramp-clown...

The shoes, scuffed, patched and almost without soles, told Kelly a story. They might have been worn by a man who had been buffeted by life all of his adult years.

The tattered black coat, turning green, and the ragged pants and

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the dirty shirt could have been mute evidence of years of aimless wanderings by their owner, and of cold nights without a place to sleep and many arraignments before unfeeling magistrates on charges of vagrancy.

The old derby, filled with holes and with its brim and crown barely held together, could have come into much of its disrepute when it had been thrown through a door into a street, after its owner, on innumerable occasions. Kelly picked up the bulbous red nose that could have got that way only when, over the years, its owner had sought surcease from bitter reality in John Barleycorn's company.

The most revealing touch of all was the striped, knitted necktie that the character wore, despite the fact that his shirt had no collar. The accessory, which was held in place by a clothes peg that substituted for a tie clasp, bespoke a desperate effort on the part of the tramp to keep up an appearance, and hang onto the shreds of his pride. Perhaps at one time he had known better days.

And then, on that night four years ago, after examining the tramp's attire, Emmett Kelly looked at himself in a full-length mirror. His own custom-made shoes were highly polished and his carefully tailored pin-stripe suit and new pearl gray spring hat, worn rakishly, reflected a person who was in the chips. Kelly turned around and looked into the trunk again. Now he realized that there were tears in his eyes.

After eight years some strange alchemy had at last made the tramp a real person to Emmett Kelly.

That same night Kelly gave the tramp a name—Old Dubey. Kelly doesn't know what the name means. It just came to him. But it fits perfectly.

Old Dubey is of uncertain age. Some people think that he is only 50 but looks older because of what he has been through. Others are of the opinion that he may be wearing on toward 70 but looks considerably younger because of the time he has involuntarily spent in the open air.

It takes Kelly 30 minutes to apply his facial make-up. The sides and lower part of his face and his throat are blackened, giving the impression of a combination of dirt, grease and beard. Kelly alters his own heavy eyebrows only to the extent of adding a quizzical note to the woebegone countenance. The mouth is the only place where Kelly adds an unreal, grotesque touch. He applies white greasepaint all around the lips, but somehow it does not look unnatural on Old Dubey.

It is really Old Dubey's eyes that get people, though. They are large, brown and friendly, like those of a dog waiting to be let in out of the cold. Kelly projects into them a mixture of bewilderment, futility and pathetic appeal that has to be seen to be appreciated.

Kelly's own emotions and those of the tramp often overlap during a performance to the extent that Kelly can't quite tell where he personally leaves off and the tramp begins. In order to project the maximum of pathos into his portrayal of the tramp, Kelly clears his mind of all pleasant thoughts and begins to feel sorry for himself, or Old Dubey—or both—when he

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reaches his dressing quarters before a performance.

By the time the tramp shuffles into the arena, Emmett Kelly is thoroughly despondent. If, prior to the performance, things have not been going right, Kelly's private emotions become many times stronger because of the over-all mood he assumes while playing the tramp. The tramp becomes Kelly and Kelly becomes the tramp.

THERE IS nothing in Emmett Kelly's background that contributed directly to his present unusual position of star billing with the Ringling Circus. Kelly was born in 1898 in Sedan, Kansas, near the Oklahoma border. His father, who had come here from Ireland, was a section foreman on the Missouri Pacific Railroad. His mother, who had been born of a peasant family in Bohemia, had one other child —a girl.

When Emmett was six, his father quit railroading and bought a small farm in the Missouri Ozarks.

One day Emmett was sowing wheat when the painted wagons of the Mighty Hagg Show, a little one-ring circus, were drawn past the Kelly farm by mules. That night he went to his first circus. The circus clown didn't impress him one way or the other, but the trapeze artists did. To him they seemed the most glamorous people imaginable.

When Kelly had finished grammar school, all the education he was to get, in a little Ozarks schoolhouse, he sought a means of broadening his horizons. He found it in an advertisement for a correspondence school course in chalk talks—a medium of entertaining in which the artist draws cartoons while saying witty things.

Kelly was surprised to find out that he was pretty good, and one day, when he was 22, he got a job with a small circus as a chalk-talk artist. The following year he caught on with Howe's Great London Circus, a three-ring show. One of his duties was to put on a grotesque clown's make-up and assist the head funny man—a clown who produces his own gags and props.

All the while, Kelly was preparing to be a trapeze performer. He was a darkly handsome, well-built young man with an ample share of appreciation for the opposite sex. He figured that he would be a smash with the girls, both in and out of the circus, flying through the air in pink tights.

Kelly was a big hit as an aerialist, both on and off the ground. He had been in trapeze work for only a year when he married a pretty performer in the same line.

As he approached his 35th birthday, Kelly found himself in a position unhappy to any performer—at liberty. In other words, out of a job. That's when he decided to be a clown.

Through the years Kelly had studied comedy in a clinical sort of way. There were many types of clowns but, on analysis, he felt that the average clown never got anywhere because people seldom remembered him after the show was over. He decided to create a character that would stick in the minds of an audience. Furthermore, he came to the decision that the best way to accom-

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plish this would be through a character that would enlist audience sympathy.

Old Dubey was the answer.

People laugh when first they see the tramp passing by. But when Kelly stops and looks directly at somebody in the audience—usually a middle-aged woman—the laughter stops. He just stands there, sometimes for two or three minutes at a stretch, just looking at the woman. If someone nearby should laugh during that time, he looks in the direction of the laughter, mystified that anyone could be merry. Then he looks back at the woman again.

Sometimes there seems to be in the tramp's eyes the indication of a vague recollection of the woman he is looking at. The implication is that perhaps this was the kind lady who gave him a hand-out at a kitchen door one cold day a few years previously.

When the tears begin to come to the woman's eyes, Kelly shuffles along, to start the whole thing over again a little farther down the arena. Sometimes his progress is impeded by warm-hearted children who leave their seats, run out on the sawdust and offer him popcorn or coins. All this leads Kelly to the belief that the world, by and large, is populated by good people.

The tramp's originator has little time to himself during the 33-week circus season. He likes to play gin rummy with other circus performers, read biographies and listen to high-brow music.

Whenever he gets the chance, he visits children in hospitals. Physicians have assured him that his visits often have a definite therapeutic value, particularly with crippled children whose minds are taken off their own misfortune when they see Kelly as the tramp.

Recently Kelly visited an orthopedic hospital and overheard a nurse remarking, "What a dirty old bum!"

The remark got Kelly's Irish up. Nobody can make a remark like that about Old Dubey. Not, at least, when Emmett Kelly is around.

Scornets

WEAVING HOME after a mellow evening, Colonel Washington Cloud, a noted Southern lawyer, met a neighbor woman who upbraided him about his condition. "If I were your wife," she said angrily, "I would poison you."

With a courtly bow the colonel replied, "Madam, if you were my wife I would gladly take it."—MEANS RAY

A DRAMATIC AUTHOR who was reading a new work before the company of the Comédie Française was disturbed at seeing that one member, Monsieur Got, had fallen asleep. The author stopped and reproved the sleeper. He was reading his play to the committee, he said, in order to obtain their opinion. How could a man who was asleep give an opinion? Monsieur Got rubbed his eyes and replied, "Sleep *is* an opinion." —IRVING HOFFMAN

WHILE EXAMINING a witness who was notorious for the ease with which he perjured himself, the well-known lawyer, Ralph Lockwood, purred, "I want to ask you just one question. Would you believe yourself under oath?" —MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

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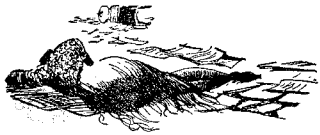

Manuel scoffed at the weird story of the gold harp. He might better have believed it

Manuel and the Golden Harp

by Isabel Manning Hewson

Editors' Note: *In her research for radio material, Isabel Manning Hewson uncovered the original account of this strange tale which she retells in the tempo of today.*

Manuel de Mos had shifty but knowing little black eyes. A few years ago they were sizing up the town and inhabitants of Extremoz, Portugal. Both seemed pretty hopeless. Still, one never knew, and when there was plenty of time because one's "health" demanded seclusion, it was well to be alert for any opportunity.

It was inevitable that Manuel hear about the fabulous gold harp. Everybody knew of it and the deserted castle on the outskirts of the town. Highly skeptical, but hoping at least to relieve his boredom, Manuel jaunted out to make a personal investigation.

Near the entrance gate sat the aged caretaker. "Quite a place you got here. Must be pretty old," Manuel said tentatively.

"Yes, yes it is that—old," the caretaker agreed indifferently.

"You been here long?"

The man nodded, "Many years. I am the only one left."

Manuel decided to plunge right in. "I hear there's a harp in there—a gold harp. That's—uh—just rumor, isn't it?"

"No, it is true. There is a gold harp, worth much money. But it can never be taken away."

Manuel's eyes glittered. He wondered whether an expert had tried. One thing was certain, an expert was *going* to try—and soon.

Trustfully the old caretaker invited Manuel to sit down and he launched into the familiar story.

"This castle once belonged to a wealthy family, the Sabhinos. They had a daughter, Isabella. About 17 or 18, I guess. All this happened, you understand, in the time my father was caretaker.

"Isabella was in love, secretly of course, with Paul, her music teacher. He was a foreigner who came to the castle every day to give her lessons on the harp—this same gold harp you asked about.

"Naturally her parents suspected nothing. Isabella told no one that every day Paul begged her to run away with him. But she was afraid to try, knowing well the pride and temper of her father.

"One day her mother told Isabella that a husband had been chosen for her. The girl was miserable, but she had no thought of going against the decision. As soon as they were alone she told Paul.

"He said nothing—just stood staring at the music book. Then, 'Lesson number 12, I believe,' he stated without looking at her.

"Isabella began to cry. Her fingers fumbling over the strings made strange, unmusical sounds.

"'That isn't right,' Paul screamed. 'I tell you it's wrong

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—all wrong—*everything's* wrong!'

"There was a crash and then quiet. One of the servants rushed to the music room. Paul was standing there, holding an iron music stand and looking down at Isabella, white and motionless at his feet.

"He was still standing that way when the police came to take him to jail. At the trial he wept and said he'd killed her because he'd *loved* her so much. It made a great impression, and in the end they let him go free.

"Paul left the city, but some part of Isabella lived on in the castle and played the harp. The servants were frightened. They went to the master and mistress, begging them to come and hear the harp music. But as the father and mother approached the room, the playing stopped. And as soon as they went away, it started again.

"That night no one could sleep. The servants took the harp to another place, hoping *she* wouldn't follow. All was quiet until the next night when the eerie notes started again. She had hunted for the harp and found it.

"Again they moved it. The playing continued. At last they carried it down into a dungeon and muffled it with blankets. Yet somehow, even more clearly and mysteriously than ever, the notes came through.

"After that they knew it was no use. They moved the instrument back to the music room. Softly it began to play Isabella's favorite song, stopping only when her parents came near."

Abruptly the old man was silent. Then he sighed, "That is the story of the harp."

Manuel snorted in disbelief. "You mean you really believe a spirit plays that thing?"

"It is history," the caretaker said firmly.

Without a word of thanks, Manuel went off, thinking not of the story of the harp, but of its gold. Already he had a plan.

That night he broke into the castle. He was almost out the front door when the harp slipped and thudded hollowly against the stone floor, bringing the old caretaker plodding out of his lair in time to glimpse a fleeing figure.

When the police came it was too late. There were no clues. Conscientious but at a loss as to what to do, they wandered up and down the deserted streets of Extremoz.

Suddenly they stopped and listened. Coming from a room in a lodging house was the unmistakable sound of a harp. They rushed inside and there it was—Isabella's harp. The strings were moving and music was coming from them. The officers nodded in fearful satisfaction. Gingerly they picked it up and took it back to the castle.

Then they tracked down Manuel. He was in a tavern drinking enthusiastic toasts to himself for his great cleverness. He couldn't believe it when they arrested him.

"A ghost," he sneered when they explained how they'd found the harp. "You mean you were tipped off by a *ghost?*"

Almost apologetically, the policemen nodded. They could scarcely believe it, but somehow it was so.

Isabella Sabhino, dead more than a hundred years, had followed her gold harp, and in doing so had helped to catch the thief who'd stolen it.

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Hollywood stars took a back seat when a lithe young man, wearing dark glasses, entered a packed theatre in Mexico City

Beloved Comedian of Mexico

by JANE AND WOODROW WIRSIG

WE FIRST SAW Cantinflas when he was having plenty of competition from Hedy Lamarr. But the Mexican comic, who acts like Charlie Chaplin, talks like W. C. Fields, rates a prestige in Latin America similar to our own late Will Rogers, and is scheduled for his first English-speaking role in Hollywood, was holding his own.

It was opening night at the Metropolitan Theatre in Mexico City. Everyone who could wangle an invitation was inside. Those who couldn't gain entrance surged around the front doors. A convoy of M-G-M talent, shepherded by Louis B. Mayer himself, stood on stage to add the Hollywood touch.

Hedy in a black gown, and Walter Pidgeon in white dinner jacket and dark trousers, had just taken bows. Then into the rear of the theatre walked a lithe young man wearing a street suit and dark glasses. With no celebrity fanfare, he sat down to watch the show.

Suddenly a woman recognized him. "It's Cantinflas," she whispered to her neighbor. A youngster heard her and piped "it *is* Cantinflas." In the next few minutes "Cantinflas is here" had whispered its way throughout the audience. All heads turned toward the rear of the theatre to get a glimpse of him. Thus in the presence of Hollywood's elite, Mexico paid tribute to its king of clowns.

In a way, this episode personified the conflict underlying relations between Hollywood and Mexican movie industries until recently. Just as Cantinflas drew the audience toward himself, the booming Mexican movie industry has been shoving Hollywood out of the Latin American market. Because our movie companies failed to make Spanish-speaking versions, Mexico's non-English reading public, which is more than 50 per cent of the population, naturally preferred Mexican-made movies.

Now the scene is changing. Cooperation between the film folk of Hollywood and their neighbors to the south is growing. Both groups will benefit. The first step toward real collaboration is the picture Cantinflas is to make in both English and Spanish under joint

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auspices of RKO and Posa Films, his own production company.

Few Americans have seen a Cantinflas comedy on stage or screen, yet they know the character he plays. It is the underdog, who seems to have wandered off the street. He personifies the poor Latin worker—the *cargador*, or public porter, who carries freight on his back. Mexico's most familiar clothes are his—battered hat, dirty undershirt and ragged pants hanging by their imagination.

In the course of a play, Cantinflas sometimes changes his outward dress. He may become a bullfighter, or man in evening clothes. Always, however, he wears a rope around his waist. It is the symbol of *cargadores* who swarm Mexico. His attempts to gain life's better things portray vividly the frustrations of his people.

Experts say Cantinflas has no peer in pantomime. Charlie Chaplin considers him the world's greatest comedian. All agree that in Mexico, where comedians always have made sport of public officials, Cantinflas is one who can jibe at both clergy and government with impunity. He can talk an hour and say nothing, or express a thousand words with a roll of his eyes. Lin Yutang, the Chinese philosopher, would call his humor "intellect which slashes itself."

"Ah, Cantinflas," says a Mexican housewife, "he talks and talks, so seriously. Then he explains what he says, and explains and explains. When he is finished, everyone knows he has said no more than could be put on the point of a pin."

That pinpoint, nevertheless, has pricked enough hides in Mexico to stall an uprising and cause theatres to be closed.

Cantinflas was born Mario Moreno 33 years ago. The son of a mail carrier, his schooling accented subjects necessary for pre-medical training. But life was for joking even in those days. He played the buffoon until his teachers agreed he would be better off anywhere but in an operating room.

His first theatre had a canvas top. He got his professional training in the type of *carpa*, or tent show, that toured Spain long ago. These shows offered Cantinflas a full curriculum of hard knocks. He played under all kinds of conditions. Often he ad-libbed lines. If he failed to amuse, the audience promptly hurled jeers and apple cores.

Young, with quick wit and talent for handling a crowd, Cantinflas soon succeeded on the *carpa* circuit. The idea for a flow of unfinished ideas—jumbled into a patter full of sharp repartee and double-talking innuendo—came to him soon after he joined the show, bringing laughs along with applause.

Then because his healthy appetite demanded more food than his peso-a-day (20 American cents) wage could buy, Cantinflas jumped at a prizefight promoter's offer of two pesos a day and took up boxing. A fast punch and good footwork were heading the young comedian toward the lightweight championship of Mexico, when his old tent show boss came back after him.

"The audience," the boss explained, offering Cantinflas three pesos a day, "they keep yelling they want their little bum back."

Never one to turn down a raise, Cantinflas accepted. "A middle-

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weight had been hitting me in the nose," he says now, "and in spite of my polite requests he stubbornly refused to scatter his blows. So I got back under the canvas."

Affluent with three pesos a day, Cantinflas could afford to fall in love. His sweetheart was lovely Valentina Subareff who had traveled through Siberia and Japan to reach Mexico. Her parents were famous circus performers in Russia, but she felt lucky to be earning 50 centavos a day in the *carpa*.

Although the young bridegroom started out at the bottom of the income ladder, his weekly receipts now place him on the high thousand-a-week rung. The Señor and Señora have no children and live quietly near Chapultepec Woods.

SHORTLY AFTER his marriage, Cantinflas' tent show struggled out of the sticks to Mexico City. The proprietor of the broken down *Folies Bergeres* saw the act, and decided to take a chance on Cantinflas at five pesos a day. At the *Folies*, Cantinflas developed an unparalleled talent for political satire. During the 1940 elections he peppered his show with skits showing up election scandals.

When Indalecio Prieto, Spanish War Minister for the Loyalist Government, visited Cantinflas' show during Càrdenas' administration, it is alleged he told the President "You ought to stop this. It was by permitting just such ridicule of the Spanish Republican Government that we lost public confidence and fell."

The advice was ignored. In fact, all attempts to silence him by politicians who have squirmed under a Cantinflas blow, have failed. The comedian refuses to be gagged, and he threatens those who would have him stopped by saying, "Do you want me to tell them what really goes on?"

Always reflecting the temper of the Mexican people, Cantinflas satirized the clergy during Càrdenas' regime. Yet in October, 1940, after the election of Manuel Avila Camacho, Cantinflas changed his satire to "God Deliver Us from the Atheists," revealing the new understanding between the Church and State.

In the Mexican language, now, there is a new verb *cantinflear*, meaning to talk much and say very little. Any long-winded politician is called *cantinflesque*.

While achieving success at the *Folies*, Cantinflas met the man who helped him into the big time. Santiago Reachi, American-trained advertising man, was looking for someone to help convince Mexican truck drivers that his cab-over-engine trucks were something better than a bunch of *chatos*, or pug noses, as they were called.

Reachi hired Cantinflas to headline an attraction, and rang in a sound movie on the trucks. The combination almost mechanized Mexico overnight. In the process, Reachi discovered he had more in Cantinflas than an automotive come-on. Before he had found any other kind of vehicle for the comic, Reachi took a chance and signed him to a five-year contract.

At the time, Tyrone Power, who starred in *Blood and Sand*, was getting many laughs in Mexico.

If a Hollywood producer had unwittingly made the Ibañez story

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ridiculous, Reachi thought, what would happen to a real burlesque of it? Cantinflas went to work on a parody titled *Neither Blood Nor Sand*. When the picture was released, it panicked Mexico and outdrew *Gone With the Wind*. It was the first of seven successful feature length films for Cantinflas, the latest of which is *Grand Hotel*. His tie-up with Reachi, successful from the start, remains in full force. Cantinflas is the vice-president and main stockholder in his film company, Posa Films. Reachi holds one-fourth of the shares and officiates as President.

Hollywood will find the comedian Cantinflas serious about his own work, even more serious about the way in which he can help his countrymen develop their future plans.

He has persistently refused all Hollywood offers for small parts in big spectacles. The new RKO-Posa Films agreement assures him that he will make a picture with a story designed for him and his special talents. He points out that terms of the deal bind him to pictures in Hollywood "only if it is convenient to my interests."

The comedian feels his interests are the interests of his country. In all situations where Mexicans need backing, in relations with other nations, Cantinflas wants to use his influence to champion his people. But now that his artistry has caught the recognition of Hollywood, his off-stage sense of humor is likely to throw movietown's studio press agents and interviewers off balance.

"There are many anecdotes about my life," he told an interviewer once, "but at the moment I cannot remember any."

However, no matter what Cantinflas may do in Hollywood, success in his own country is already assured. But he is looking further ahead than that. Through his work in English-speaking films, Cantinflas may reach into the hearts of Anglo-American nations, bringing to them an understanding of Latin America which can be obtained in no other way.

Along the Cinder Trail

ON BOARDING the Pullman, the bride and groom tipped the porter generously to keep their newly-wedded state a secret. The next morning, conscious of the knowing glances cast his way, the angry groom called the porter to account.

"Goodness, boss," he replied, "I didn't tell anybody. Some people asked me if you two was just married and I says no, they're just good friends."

—*Fort Meyers Flexigun*

"PORTER," SAID the Bostonian on his way to Chicago, "will you please tell me when we have crossed the Massachusetts line?"

"Yes, sir," said the porter. "It won't be long. Is there something I can get you then?"

"No, thanks," answered the man from Boston. "I just have a book I want to read."

—KURT PINTHUS

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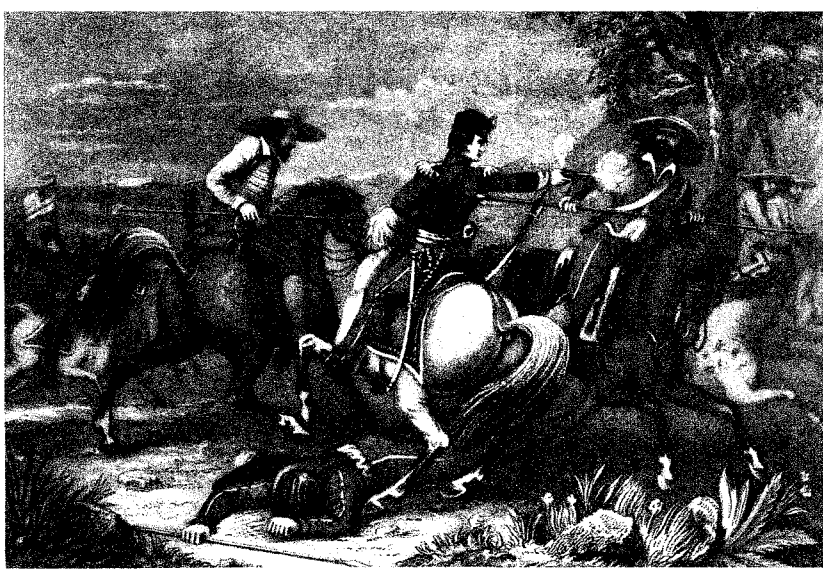
1846

The Young Congressman

THE WAR against Mexico was in full swing; Fremont had already moved into California; Kearney had marched through New Mexico; President Polk, dissatisfied with General Zachary Taylor's conduct of the war, had appointed General Scott as Commander-in-Chief.

It was at about this time that this daguerreotype, the first photographic likeness of Lincoln, was taken.

Married four years, father of two boys, Lincoln was 37 years old. He had been elected Illinois Representative to the 30th Congress. Soon he was to leave Springfield and take his seat in Washington. But before he left he visited the studio of a daguerreotypist. The art of photography was still young—Daguerre had revealed his new invention to the French Academy only seven years before. Lincoln watched the picture-taking proceedings with a sad face. His son, Robert, remarked later: "When any attempt was made to photograph father he lapsed into his melancholy mood."



Scene from the Mexican War, 1846

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August, 1858

A House Divided Against Itself

IN 1858 THE four-year-old Republican Party chose Lincoln to fight Stephen A. Douglas for the Senatorship of Illinois. When Lincoln accepted the nomination he reminded his listeners: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

During the campaign he challenged Douglas to a series of political debates. In the second of the seven debates, at Freeport, he forced Douglas to the admission that despite the Dred Scott decision, slavery could be excluded from the new territories. Lincoln was unable to win the Senatorial seat, but the debates made his name known throughout the country.

David R. Locke, who under the pen name of Patroleum Vesuvius Nasby was America's best known humorist, met Lincoln about this time.

He wrote: "I never saw a more thoughtful face. I never saw a more dignified face. I never saw so sad a face."

The Lincoln-Douglas debates. The portrait opposite was taken on August 26, 1858, one day before the Freeport debate

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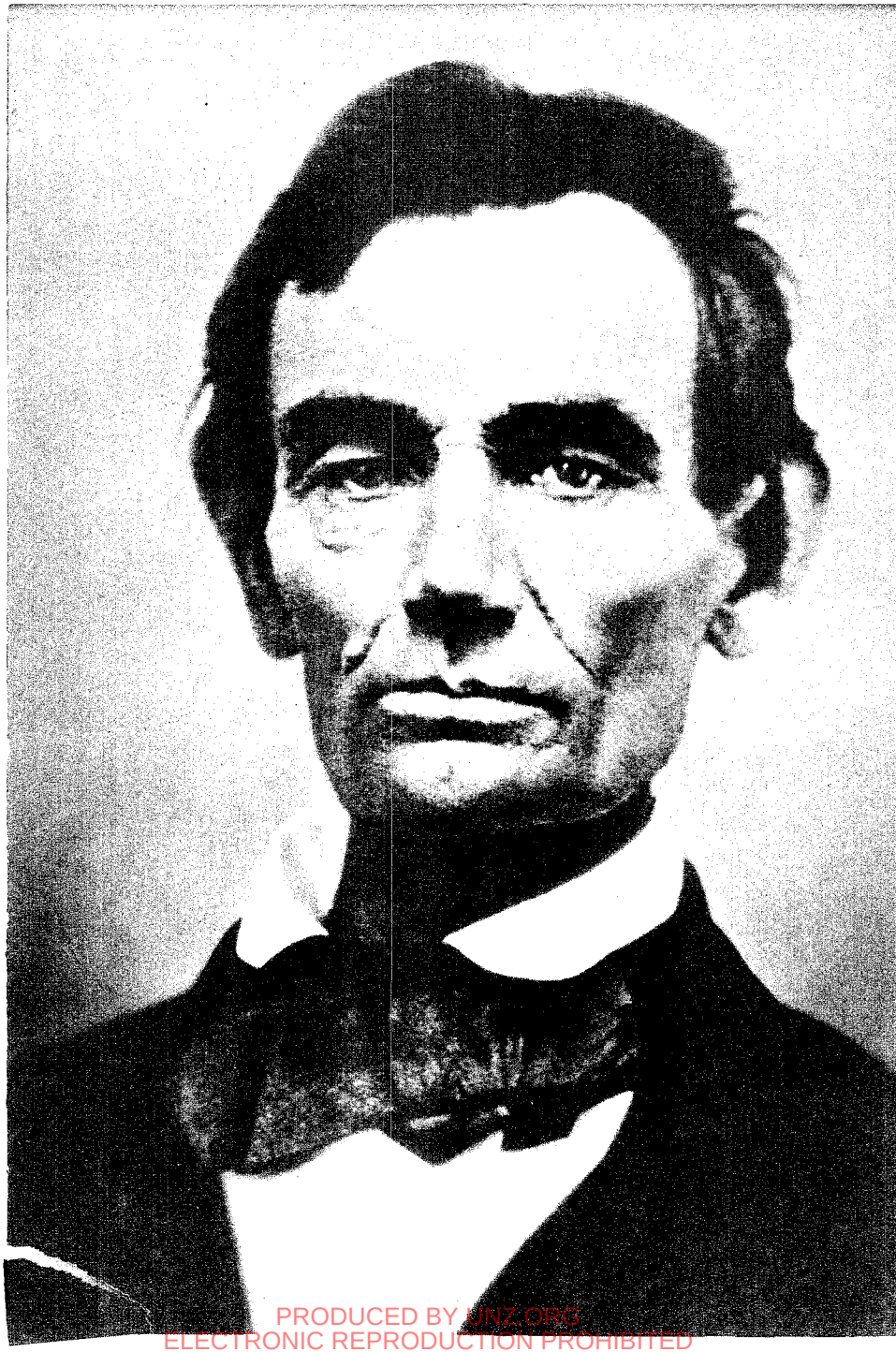

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May, 1860

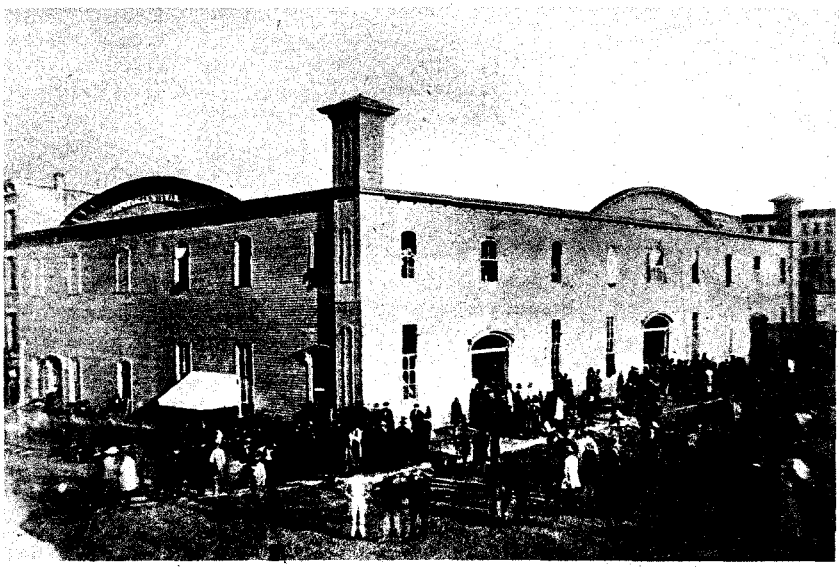
The Republican Candidate

AFTER LINCOLN was nominated by the Republicans in the Chicago Wigwam, the campaign committee was desperate for a good portrait of their candidate. Douglas' photographs showed the Democratic nominee to be a handsome man.

How could a picture of the homely Lincoln, the "long-armed baboon," "the half alligator and half horse," beat him?

An assignment to "do his best" with Lincoln's face was given to the Chicago photographer Alexander Hesler. Hesler wrote to Lincoln and asked him to come to Chicago for the sitting. Lincoln replied that he did not want to leave home during the campaign—but promised that if Hesler would come to Springfield he would get "dressed up." So Hesler traveled to Springfield and on June 3, 1860, took this picture.

At about this time Lincoln sent a short description of himself to be used in a campaign biography. "I am in height six feet four inches, nearly," he wrote, "lean in flesh, weighing, on an average, one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and grey eyes."



May 16, 1860. The Wigwam in Chicago, where Lincoln was nominated

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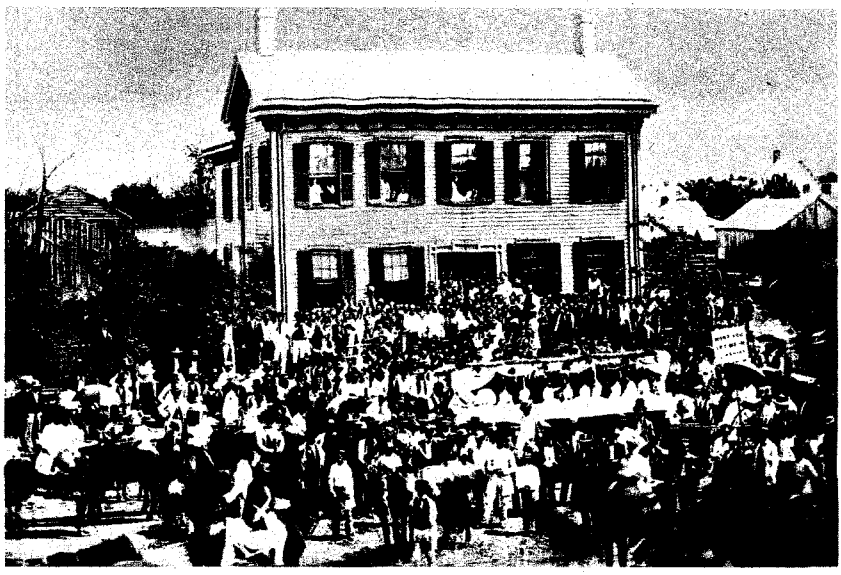
November, 1860

The President Elect

HOMELY AS HE considered himself to be, Lincoln was astute enough to take political advantage of his handicap. "Nobody has ever expected me to be President," he said to an Illinois crowd. "In my poor lean, lank face nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting out." This was part of a charge against his opponent's backers who "have seen in his [Douglas'] round, jolly fruitful face, post-offices, land-offices, marshalships and cabinet-appointments, etc., bursting out in wonderful exuberance, ready to be laid hold of by their greedy hands."

Lincoln was soon thereafter to sprout another kind of "cabbage."

On October 15th with election day not far off, a little girl from Westfield, New York, wrote Lincoln: "All the ladies like whiskers and they would tease their husbands to vote for you and then you would be President." Lincoln demurred in reply that having never worn any, they would be an "affection" now. But not long after his election he was seen with a beard. The whiskers grew fast. By the end of the month they were long enough to allow this picture, the first of him with a beard, to be taken.



Autumn, 1860. Springfield celebrates his nomination (Lincoln standing at the doorway of his house)

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May, 1861

Storm Over the Land

A LITTLE MORE than a month had passed since his inauguration. The differences of North and South could no longer be settled by peaceful means. Fort Sumter had been fired on. The President had already asked for 75,000 volunteers, and now, in May, he was asking for 500,000 more men to fight for the preservation of the Union.

Lincoln's cheeks had grown more cavernous, his brow and eyes more deeply furrowed. A man who saw him at this time, Gustave Koerner, commented: "Something about the man, the face, is unfathomable."

But it was his secretary, John G. Nicolay, who explained most eloquently why Lincoln's hidden face could never be caught: "Graphic art was powerless before a face that moved a thousand delicate gradations of line and contour, light and shade, sparkle of the eye and curve of the lip, in the long gamut of expression from grave to gay, and back again from the rollicking jollity of laughter to that serious, far away look that with prophetic intuition beheld the awful panorama of war, and heard the cry of oppression and suffering. There are many pictures of Lincoln; there is no portrait of him."

April 12, 1861. Bombardment of Fort Sumter

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November, 1863

Gettysburg

FOUR DAYS after this picture was taken Lincoln was to say a few words at the dedication of a soldier cemetery at Gettysburg. His speech was short—only 165 words—its delivery took only 135 seconds, but the words will be remembered as long as the English language is spoken on this earth. "It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced . . ."

These were the words. What was the man who spoke them like? William Howard Russell, famous correspondent of the London *Times*, sent this dispatch to his paper: "He was dressed in an ill-fitting, wrinkled suit of black, which put one in mind of an undertaker's uniform at a funeral; round his neck a rope of black silk was knotted in a large bulb, with flying ends projecting beyond the collar of his coat; his turned-down shirt collar disclosed a sinewy muscular yellow neck, and above that, nestling in a great black mass of hair, bristling and compact like a ruff of mourning pine, rose the strange quaint face and head, covered with its thatch of wild republican hair, of President Lincoln."

November 19, 1863. Photograph of the crowd at Gettysburg, waiting for Lincoln's speech

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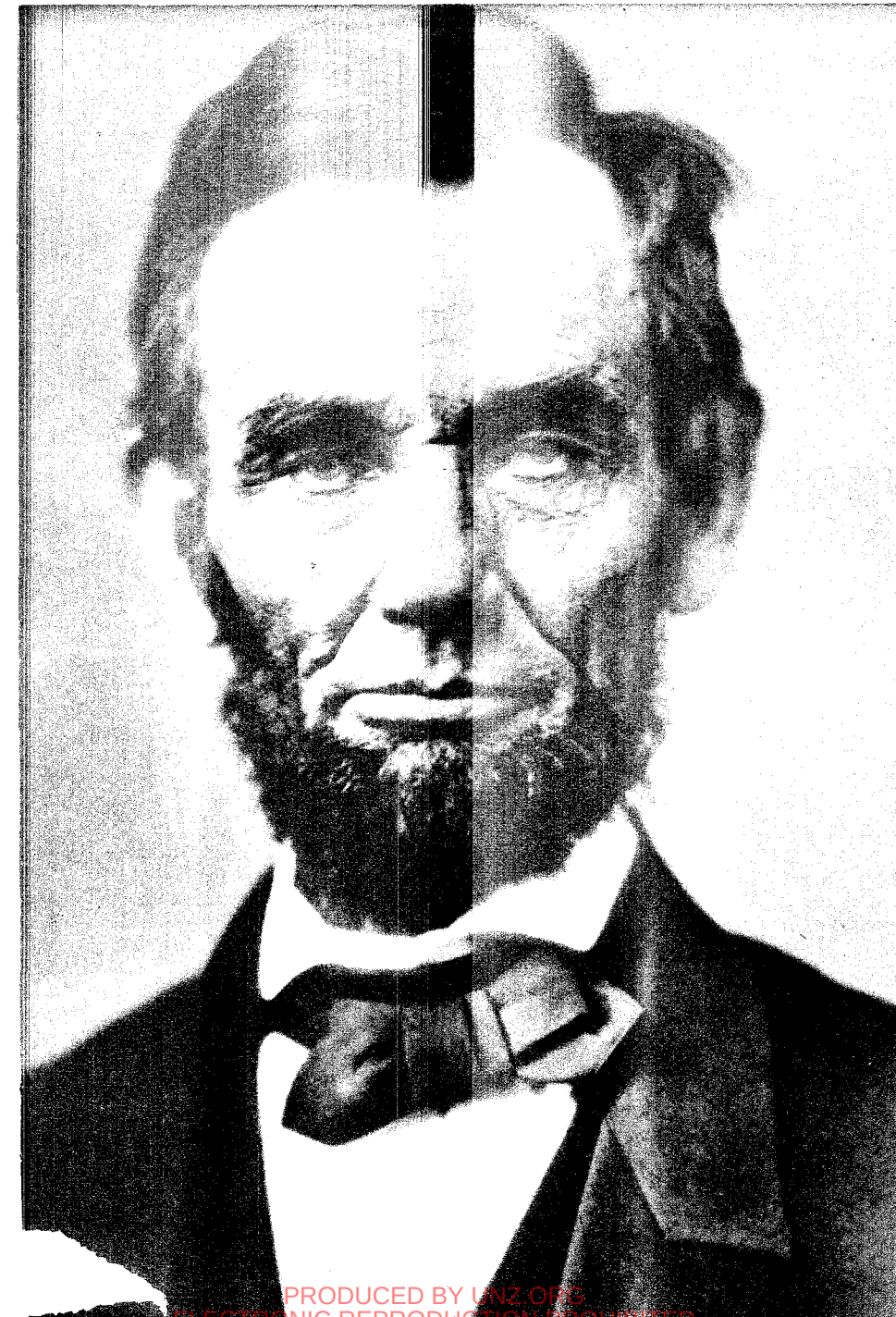

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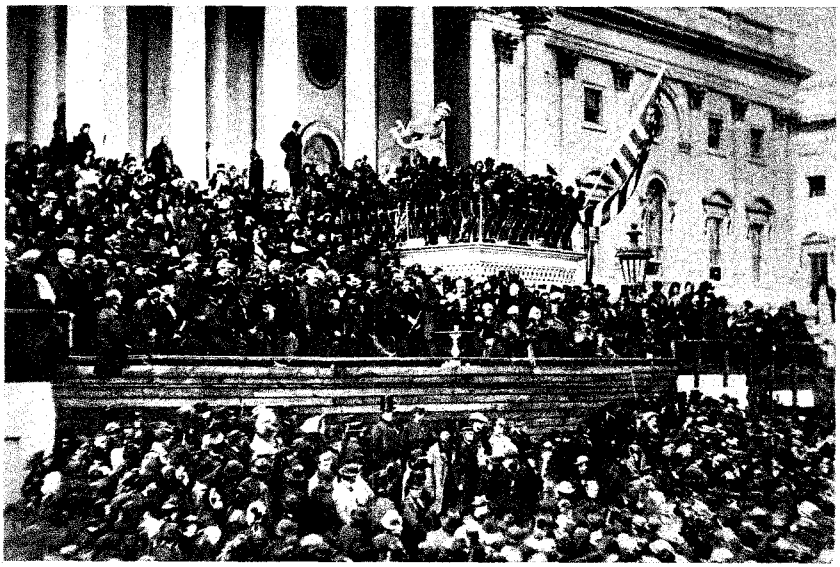
1865

With Malice Toward None . . .

On June 7, 1864, Lincoln was renominated. In August his defeat seemed more than probable. Many of his own party tried to force his withdrawal. But in September the good war news and the Republican successes in Vermont and Maine foreshadowed his reelection.

During the campaign the anonymous writer of a mock biography said of Lincoln's looks: "He can hardly be called handsome, though he is certainly much better looking since he had the smallpox." It was crude humor. But Colonel Theodore Lyman, who saw Lincoln on the battlefield early in 1865, wrote to his wife in all earnestness: "The President is, I think, the ugliest man I ever put my eyes on; there is also an expression of plebeian vulgarity in his face."

Political partisanship made people blind even eighty years ago. They even disposed of the second inaugural as "oratory." For Lincoln the words had deep meaning; they came from the depths of his heart: "With malice toward none . . . let us strive on to finish the work we are in . . . to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace, among ourselves, and with all nations." . . .



March 4, 1865. The second inaugural

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April 9, 1865

THE LAST portrait of Lincoln, taken on the day of General Lee's surrender at Appomatox. On this day the war was won, the Union preserved. Six days later Lincoln's dead body lay in a small room at Washington. Someone remarked: "Now he belongs to the ages."

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"Leading a dog's life" is not such a bad life in this country; but owners of pets must still observe strict laws governing their behavior

Beware of Your Dog

by Renzo Dee Bowers

A man looked out of the window and saw his mastiff nosing around at the curb. He said to his wife: "That dog will be hit by a car if he isn't kept off the street."

"I'd hate to see that happen," his wife replied. "Hadn't you better chain Pluto?"

Just then a motorcycle with a policeman aboard sputtered around the corner.

Pluto growled and braced himself, his eyes trained on the approaching machine. Timing his charge with the precision of a bombardier, he shot into the air and slashed with razor-edge teeth at the policeman's leg. The snap of his jaws missed, but the force of his weight threw the motorcycle to the curb, hurling the rider to the pavement in a headlong dive. The dog was uninjured. But not the policeman. He lost three teeth and suffered a broken leg.

For that exploit of the usually peaceful Pluto, his owner was compelled to pay a substantial sum to his victim for injuries, medical fees, and loss of working time.

In another instance, a high school girl passing an open window called to a friend from the sidewalk. Quick as a wink, so quickly that the flying form was a mere blur, an Airedale hurtled through the doorway. He knocked the girl down and attacked her. Rushed to a hospital, the victim of his attack remained there three weeks. One leg had been gashed to the bone. She had permanent stitch scars on neck and arm. The shock wrecked her nerves.

Then came the payoff. The girl's parents took her friend's parents to court because of her injuries, and collected 4,200 dollars.

The foregoing incidents are fair examples indicating the heavy financial toll paid annually by dog owners because of depredations by their pets which wake some unpredictable morning with a grouch and, to the surprise of all concerned, turn vicious.

The canine population of the United States numbers upwards of 13 million. It is not surprising that sporadic outbreaks of savage instinct against man do occur.

In our efforts to achieve mastery

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over dumb creatures, we have undertaken to control dogs by passing laws. Laws, however, cannot prevent a dog from attacking a person. But they can punish him, and punish his owner, for that attack. They can order his confinement or his death. They can fine his owner and imprison him, and they can require him to pay for damage done by his dog.

If the legal rules which govern dogs were generally understood, a great deal of trouble might be avoided. Dogs have legal rights, and enough privileges are granted them by the courts to render doubtful the implications in the old saying about "leading a dog's life."

In court, your dog is considered being endowed with the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, provided he keeps his nose in his muzzle.

He is not legally accountable if his puss is so ugly and sour-looking as to scare a squeamish person half to death, provided he does nothing of a threatening nature to arouse fear. A judge once handed down the decision that "Mere fear of a dog does not prove that the dog which excited the fear is vicious."

The law concedes to a dog the additional prerogative of protecting his master and his master's property.

Finally in the list of canine rights and privileges, dogs are accorded the right of self-defense. They may repel force with force when attacked, without bringing the wrath of the law down upon themselves or their owners. This means they may resist an assault to an extent commensurate with the emergency, even to killing or maiming their assailants, whether man or beast, if necessary to save their own lives. They have the right to bite back when provoked by a person who ought to know that his conduct would rouse any self-respecting dog to stand up and fight.

THESE ARE the rights and privileges that the law accords the well-behaved dog, the kind you read little about in newspapers. There are few rights under the law for the canine who goes on rampages and bites people.

If you own a dog, here's a fact that you might ponder: the courts are steadily making stricter penalties against owners whose dogs bite man. It is becoming easier to obtain a judgment for damages against the animal's owner.

The courts make frequent repetition of the rule: "The owner of a vicious dog, who knows of the animal's dangerous propensities, is bound to keep him secure at the owner's peril. If another person, without negligence on his part, is injured by the animal, the owner will be liable for all damages resulting from the bite, or which can be traced to the attack."

In plain talk, this means chain your dog, or keep your checkbook handy.

In its dealings with dogs and their owners, the law undertakes to be precautionary as well as punitive. It requires the person who keeps a vicious dog to take action before the animal has bitten someone. You must either kill or absolutely restrain him at the first sign of his ferocity.

The English originated these strict legal requirements and pen-

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alties. English courts first decreed: "The duty of a person when he acquires knowledge of the ferocious disposition of his dog is to hang it, not to keep it at the risk of the lives and limbs of children and adults who may lawfully go upon or pass his premises."

American courts are more tolerant toward "man's best friend." They generally allow you the alternative of restraining or killing the dog, although some insist upon the early demise of any animal which has been showing signs of viciousness. For instance, a Missouri court declared "A vicious dog is a nuisance and should be removed, as you would remove the venomous rattlesnake, by death."

In some states statutes have been adopted making it immaterial whether you did or did not know that your dog was dangerous. The laws make it your duty to know. Under these codes, all the injured person need prove, in order to make financial demands, is that you owned the beast, and that he was in the habit of threatening or attacking people.

The courts lay so much stress upon the "vicious" or "ferocious" disposition of dogs in establishing their social and legal status that it is useful to follow up and see just what they mean:

According to an ancient rule, a dog was entitled to one bite without losing his reputation for peacefulness. This generosity is not now extended by the courts in some states. A dog's reputation today hangs by a thread no thicker than gossamer, and can be broken by the slightest breath of scandal. A Tennessee judge went so far as to say that if the owner knew that his dog had grabbed the dress of a girl, or that he was in the habit of running up to people as if to bite them, he had ample evidence that the animal had a ferocious nature and should be restrained.

There are many legal signs of a dog's evil character. Do you use him as a watchdog? Is his savagery known to the neighbors? Does he frequently run out of the yard threatening passers-by? Have you put up a sign, "Beware the dog!"? If you have, you've convicted yourself in advance. You'll be asked, "Why the sign, if you didn't know he was dangerous?"

A TEXAS postal carrier went up to a door where a sign warned, "Beware the bad dog!" While he was putting mail into the box, a huge hound sprang at him through the doorway, bit him once, and ripped off his trousers. The carrier received a judgment against the dog's owner. Incidentally, the jury allowed him a hundred dollars for the bite and 10 dollars for the trousers, showing proper discrimination between what is fastened to the human frame and that which merely covers it.

You're probably wondering whether your dog has any freedom at all. It can't be denied that you run unending risks of getting tangled up with the courts if your dog is inclined to be savage and ferocious. About all the courts will concede to such an animal is this: If someone unnecessarily provokes him and invites injury, the victim will not be permitted to collect damages or insist upon the dog's extermination.

Sometimes, of course, an accused

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dog is found innocent. For instance, there was the case of Mrs. Calvin's chow, Chink, who had a bad case of mange.

Mr. Calvin and a helper hooked a chain to Chink's collar and drew him up close to a post. The boy held him while Mr. Calvin rubbed some evil-smelling salve into Chink's skin.

The stuff burned like red-hot needles. Chink squirmed and whined, and finally slipped his collar. He streaked down the street, eyes wild, mouth foaming, skin burning and prickling.

He neared the Harris premises at a moment when their seven-year-old daughter was playing in the yard. The little girl looked up and saw Chink heading wildly for her. Frightened by his behavior, she jumped up and ran.

She was too slow. Seizing the opportunity to make someone atone for his suffering, Chink nipped a piece out of the child's leg.

The Harris family took the Calvins to court because of the nip, claiming damages, and expenses. But the court denied their claim. On what ground? Because it could not be proved that Chink had heretofore been vicious, or that he had bitten any other person.

You see? The whole question boils down to this: Is your dog vicious, and has his conduct heretofore been fair warning to you? You should decide that *now*. If he should go savage on you, it will do no good to chain Pluto then.

Lincoln Lore

A MEMBER OF CONGRESS during the Mexican War, Abraham Lincoln was unalterably opposed to the conflict and branded it aggression. "This war reminds me," he said, "of a farmer who once remarked: 'I ain't greedy 'bout land. I only want what jines mine.' "

SPEAKING ABOUT his family, Lincoln once remarked: "I don't know who my grandfather was, but I am much more concerned to know what his grandson will be."

AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF of the Army, Lincoln received thousands of appeals for pardons. Almost all carried much supporting data, including letters from influential people. One day Lincoln received a simple appeal for clemency which did not contain a single sheet of recommendation.

"Has this man no friends?" he asked.

"Not one, sir," came the reply.

"Then I will be his friend," said Lincoln, and he signed the pardon papers. —JOHN NEWTON BAKER

"MR. PRESIDENT," Lincoln's secretary once informed him, "Congress is now in session and sitting upon the matter you placed before them."

"Very good," replied the Great Emancipator. "Whether they're sitting or setting doesn't matter so much as whether they're going to hatch anything worthwhile after all their cackling is over."

A VISITOR TO THE White House once asked President Lincoln, "What is your definition of a friend?"

"My definition of a friend?" the Great Emancipator repeated slowly. "One who has the same enemies you have." —LOUIS HIRSCH

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An instinct for first aid sustains creatures in their fight for life

Fantastic Dr. Nature

by JIM KJELGAARD

THE CONCEPT of sick or wounded wild creatures seeking out some lonely haunt in which they can suffer and die in agony is a common but not always correct one. Any injured wild thing will try to help itself.

When I was a child I captured two mice in my father's barn. For lack of a better cage, I clapped them into a glass jar topped with a gauze cover. After a few days they seemed stiff and rheumatic, unable to move about with their former agility. Knowing something was wrong, but not knowing what, I released my prisoners. Instead of diving into one of the many convenient crevices in the barn, both mice ran through the open door into the sunshine.

Scoffers may say this proves nothing—that the mice would have done so anyway. But I am convinced that they knew their only chance for survival was to get into the sun, whose life-giving rays had been denied them for so long.

The four deer that collaborated to help a sick companion possessed that same unerring intelligence of the wild. It was early spring in Michigan's wild upper peninsula when we happened on a group of doe pawing at an object on the ground. A careful stalk brought us near enough to see that it was another doe with an enormously swollen belly. The four continued to irritate their companion. When at last it rose slowly to its feet they nudged it with their muzzles and butted it with their heads, forcing the doe to move about. Within 20 minutes the swelling had gone and the deer was back to normal.

After a winter of lean browse, the sick deer had probably gorged itself on alfalfa and bloated. The four doe had administered exactly the same treatment that a farmer would give a bloated horse. Beyond question they knew not only what was wrong, but exactly how to go about making it right. Certainly they were guided by something other than just lucky blundering.

There was the fox which we found in a trap—a pitiful, shivering thing whose right front foot had been crushed and broken by the steel jaws that held it. We carried the creature home and bandaged the foot. Then we put the fox in a wire cage. Immediately it ripped the bandages off, dug a small hole with its good foot, placed the wounded one in the hole and padded dirt around it. For days it lay there, refusing to move. When it finally did stir, although it was thin to the point of starvation and the claws on its broken foot had grown grotesquely long, the foot was healed completely.

That fox had put its broken foot into a self-made cast and kept it there until the bones had mended.

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Domesticated animals can be just as self-sufficient. While roaming the hills with a big Airedale dog, I saw the head of a timber rattler flick out of the tall grass and strike the dog's shoulder. The dog promptly tore the snake to pieces but in the process was bitten several more times. The battle finished, the dog darted away and ignored all entreaties to come back. I lost track of him and decided he must have died.

Five days later I stopped at the ice-house of a friend and was greeted by the tail-wagging Airedale. Apparently he had gone from the mountain straight to the ice-house, pawed the sawdust aside and lain down on the ice. There was a deep depression where the heat of his body had melted the ice and formed a frozen nest into which he could fit comfortably. The dog never showed any ill effects from the rattler's bite. Had he followed any other course he probably would have died. He knew how to take care of himself.

So did the buck that actually bandaged its own neck. The animal was killed by a car in Michigan. Upon examination of the carcass, a deep but partially healed gash was found on the lower part of its neck. Presumably it had been gouged by a sharp spike or branch, and the wound must have bled freely. But the entire lower neck was covered with the sticky gum that oozes from pine trees, and bits of bark clung to it. By rubbing its neck against a pine tree and filling the wound with pitch, the buck had contrived an effective bandage.

Wild things often make use of the natural medicines to be found in their environment.

On a cold winter day I came across an old and obviously sick woodchuck that should have been deep in hibernation. Instead it was lapping up the rancid water that flowed from a natural sulphur spring. Deep paths in the snow from the mouth of its burrow to the spring showed that the woodchuck had been visiting it for days.

Deer that have not been getting a balanced diet will eat lichens or the gray moss streamers that hang from tamarack trees. Other indisposed wild creatures will settle upon a particular kind of food, one, perhaps, that satisfies an instinctive hunger, and for days at a time eat nothing else.

It may be true that many wild animals suffer lonely and sometimes painful deaths. But it is equally true that they love life fiercely. Few will relinquish it without a terrific battle, and if there is any way possible to prolong life the sick or wounded child of nature will find it.

From the Lunatic Fringe

MARK TWAIN once commented that the insane often reveal astonishing perception. As evidence he told of the definition of forgiveness volunteered by an inmate of an asylum: "Forgiveness is the fragrance the violet sheds on the heel that has crushed it."

—MONNA MCGILL

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Old-fashioned pedagogy emphasized the three R's. Modern teaching methods stress the art of learning how to get along with classmates

Teaching the ABC's of Happiness

by LUCIEN AIGNER

AN INDIVIDUAL'S ultimate happiness and success doubtless depend more on his ability to get along with people than any other single factor. In schooldays, the teacher who helps a child get along with his classmates aids the child to prepare for life, just as much as the one who teaches him reading, writing and arithmetic

To be able to give this necessary help, the teacher needs to get in a glance a graphic picture of the social structure of her classroom. In doing this, a Sociometric Chart is of immeasurable value, for it is as simple as it is ingenious.

This chart was first suggested by Dr. J. L. Moreno, a well-known psychiatrist of New York City, who for a quarter century has devoted his time to human engineering.

Now, at Hunter College in New York City, where leading psychologists are devising methods to make children happy, a recent experiment introduced Dr. Moreno's charting methods. Dr. Ruth C. Conkey and Dr. Dorothy M. Barrett, two psychologists, made the first Sociometric Charting at the college's elementary school with a class of sixth graders.

"You are sitting now," the children were told, "as the teacher wanted you to sit. If you could choose, whom would you want as your two nearest neighbors?"

The answers to this simple question, as registered on the charts pictured with this article, were revealing. Study them and you will note that there were boys and girls who were chosen by *many* of their schoolmates as neighbors and some who were chosen by none. The first are popular children, happy "key personalities"; the second, the unhappy and isolated.

On Chart One, you see four popular children — Eunice and Ruth—chosen by four children; Danny chosen by five and Ernie by four. In striking contrast, Al is completely isolated, choosing nobody and chosen by none of his classmates. He said that he wanted to sit by the teacher. The quartette and trio of girls which are shown isolated from the rest of the group were cliques. The children in these groups chose each other and were

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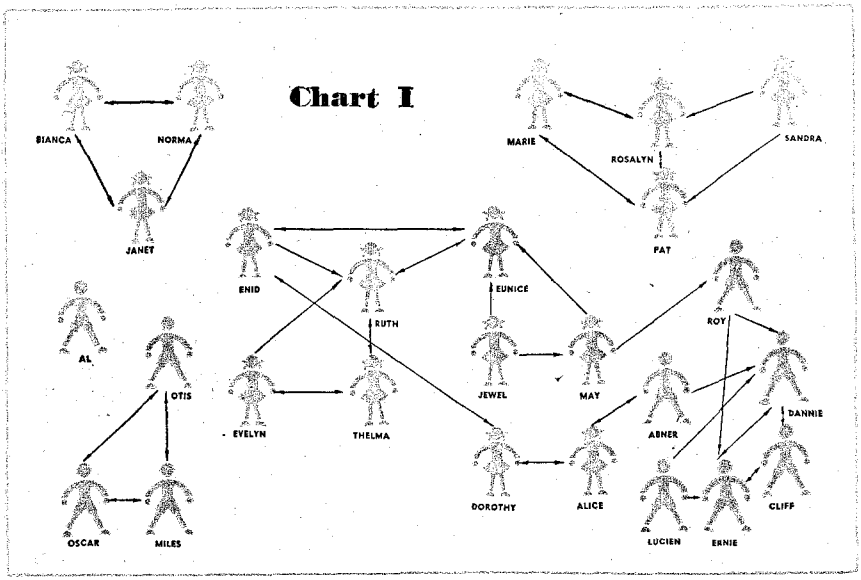

not chosen by any outsiders.

At first sight, both quartette and trio appear to be similar, but time proved there was a great difference in the two groups. Look at the second charting, made two months after the first, and you will note that the quartette endured, while the trio disbanded.

Why? The reason is simple. The quartette was a little fellowship, not exclusive, open to newcomers and, as such, capable of expansion and development. This group later became the nucleus of a larger group of friends centered around Rosalyn, a sociable child.

The disbanded trio, on the other hand, was formed originally by three little girls who had no friends in the group and were ashamed of the fact. When the first charting was made, they agreed through sign language, which did not escape the attention of the two psychologists, to choose each other and thus escape the shame of not being chosen at all. But although they had chosen this way of mutual insurance against loneliness, they did not become real friends.

At first they tried to give value to their alliance by keeping it exclusive. They accepted no newcomers. But this sterile attitude only served to make them feel the artificial character of their clique which was disbanded at the first opportunity to join other members in more real friendship.

At the time of the second charting, Bianca was reaching out to Eunice, the president of the group, and to Enid, another popular child whose desirability was confirmed by being chosen by Eunice. Norma's choices went to Eunice and Rosalyn, as did Janet's. Although none of the three was chosen by others, they still preferred to choose desirable

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and popular girls rather than stick to their lonely little clique. The second chart, too, shows Al on his way to joining the group.

As for Eunice, her popularity has increased, and Rosalyn, also, appears to have more followers. Among other changes apparent is the fact that Abner's friendship has shifted from boys to girls.

Now let's have a look at events which produced all these changes in the structure of the group between the two chartings. To begin with, Eunice was elected president of the class, and Rosalyn became the star performer. Next, the Otis-Oscar-Miles group organized a puppet show.

Eunice's presidency worked out well. She wanted to be a good officer, so she began to look around to see who in the group needed help. To the isolated ones she gave little duties. This, in turn, increased her popularity and brought many new followers.

The children became conscious of the fact that it was a safe bet to choose Eunice, because she would not "reject" anybody. So Norma, Bianca and Janet *did* choose her and were quite relieved by their decision to do so, for it put them on the road to happiness.

What did the teacher do to further these happy results? Actually, what she did *not* do was more important. For example, when Eunice selected Norma for certain duties, the teacher was tempted to suggest Dorothy as better fitted for them. However, being keenly aware of the further complications of Eunice's actions, she did not interfere. From this can be gleaned that wise teachers often do more in helping pupils find their niche in the group by what they *don't* do than by positive action.

In Rosalyn's case, being chosen star of the class show increased her popularity. Then the success of her performance drew other children to her as success always does. Really an attractive, likable child, her good qualities became more apparent once the spotlight was thrown on her.

The puppet show originated by Otis, Oscar and Miles made imperative a reaching out for collaborators. Ernie was made director and he needed Miles who was good at art work, and who could be of assistance in staging the show.

Otis liked the idea of the puppet show and drew closer to Ernie. Cliff, on the contrary, became bored and slipped out of the group, transferring his choice to Eunice, newly elected president of the class. Oscar was more or less left out of the game, although he still retained his loyalty to Otis and Miles. But these two were now so busy that they did not reciprocate. Instead, they transferred their choices to children more attractive to them. Probably Oscar's new relative isolation drew Al closer to him. Roy, also ignored, transferred his choice from Ernie to the lonesome Al.

The changes in Al's position as shown on the charts did not serve to make the boy happy, and for good reason. Shortly before the chart test was made, Al had been transferred to this group because, even though he was a few months younger, his academic progress seemed to warrant it. But Al did not like the idea. In the new group he could learn more about subjects

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that interested him, but he had no friends, whereas in his old group he had been popular and well adjusted. The fact that the two charts show he made progress did not mean that he was happy. He wasn't.

After six months of experimenting, it was decided that Al should be returned to his old group. Now he is progressing happily and is contented with his old friends.

These Sociometric Charts show some situations at once. In others, human interpretation is necessary. In either case, the chart is only a tool for diagnosis. Once that is made an adjustment may follow, and here is where teacher steps in.

Through her guidance the isolated members of her group may be helped by calling attention to their attractive qualities, which may not be known to the others. For instance, if the teacher finds that Lucien and Roy are interested in model airplane building she can encourage them and help them with the work which will immediately draw the interest of the other children to them.

Or she may give little individual assignments to these isolated members, emphasizing their usefulness and their good points. If the group hears that Lucien, who has been chosen to take waste paper to the collection center at the college, has been praised by grownups for his good work, then his position in the group will be enhanced.

The same teacher, knowing Sandra's interest in England, may easily direct the group's studies so that she may be assigned to prepare a special study on that country. This assignment may lead Sandra to share it with another child also interested in the subject. In this manner, chances are that by the time the assignment is completed, their mutual interest in England will produce mutual interest in each other, thus nurturing the beginnings of real friendship.

Another successful attempt to draw more or less isolated children into the group was the story of the song, *A Bicycle Built for Two*. The first time the song was sung by a little girl in the group, two other children started acting it out, spontaneously pantomiming the bicycle ride.

This gave the teacher an idea. She praised the performance and asked the others to join in. Some of the bolder children did, but the shy ones remained quiet. This made it clear to the teacher that pantomime alone, without the incentive of a real bicycle, was not sufficient inspiration to break down shyness and put the imagination of timid children to the test. So the teacher decided to borrow a tricicyle from the kindergarten group, making the game and the scene more realistic.

With the stage set, she began to match children to form teams of two, carefully selecting very social and friendly youngsters as teammates for the shy ones. The experiment worked beautifully. The whole group joined in singing the song, forming a circle and following the lead of the tricycle riders.

This time it was not the teacher who included isolated children in the game; it was done on the group's initiative, and the status of many a hitherto "left out" child improved considerably that day. Once the teacher had started the

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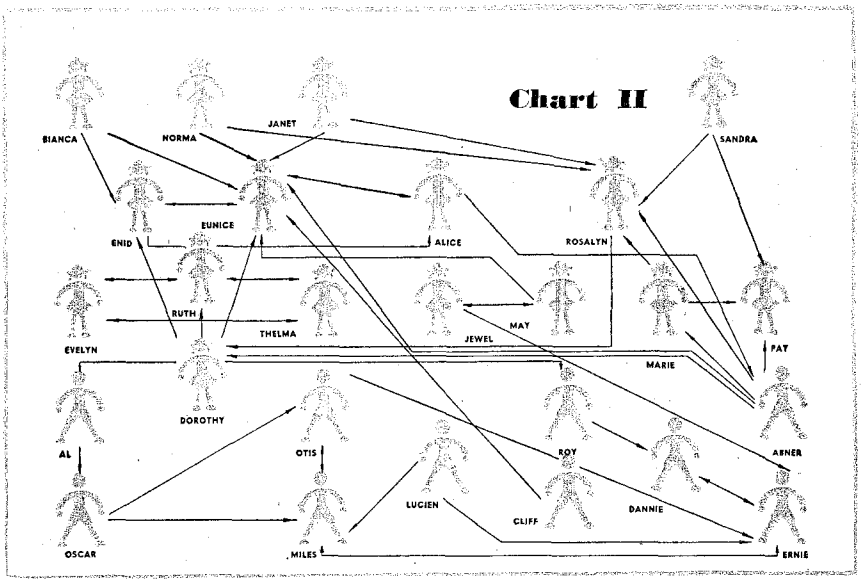

game, she did not insist that it continue as she had planned it, but let the children play it their own way without interruption. It is the understanding use of games that gives them their real value and significance.

Children play with puppets in many schools, but at Hunter College puppet plays are also used for psychological diagnosis. Jewel, a quiet child in the elementary school at Hunter, did not appear particularly lonesome. Not until the first Sociometric Chart was made did it occur to the teacher that the child might be suffering from lack of love. When Jewel was not chosen by any member of the group, it set the teacher to thinking.

After consultation with the psychologist, the child was interviewed but nothing happened. So puppet diagnosis was the next step. The children were told they could play whatever character they pleased with the puppets. Jewel chose the *Ugly Princess*. Her choice of subject and her way of acting made it clear to the psychologist that the *Ugly Princess* was Jewel herself whom "nobody loved." The king and queen obviously were her parents.

A short talk with Jewel's mother disclosed the fact that both parents worked and that the child had little of their companionship. Impressed by the psychologist's warning, arrangements were made at home so that the mother spent more time with her daughter. The change in Jewel was soon obvious and by the time the second chart was made, she had at least one friend—May—in the classroom. In a short time Jewel was a happier child.

By showing children the road to happiness in schooldays, teachers of America are doing their part to build tomorrows that sing.

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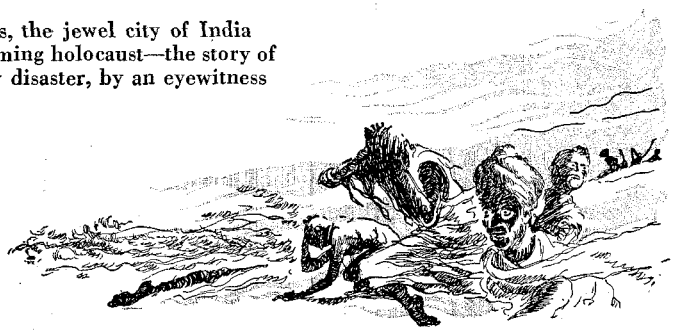
Within split seconds, the jewel city of India became a raging, flaming holocaust—the story of the terrible Bombay disaster, by an eyewitness



Bombay's Black Friday

by LT. (J.G.) FRANK E. SHEA

EDITORS' NOTE: *Here is the first complete and authentic eyewitness account of the record-breaking disaster which struck Bombay, India, last April 14. Lt. (j.g.) Frank E. Shea, of the United States Maritime Service, who was in Bombay at the time of the catastrophe and who has written this exclusive report for Coronet, escaped uninjured. It was his second narrow escape in 16 months. For in December, 1942, he was torpedoed by a Nazi submarine 300 miles off Brazil and after five days in an open boat landed safely in Brazil.*

BOMBAY, with a population of 1,700,000, is not only one of the largest cities in the world, but it also is one of the most modern and beautiful. It is built on a wide, crescent shaped cove of the Arabian sea midway on the west coast of India. Mountains stud both ends of the cove and form a backdrop behind the city.

In contrast to other parts of India, with their widespread poverty, illiteracy, primitiveness, lack of sanitation and myriad smells, Bombay is a cultured, landscaped metropolis whose atmosphere is both oriental and occidental.

Along the cove for several miles runs a wide, double-lane parkway lined with tall, modern apartment houses of uniform height. Bordering both, along a sea wall, is a spacious cement promenade.

At the south end of the cove is the harbor, with its docks, warehouses and locks. The latter enable deep draft ocean vessels to float unaffected by tidal changes. It is this world trade in overseas traffic and the delightful climate and beautiful surroundings which have made Bombay prosperous and a center for the country's better educated people.

At 4:07 p.m. on April 14, 1944, at the time of day when the promenade began to fill with strollers and almost everybody was preparing to have afternoon tea, one of the worst disasters ever suffered by a city struck with full fury and without warning. A shipload of ammunition blew up in the harbor.

From one of the docks, a column of black smoke, looking like a waterspout, shot approximately 3,000 feet into the clear blue sky, then broke into orange-red and fanned out in an enormous circle, like a giant toadstool. Before the

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thousands who saw it realized what had happened, the city shook violently as if from an earthquake.

Windows in even the distant sections blew out. Seconds later came a shower of white hot steel from the blasted vessel, accompanied by incendiary and other shells. Fires started at the same time in a two-mile area fronting the docks.

Pedestrians, street cars, automobiles, horses, everything within a half mile of the explosion, were swept off the streets by the concussion and mangled against buildings, trolley poles or other obstructions. Roofs collapsed and walls caved in, burying those inside. Heads, arms, legs were sheared off by the flying missiles.

Along the docks, ships tossed like corks. A 7,000 ton freighter leaped clear of the water, split in two and landed crosswise on a wharf. Another ship of similar size, a thousand yards away, was blown so high its keel could be seen. Smaller ships crumpled like match boxes. Many of the vessels started burning from the hail of incendiaries.

Within a minute of the explosion, panic of the wildest sort ensued throughout the city. Those not dead, injured or trapped rushed hysterically toward the outskirts until virtually all Bombay was rushing away in a stampede. The streets and roads leading out of the city were jammed with the terror-stricken masses.

Although it still was broad daylight, the pall of smoke from the burning buildings covered the city like a blanket and enshrouded it in inky blackness. Adding to the horror, an intermittent series of less violent explosions rent the air as the fires reached stores of ammunition piled on the docks or in warehouses.

The superstitious feared the world had come to an end. Some thought the Japs had launched a bombardment from the sea. Most could not think at all. They were too dazed, bewildered, shocked, stunned, hurt. All they knew was that they were suffering a living nightmare. It seemed it could not be worse.

But at 4:35 p.m. it was. Twenty-eight minutes after the original blast, a second and more violent explosion rocked the city. A second ammunition ship had blown up. Flares of various colors, incendiaries, sheets of red flame and white hot steel again filled the blackened sky. Buildings, docks, wharves or other structures which had escaped the first blast were doomed by the second.

The roof of the Metro Cinema, two miles away and one of Bombay's largest, collapsed. The walls of the Victoria railroad station, in the same district, caved in. The main beam supporting St. George's Hospital, which was three quarters of a mile from the explosion, moved two inches. Hundreds of buildings in the congested native quarter crashed. The whole section burst into flames.

Bombay was now a city gone mad. The toll of dead and injured was large and growing. The bulk of the fire department, marshalled to combat fires resulting from the first explosion, was destroyed by the second blast. The city was completely at the mercy of the flames.

Explosion followed explosion as additional batches of ammunition blew up. The sky over the harbor presented an eerie sight as the red

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flames, interspersed by the multicolored flashes of flares, billowed high in enormous belches through the dense, black smoke.

Sirens of American and British army ambulances screamed at highest pitch as they raced through the packed streets. Although they were on missions of mercy, their weird warning noise made the situation even more fearsome.

During the night the government had thrown a circle of Indian troops, armed with bayonets and rifles, around the stricken area to prevent looting. A bank collapsed and the force sprayed the street in front of it with money. Merchandise from the stores blew out with the windows. Gold bars from one ship actually flew across the city.

A third ammunition ship was rushed out into the harbor after the second explosion. Similar quick action also saved other large vessels tied up with rich and important cargoes. Tons of ammunition stored near the blasted docks were moved while fires raged all around.

The first explosion was on Friday afternoon. The fires, punctuated by lesser explosions, were still burning high into the sky when we left three days later. The force of the explosions was felt in Poona, 100 miles away. Some of the white hot pieces of scattered steel weighed 30 pounds.

The dead, mutilated and hopelessly injured were everywhere. The number of casualties was never announced officially, but it was conservatively placed at 4,000. St. George's Hospital reported that 60 per cent of the injured were amputation cases. More than 50,000 were made homeless. The property damage was incalculable, but it quite obviously amounted to scores of millions of dollars.

A score of ships, none of them American, were destroyed, gutted, blown up or sunk. Several of the docks, with their hydraulic cranes, were completely destroyed. More than 73,000 tons of grain, stored to prevent recurrence of the famine of last fall in Bengal, were consumed by the flames.

Although the Japanese radio boasted the disaster was the result of sabotage, official sources were inclined to believe it started from spontaneous combustion in a load of damp cotton carried by the first ammunition ship. Smoke was discovered in the cotton hold an hour and a half before the first explosion. The fire department was fighting it when the blast took place.

It will take years for Bombay to recover from the disaster.

Life Sentence

THE LATE COMMISSIONER of baseball, Kenesaw Mountain Landis, once sat on the Federal bench. One day an old offender came before him. After a severe reprimand, the judge sentenced him to five years in prison.

"But, your Honor," the felon protested, "I'll be dead long before that. I'm a sick man—I can't do five years!"

Landis glared at him. "You can try, can't you?" —JOSEF S. CHEVALIER

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Out of this World

How can the most in information and entertainment be compressed into the least space? Answer: by coming as quickly as possible to the point in six pages of capsule reading which you should find varied, amusing and memorable.

Music of the Spheres

MIRACLES CAN HAPPEN, as a co-pilot of one Flying Fortress will avow, because this one, as he tells it, happened to him:

"On our way back from Germany at dusk one summer day, the last engine kicked out just over the coast and we were forced to bail out. I must have hit my head on something as I jumped, because the next thing I knew it was night, the sky was deep blue and full of stars, and I seemed to be lying on something soft. In the air there was a gentle humming sound, like a violin playing on one note. When I realized that I wasn't falling but just suspended up there, I murmured, 'Dear God, it is the music of the spheres.' Then I must have fallen asleep again.

"When I next wakened, the sky was pale with dawn, and I found myself still reclining in mid-air on something soft and white and silky. Again I heard music, this time an

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orchestra playing Noel Coward's *Zigeuner*. 'Oh, Lord,' I said, 'he made it up here too.' There followed a voice saying, 'This is the BBC.' 'No,' I groaned, 'at least let it be Jack Benny.' Then I heard the sound of girls' laughter—English voices, cockney girls. For awhile I just looked up at the sky. Then I realized where I was.

"I had landed on a barrage balloon, and the celestial music had been the wind through the wires. At dawn they had lowered the balloon, and the orchestra I heard was a radio down below, for I was just 50 feet above an A.T.S. station.

"They had trouble getting me down." —SGT. BILL RICHARDSON

SOS in a Bottle

ROMANCES HAVE been written around notes in bottles, but the real life castaway who depends on a bottled SOS for rescue has a long wait coming. Only a few ever make port.

As a test, a member of the American Museum of Natural History

set 100 sealed flasks adrift off the coast of Newfoundland in 1936. Seventeen of them floated to Europe, taking from seven to twelve months for the trip.

That same year, Roswell M. Roper, a New Jersey water engineer, got into a discussion with the captain of the cruiser on which he was returning from the Caribbean. The captain argued that a bottle tossed overboard would be caught in an eddy traveling northward and be washed ashore either on the coast of Greenland or Europe. Roper contended the bottle would be swept into the eddy encircling the Sargasso Sea and eventually return to the approximate point of origin.

A wager was made and a penciled note asking the finder to notify Mr. Roper was sealed in a whiskey bottle and tossed overboard. Six years later Roper received a letter from a fisherman reporting that he found the bottle on an uninhabited island in the Bahamas.

In beaching approximately 600 miles south of the point from where it was thrown, the bottle had traveled around the Sargasso Sea, completing a circle of probably two thousand miles.

In 1939 a voyaging bottle, tossed in Chesapeake Bay in 1925, reached Hawaii after 14 years of floating. Scientists computed it must have gone around Cape Horn and across the Pacific, or through the Northwest Passage, under ice floes, to catch the Japanese current.

There is, however, one record of a fast bottle trip. A note set afloat in 1922 off the Brazilian coast traveled 900 miles north and was beached 16 days later—an average speed of 56 miles per day.

—C. WINN UPCHURCH

No Limit

FOR YOUR POST-WAR textiles, chemists will take knitted or woven goods, bathe them in a melamine compound and cure them at 275 degrees Fahrenheit for a few minutes to give you—

suits that hold their press even after a rain-drenching, and dresses you

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can jam into a suitcase for hours or days without wrinkling. The same process makes woolens non-shrinkable. By another process, a fine coating of quartz can be put on fabrics. Results: in sheer stockings more sheen and less runs; on serge trousers, no shine.

—LAWRENCE GALTON

Going My Way?

SAN FRANCISCO'S railway station, like most others these days, gives servicemen and their wives first chance at hard-to-get train seats. As a result, women traveling alone in that sailors' town have learned to attach themselves to obliging gobs. Some of the gatemen are wise to the game. You can hear them calling out as they open the gates: "Only one wife to a sailor, please!"

—ODEN AND OLIVIA MEEKER

Information, Please!

"WAKE UP, America!" Time to stump the experts!

And America did. In the past five years nearly half a thousand dial-twirlers have successfully thrown *Information, Please* experts for a loss. Here's how it's done:

When one Midwesterner quizzed Kieran on the birth date of his own wife, the living library was stumped.

Franklin P. Adams was bowled over when one of his followers submitted a poem asking FPA to identify it. The IQ wizard said he didn't know the author from Adam. The poem turned out to be his own, and originally appeared in his famous column, *The Conning Tower*.

When James Roosevelt was announced as guest expert for one week's broadcast, a bright California quizzer submitted a quoted comment on current affairs, and asked Jimmy to identify it. Jimmy was nonplussed. To his embarrassment, he learned that the quote came from his mother's column, *My Day*, and had appeared in the newspapers that very day.

Author Louis Bromfield failed to identify characters from his own works, one from *The Rains Came*, the other from *The Green Bay Tree*.

A favorite question of the *Information, Please* editorial board came from a New Yorker, who queried: "I have listened to *Information, Please* for two years, and I am anxious to see if Levant, Adams and Kieran have learned anything. The following four questions all are questions that stumped them on previous programs. Can the experts answer them correctly now?" Fadiman then called off the four questions, waited expectantly for the answers.

The maharajahs of mind over matter failed to come through with a single one of them. The masterminds had been re-stumped!

—SGT. MORT WEISINGER

He Cheated Himself

ON A DAY IN 1903, in Washington's Bureau of Engraving and Printing, the chief accountant of the Bureau paced the floor, musing to himself. Suddenly he summoned his secretary and ordered: "Send my son to my office immediately."

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His son, Frank Lamasure, was an engraver, one of the men who make the engravings from which is printed the money of the United States. When he arrived, his father explained that the Treasury Department's Secret Service had asked for his help in their search for a certain counterfeiter.

"Let me see his work," said Frank.

"It won't do you any good this time, Frank," replied Lamasure Sr. "I know that you can recognize the work of many counterfeiters. But in this case we can't identify the phony bills except by chemical analyses of the paper and double checking the serial numbers. The copies are just about perfect."

In a subsequent conference with Treasury officials, Frank was shown

a large map. The map was decorated with red-headed pins, indicating each city in which one or more of the spurious bills had been found—and the pins clustered about the little town of Bismarck, North Dakota.

"That's where the bills must be made," said Frank.

"Okay, now find the man who made them," directed the Treasury chief.

So Frank journeyed to North Dakota, posing as an artist. Visiting farms throughout the area of Bismarck, he kept his eyes peeled for the usual sign of a counterfeiter—ink stains.

After weeks of fruitless search, he was one day packing away his paintings and preparing to move on to the next farm, when he noticed a peculiar odor. "What's that?" he asked the farmer. "Oh, just some chemical my crazy kid spilled while making photographs in a cave down by the river," replied the old man. "He's crazy about photography. I've bought him a heap of chemicals and metal plates."

Metal plates! Lamasure knew this might well be the clue he had been looking for.

When Treasury agents descended upon the cave, they found there a much thumbed chemistry book, a farm boy with little better than an eighth grade education and the finest set-up for duplicating money they had ever seen. The means were crude, but the quality of the work and the low cost of operation were superior to anything the Treasury's own experts had been able to devise. The boy had netted only three thousand dollars for his work, having sold the spurious bills to "spenders" for as little as 10 cents on the dollar.

Had he taken his new process to the Treasury Department or any reputable engraving company, he could well have become a wealthy man, and won renown as an inventor. —JULES A. DEMONET

Not Transferable

THE WORDS "NOT TRANSFERABLE" have appeared on transfer slips since streetcars came into existence. Enforcing the regulation, should patrons care to exchange transfers at convenient intersections, is another matter. But some 53 years ago the Salt Lake City Railroad Company did make an effort.

In 1892 their transfers went arty with a rogue's gallery of seven faces —five men and two women—across

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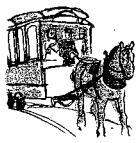
the slip. When a passenger requested a transfer, the conductor punched out the face which most closely resembled the patron's appearance.

The five man set-up depicted the gamut of masculine facial adornment of that era. First "the smoothie," in which schoolboys and the all-over shavers would qualify; next the "lip adorned,"—with a



mustache leaning toward the handlebar type; third, the "muttonchop" or side-curtains; fourth, the "Uncle Ezra feather duster on chin" variety; and last the "Santa Claus beard," or let Nature take its course.

For the fair sex, emphasis was on headgear. The younger miss sported a conventional sailor, and madame's maturer countenance was topped off with a bonnet.

With the changes of the last five decades, a modern conductor would have to be a Solomon (to distinguish between a mother and daughter, for instance), and transfers would take on the proportions of round-the-world travel tickets to encompass the range of ladies' chapeaux to be seen on any rush hour streetcar.

Even in those days it didn't work out too well. Certain dowagers resented being classified among the oldsters, or Mr. Muttonchops thought he was pulling a fast one when he dashed into the corner barbershop for a shave on his transfer. Then there was the case of the transfer holder who boarded a car and presented a transfer punched to provide transportation for a clean-shaven individual. His face bore an ample growth of stubble. When confronted with this discrepancy, the man insisted he had been forced to wait so long for the car that his whiskers had grown in the interim.

In face of such complications Salt Lake City's "keep 'em honest" transfer slips were shortly discontinued. Yet transfers of today still insist they are NOT TRANSFERABLE.

—C. W. McCULLOUGH

Filing System

FROM THE inner recesses of a large filing cabinet came the indignant voice of the colonel. "Sergeant!" he roared. "Where did you file that new list of discharges? They are not under 'D'!"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the colonel's assistant. "I filed them under 'C' —for congratulations!"

—TOM GOOTÉE

Wonder Man

RALPH DUMKE, a popular radio trouper, is a friend and neighbor of mine. One morning I took his two boys and my own youngsters to hear Ralph's program, *The Two-Minute Man*. It was a combination of comedy and recordings, interspersed with Dumke's own brand of advertising messages from various sponsors. One of them was the Continental Baking Company, bakers of Wonder Bread.

During a musical interlude, Ralph came over and asked whether I minded if my boys shared in a commercial for Wonder Bread, knowing that I had a connection

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with the rival brand, Ward's Tip-Top. "Go ahead," I told him.

As the record of the Happy Wonder Bakers' Yo-Ho song came to an end, Ralph beamed expansively. "All right, fellows," he said, "this is the Wonder Bread show. What kind of bread do you all like?"

"Wonder Bread!" chorused 30 jubilant children. I noticed nervously that my younger son seemed to be thinking it over.

Just as the echoes died down, he piped up, "Tip-Top Bread!"

There was a pause. I could imagine Ralph's sponsor listening in. It was a fearful thought. But Dumke didn't turn a hair.

"Just think," he said, "what a marvelous tribute to the Continental Baking Company! The young people in this studio have just voted 30 to one for Wonder Bread! Thank you all for your honest opinion."

I could picture the sponsor breathing a sigh of relief. I know I did. —ROBERT COLWELL

Imprint of Guilt

DURING THE early morning hours of February 22, 1911, a burglar broke into a fashionable New York dress shop and escaped with several hundred dollars' worth of merchandise. Among the police officers who arrived on the scene was Detective Lieutenant Joseph A. Faurot, just back from England where he had studied the strange new science of fingerprinting under the experts at Scotland Yard. He was attracted by a pane of glass which the burglar had removed to gain entrance. On it was a perfect set of fingerprints which matched those of a notorious second-story man, Caesar Cella. Faurot ordered his arrest.

For the first three days of the trial, the detective was subjected to withering cross-examination by Cella's attorney, who tried to prove that the whole fingerprint idea was fantastic. At the end of the third day, the judge turned to the deputy and, indicating Faurot, commanded:

"Take this man and hold him under guard in my chambers!"

It was a black moment for the detective, who thought he was under arrest for beclouding the issue with his new-fangled theory. After an uncomfortable half hour, he was escorted back to the courtroom and led to a window on which 15 spectators had recorded their fingerprints. Then he was given a pane of glass on which one of the 15 had made a second set of prints. "Now," challenged the judge, "tell me which fingerprints on the window are duplicated on the pane."

In six minutes Faurot had the right answer. The court cheered, and Cella was pronounced guilty —the first man ever to be convicted in New York on fingerprint evidence. The judge called the prisoner before him. "Nothing can save you now from going to the penitentiary, but by telling the truth you can establish how far this new system of identification can be trusted. Are you guilty?"

"Yes," answered Cella. And by confessing, he substantiated the system introduced by Faurot, which has revolutionized crime fighting.

—WILLIAM E. MILES

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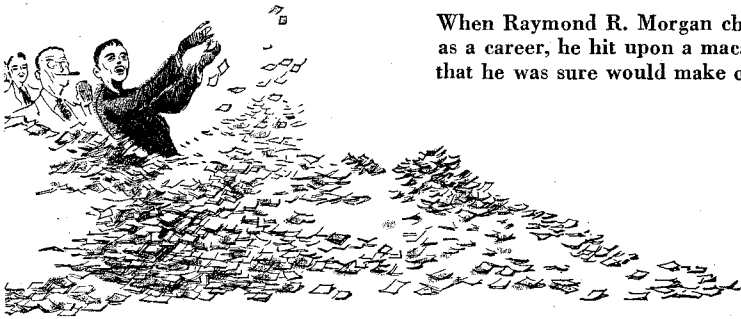

When Raymond R. Morgan chose advertising as a career, he hit upon a macabre idea that he was sure would make or break him

Fortune in Box Tops

by JOHN REDDY

YOU'VE probably never heard of Raymond R. Morgan; but chances are that someone you know has mailed him nickels, dimes or perhaps even quarters. In return, he may have sent back seeds, books, silk stockings, sun glasses, model airplanes or pottery. For Morgan, a six-foot, four-inch Hollywood advertising man, is the daddy of the radio premium or "hook," and gets more mail than Frank Sinatra.

Morgan is also the father of the "soap opera," but it is as the Baron of the Box Tops that he has made the most lasting impression on radio, not to mention the U.S. Post Office department which has had to cope with his blizzard of box tops over the past 20 years.

Recalling his decision to enter the advertising field, Morgan will tell you how he gave himself a stiff test on the odds for his success. He cast about until he found what the public wanted to buy least, and concluded that it was a grave.

With that macabre inspiration he approached the advertising agency of the now famous Forest Lawn cemetery in Glendale, California, suggesting that they advertise on the radio. "We'll use the subtle approach," urged Morgan. "We won't talk about death. We'll talk about life."

Dubiously, the agency agreed, and the program was inaugurated, dramatizing the stories behind the various pieces of fine statuary at Forest Lawn.

The first script featured the story of Michelangelo's *Moses*, and told how the sculptor, after toiling for years over the statue, stood back when it was finally completed, and finding it startlingly lifelike, demanded, "Speak! Why dost thou not speak?"

When the image remained dumb, the artist, in a rage, flung his hammer at it, chipping a piece out of one knee.

This was followed by a radio announcer breaking in to say, "Folks, to see a reproduction of Michelangelo's immortal *Moses* with the chip out of the knee, drive out to Forest Lawn Memorial Park tomorrow."

The line of cars filled with

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curious people awaiting their turn to see the statue the next day so impressed Mr. Morgan with the potency of radio that he has used it almost exclusively in his advertising campaigns ever since. He says: "You have to learn to read, but anyone who isn't deaf can listen to a radio," but adds that there are only a few appeals that are sure fire: 1. Something for nothing; 2. A bargain; 3. Superstition; 4. Curiosity.

RAYMOND'S first approach was from the something - for - nothing angle, when he began peddling the *Saturday Evening Post* in his home town of Sonora, California. The *Post* offered a Shetland pony free to the boy who sold the most copies, and the lure was irresistible.

Yes, he won, and by the time he was 15 and going to high school, he had 800 dollars in his bank account and was dreaming of bigger things. One day he pecked out a letter on a typewriter to Henry Ford announcing his willingness to become agent for Mr. Ford's new horseless carriage.

Some time later a stranger climbed off the little spur-line Sierra Railway train and announced that he was a representative of Mr. Ford, looking for a Mr. Morgan who wished to become the Ford distributor.

When the Ford agent was told that "Mr. Morgan" was a 15-year-old high school boy, he almost had a stroke. But rather than return to San Francisco without accomplishing his purpose, he set out to find someone else to fill the job. He tried to get livery-stable owners to handle his cars, but the proprietors were skeptical of the new-fangled contraptions, especially their ability to negotiate the steep mountain trails of the Sonora country. As a last resort he went to young Morgan.

"Look," he told the gangly youngster, "if you'll buy two Fords and promise to take 15 more the first year, I'll give you the agency."

A Ford in those days cost 685 dollars. The local banker, impressed by Ray's 800 dollar account, loaned him another 600 dollars and Morgan became the first full-fledged Ford agent for Sonora.

Working after school and over weekends, he managed to sell his quota of 15 cars the first year. By the time he was 18 and ready to enter the University of California at Berkeley, young Morgan was making a couple of thousand dollars a month selling Fords.

Word of the boy-wonder car salesman got around and Ray was offered a partnership in a small-town Packard agency. He accepted it and managed to combine salesmanship with college. By the time he was a senior at the university, he and his partner had a flourishing 30 thousand dollar automobile business.

Then the United States entered World War I against Germany and the next day Morgan enlisted in the Navy. He made 16 Atlantic crossings and stayed in the service for two years after the Armistice.

When Morgan finally got out of the Navy, he returned to find that his car business had disappeared during the years he had been away. Undaunted, he went to San Francisco and obtained a position in an advertising agency for 100 dollars

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a month. After a spell at that, he drifted to Los Angeles and sold electric waffle irons.

He was selling the waffle irons in Chicago when he received a letter from a California friend offering him a job as sales manager of the McMillan Oil Company in the Golden State.

Morgan rushed back to take the job and found a joker attached to it. The company had a big filling station in wealthy Beverly Hills that was a failure, and Morgan was given the task of finding something that would attract customers.

The station had a rickety radio unit attached, so Morgan decided to lure elusive motorists in via the airlanes. He made the first radio offer—and certainly what might appear an incongruous one to rich Beverly Hill citizens—a budget book free to all customers who would come in for gasoline.

NOT LONG AFTER Ray had made that first announcement on the air, a long black limousine glided into the station and a young man in the tonneau ordered 10 gallons of gas and asked for the free budget book. It was the late Irving Thalberg, one of Hollywood's wealthiest movie producers.

The free budget book boomed the station's sales from 200 gallons a day to some 2,000 and reminded Morgan of the value of an old principle that has since become his advertising watchword—"To get something—give something."

Casting about for more attractive bait, he originated what was probably America's first "soap opera"—*Chandu the Magician*, one of the first five-a-week radio serials, which was sponsored by the White King Soap Company.

Chandu started on the Pacific Coast and was so successful that Morgan went East and sold it to the Beech-Nut Packing Company of Canajoharie, N.Y. The "hook" this time was a kit of magic tricks to anyone mailing in five Beechnut gum-wrappers.

The show was aired on five Eastern stations and in one week, according to Morgan, 86 thousand requests for magic tricks were received. This overwhelming response soon exhausted the supply of magic kits in the country and sent Morgan posthaste down to Asbury Park, N.J. to persuade a defunct clothes-pin manufacturer to reopen his factory for making magic kits.

This was in 1930—Depression days—but Beech-Nut business soared, and *Chandu* went onto a chain of stations. But Morgan's success reached really dizzy proportions when he launched a radio program called *Tonight's Best Buys* for the Folger Coffee Company in 1937. This was a glorified rummage sale. Listeners to the show phoned in, describing articles they had for sale and announcer John Nelson rattled them off at the rate of 458 words a minute. Six stenographers answered as many telephones in the KNX broadcasting studio, in Hollywood, typing out names, descriptions and prices and feeding them to Nelson as fast as he could sputter.

The first night the program went on the air, the deluge of calls put three exchanges out of order, burned out the generator which operated the busy signal and caused the telephone company to with-

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draw its facilities. After hurried conferences and the installation of special lines, the next program drew 167 thousand attempted calls in 15 minutes. Folger Coffee sales went up 16 per cent.

When it comes to "give-aways," Morgan says books and seeds are always sure fire. In an average year before the war, he gave away around a million books for the White King Company, disposing of thousands of Bibles for a dime and a White King box top.

The biggest mail-pulling program in radio right now is *Breakfast at Sardi's* which Morgan hatched over a soft-boiled egg with Master of Ceremonies Tom Breneman four years ago. This show recently drew around a million letters, accompanied by dimes and box tops, in six days. That deluge so impressed picture producer Edward Golden that he is now making a movie based on the program.

Morgan believes that the best ideas are simple, and that anything worthwhile can be said in a few words.

This Morgan brevity always has been characteristic. Seth Marshall, while owner of the famed Arrowhead Springs Hotel, hired Ray to make a formal report analyzing why business was ailing at his hostelry. The answer was given in five words—"You need a new manager."

Marshall was flabbergasted at being billed 150 dollars a word for this cryptic advice; but he followed it and the hotel prospered.

Although Morgan pays for three minutes of expensive commercial time on each quarter-hour network program that broadcasts his advertisements, his announcements are made in seven words. This fact alone should earn him a lasting place in the hearts of long-suffering listeners to long-winded commercials, and a permanent niche in radio's hall of fame.

Psychodrama

A PSYCHIATRIC BOARD was testing the mentality of a Negro soldier. "Do you ever hear voices without being able to tell who is speaking or where the voices come from?" he was asked.

"Yes sir," answered the Negro.

"And when does this occur?"

"When I answers the telephone."

THE PSYCHIATRIST HAD JUST signed up with the Army, and announcing his departure to one of his patients, he slipped in a little boasting. "You see, I come from a fighting family. My great-great-grandfather fought in the Revolutionary War; my great-grandfather fought in the Civil War; my grandfather fought in the Spanish-American War; my father, in the first World War, and now I'm leaving to fight in the second World War."

The patient was unimpressed. "What's the matter with your family? Can't they get along with anybody?"

—J. N. BAKER

Photographs by Constance Mittler of Graphic House→

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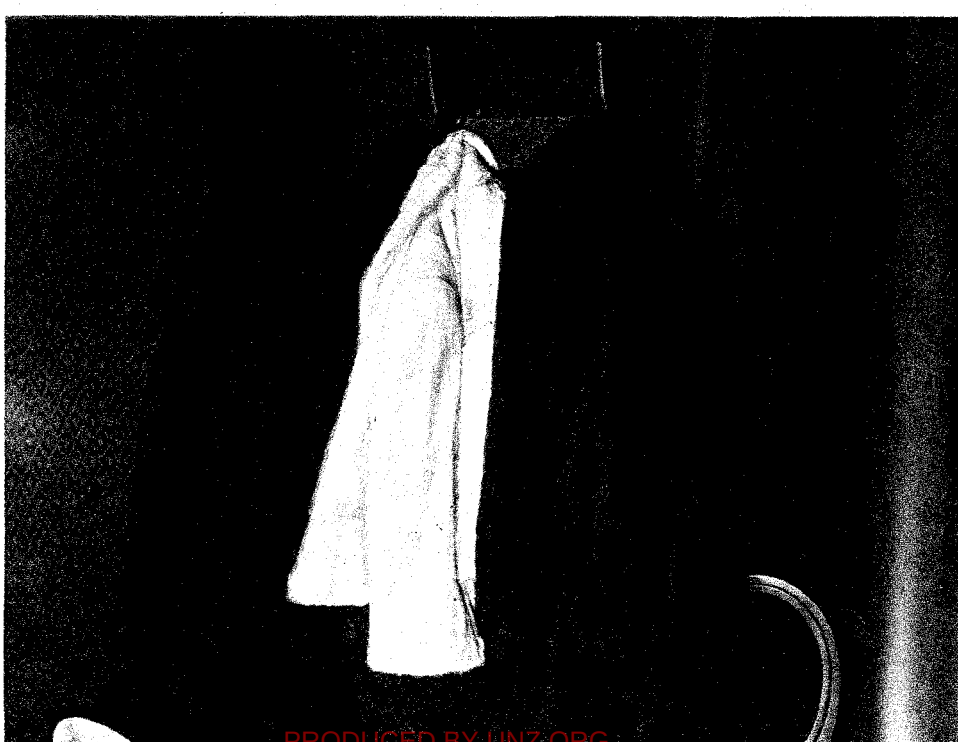
A Night at the Opera

GRAND OPERA used to rely on music and snob appeal to pay its way. On opening night at New York's famous Met, diamond stomachers and tiaras blinked like searchlights along Diamond Horseshoe row and the well-heeled gentry who crowded the lobbies between arias were a Who's Who of Banking and Industry. Whether opera bored them into a stupor or not, the 400 faithfully underwrote the Met year after year, as a solemn social obligation, and bore the brunt of the often whopping deficits.

Now, 61 years after the Metropolitan Opera House's founding, there have been some changes made. On Saturday afternoons opera belongs to all America, as radio pipes it into millions of homes. Small subscriptions from a dollar up are gratefully accepted, and the Met fast threatens to become a national institution supported by the big and little people everywhere who really love its music.

Sixty years ago only one American diva belonged to the Met's roster of prima donnas and she disguised that fact with the fancy name of Alwina Valleria. Today 66 out of its 109 singers are American-born, and proud of it, just one more sign that American opera is becoming the people's opera.



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1. *You won't find his name on the billboard out front, or on the program lineup. But the opera couldn't do without him. He's one of many librarians who work on musical scores, cutting and reworking them for revivals and streamlined performances.*

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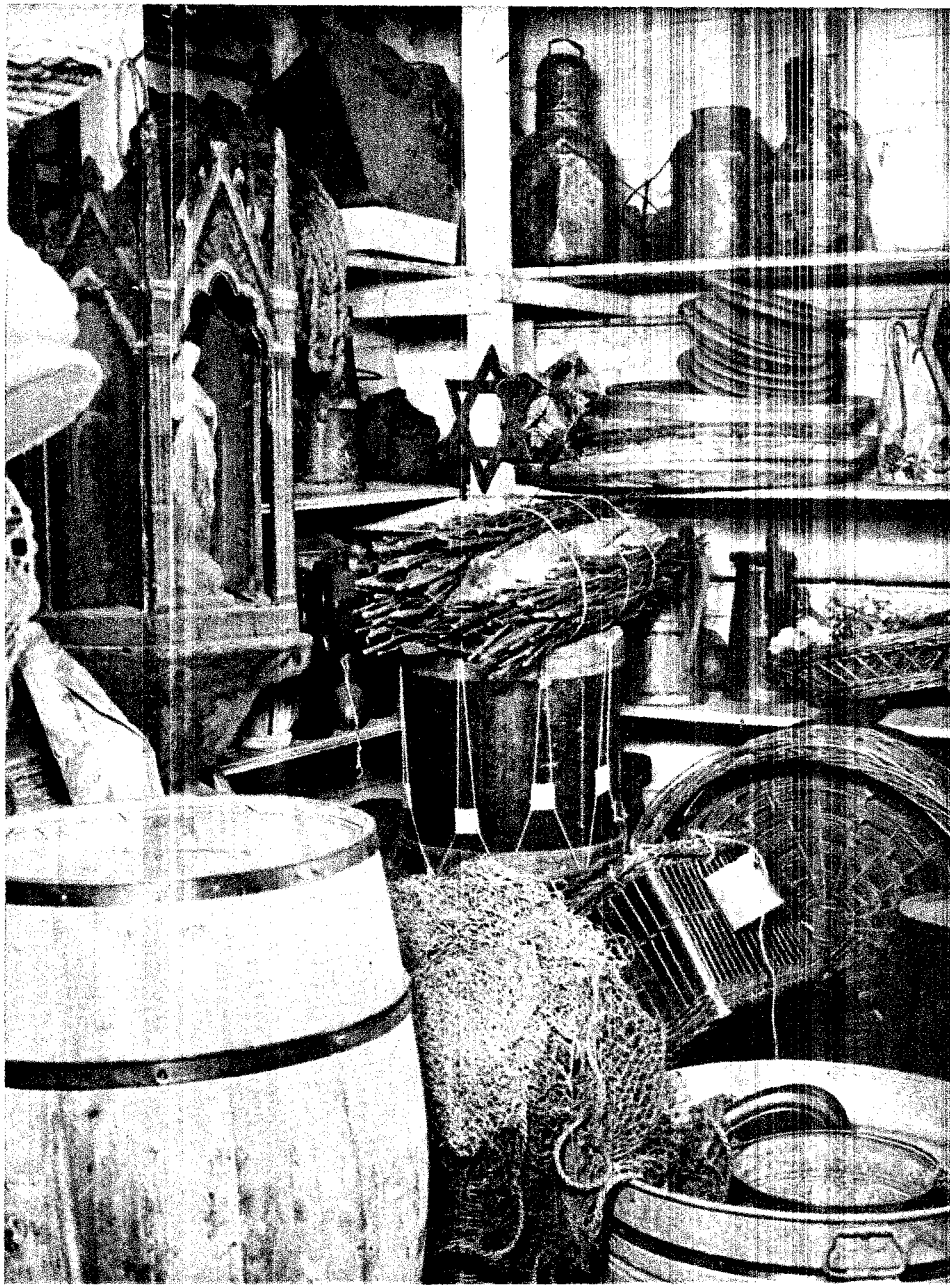

2. *Somehow the Met has accumulated 75,000 props in its 61 years of life, and thrown out scarcely a one. Rummage around in rooms like this one and you're likely to run across the peacock's tongues used in "Salome"; or the collar for Lohengrin's swan.*

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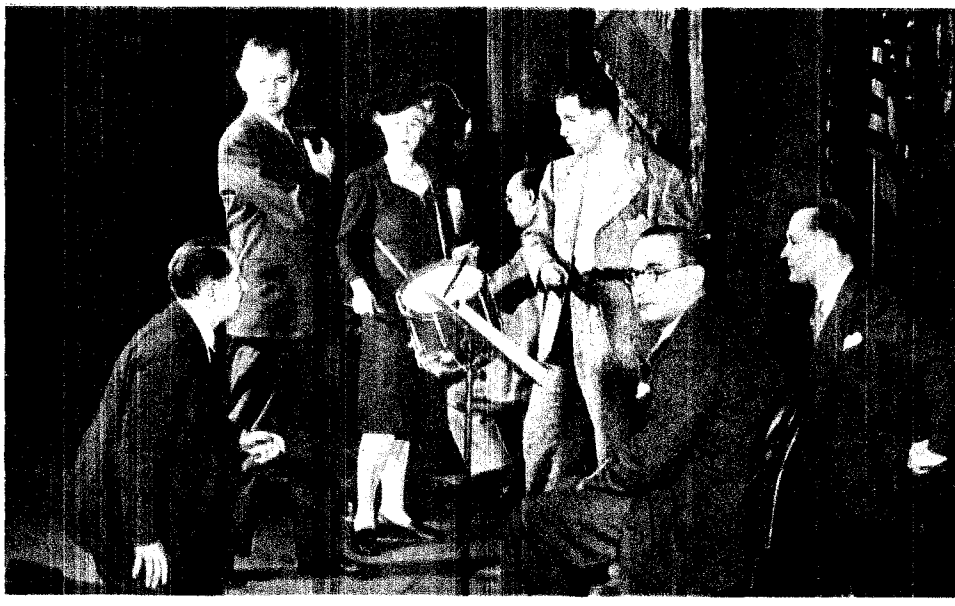
3. *A couple of performers sign the noticeboard, just inside the stage door, which keeps performers up to the rehearsal schedules. Small rooms with pianos are available for practice, if talents need warming up.*



4. *On stage, the big names rehearse—Lawrence Tibbett, Anna Kaskas, newcomer Frances Greer and John Gurney (at the piano). Opera stars are noticeably easier on the eye these days and operatic acting has steadily progressed from bad to better.*

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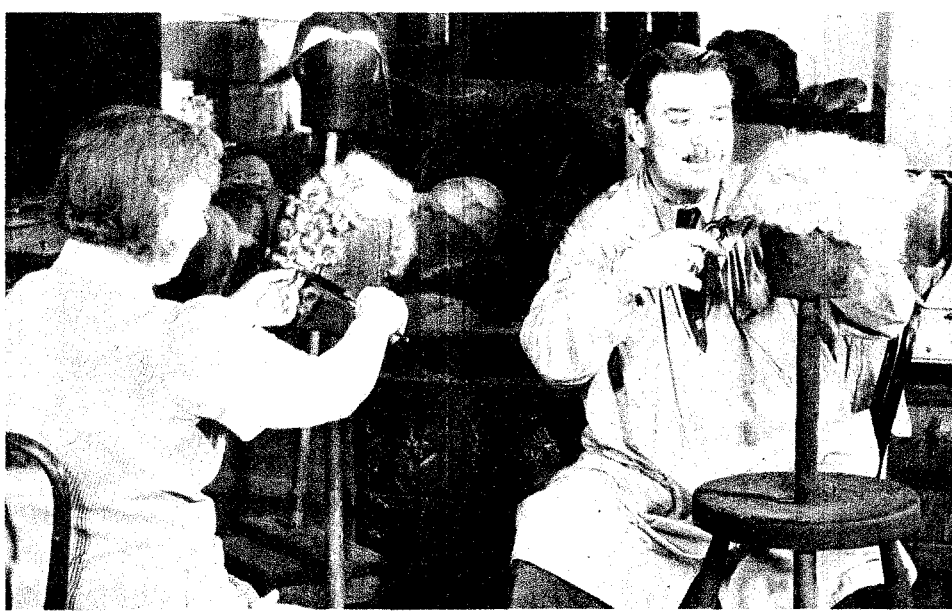
5. *The curtain falls, the great hall empties, the music critics retire to pan or praise the performance. But the night gang of stagehands must labor on, dismantling scenery while the wardrobe crew packs costumes.*



6. *Every nook and cranny of the great opera house is devoted to some purposeful activity —this one comes under the heading of repair and maintenance. Adolph Senz has made every one of the 3,000 wigs used by stars and "supers" alike.*

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7. *Then there's the matter of costumes—some 20,000 period pieces are stocked in the Met wardrobe. Risë Stevens, one of the Met's brightest and most beautiful talents, makes a fetching Mignon in her own costume.*

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atest of American opera houses is on a grand scale to uesque diva is dwarfed in any view from the bridge, four he stage.

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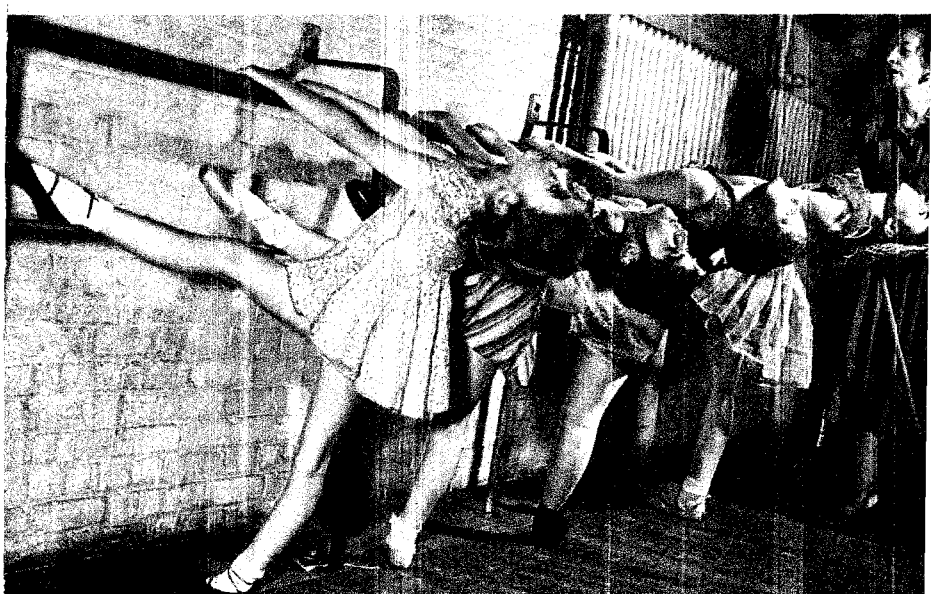
9. *Of course there's housekeeping to be done too—keeping all the plush and brass brushed and shining, as befits the first lady of the music world.*



10. *The Met not only is a showplace for the nation's top musical talent, but a training school for young hopefuls. From its children ballet classes, many a young ballerina has graduated first into the opera corps de ballet . . . then on to stardom.*

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11. *It's time for another performance and members of the cast check in early, punching the time clock like office or factory workers.*

12. *As curtain time draws near, these girls are all made up and ready to go.*

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13. *When "Carmen" is the bill, Svetlova, prima ballerina, arrives well ahead of time to limber up.*

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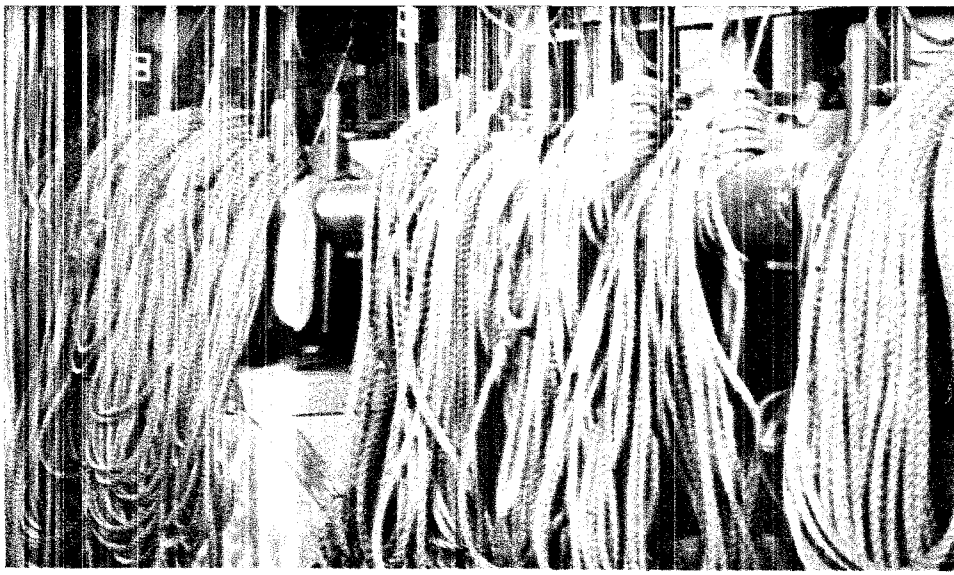

14. *The first set of the evening is already in place, but the curtain rope still hangs limp.*

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14. *There's a special box reserved for servicemen by the Opera Guild. It's curtain time now and the first scattered applause of the evening is heard as the conductor makes his way to the stand.*

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Like the ever-beautiful legs of Grandma Mistinguette, France does not change

France Forever

by CHESTER MORRISON

IT WAS RAINING, of course, the last time I saw Paris. The big horse chestnut trees were dripping. People hunched along under umbrellas, and bicycle tires whispered through the shallow mud in the streets. It was cold. The wind whipped rain into people's faces, and bicycles splashed mud on people's shoes.

But she didn't seem to mind. She didn't even seem to know it was an uncomfortable day. She walked along the broad, wet sidewalk of the Rue de la Paix under the sauciest hat in France. Her high heels clicked around the puddles and her sable coat shone in the rain.

She was with some Frenchman whose name I didn't catch. I didn't even know who she was until the Spaniard with whom I was walking wheeled about, bowed elaborately the way those foreigners do, and told her the last time he had seen her was in Buenos Aires.

She is an old lady now. She must be almost 70. But with the exception of one pair I know personally, she still has the most beautiful legs in the world. I had noticed them as we overtook her. They always were (with the exception noted) the most beautiful legs in the world, for that gay and gracious grandma was Mistinguette.

That's what France is like. England has suffered. Egypt has made money. But France is different. France has not changed. Mistinguette may be 190 years old, but look at those legs. She wants you to, and she'll be offended if you don't.

THERE CAME A time when we moved onward and upward through the Alps, living, as they say, on the country. What a living! You don't eat like that at home. Steak until you're sick of steak. Mushroom omelettes for breakfast, irrigated by a bottle of chilled Mersault in the back room of a saloon.

Madame has varicose veins and she hobbles, but she is one of the few women in the world who can cook. Monsieur is an old man and he retails his tiresome reminiscences, but he still has Mersault. He also has a steel engraving.

"I am going to show you," he said, "a steel engraving of the Marquis de La Fayette." And he went upstairs to get the picture.

There may be duller prospects than admiring a steel engraving of La Fayette at breakfast. I can't think of any. But, as I keep telling you, France is different.

The old man came back. We could hear him bumping down the stairs. He held the framed engraving with care that amounted almost to tenderness. Even Madame heaved herself out of her chair as he turned the picture around to the light.

"*Voilà*," he said. His voice rang out with confident, gallant pride.

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I had seen the picture before. It was a steel engraving of the Stuart portrait of George Washington.

THERE IS A place in France called Luxeuil-les-Bains. Luxeuil has hot springs, and in normal times it is full of old ladies and gentlemen taking the waters. For four days of October it was full of American troops who drank the town dry.

I crawled, as they say, from pub to pub—me and my friend Rupert Downing, who works for the BBC. My friend Rupert, although he is vest-pocket size, is the British Raj abroad. Nobody—not even the Queen, God bless her—is more British than that little man.

We crawled, as I say, until we found one place where the elderly proprietress looked us over and said yes, there was brandy. She took us into the back room, and she produced a bottle of Bisquit, than which I know none better.

She inspected Downing — obviously an Englishman in an English uniform—and she looked at me, a hybrid in odds and ends of clothing, and she said, "This cognac I have saved from the Germans four years." She paused to pour another dollop. "And from the Americans," she said, "four days."

WHAT IS there about France that is different? I think that perhaps she is in that happy state of innocent childhood we all wish we could get back to. France is astonishingly sophisticated and amazingly naïve.

The French general—the fine, fat, friendly general with tiers of ribbons on his chest—said, "Yes, you may go into Marseilles today if you like. Marseilles is ours."

So, since this was early in the game, we did go into Marseilles, and nearly got our heads shot off by the Germans who still owned the place. Later we learned to discount Gallic optimism.

BUT THE difference that is France is such a refreshing difference. We Americans seem to be either hypocrites or Puritans. Among the English you sometimes encounter a thorough-going, engaging scoundrel. In France the scamp seems to be the normal type.

I know one such Englishman. He is a handsome, black-haired Irishman, really—an officer of the Irish Guards. He took me to see a Frenchman whose name we may one day read in the papers.

To this day I can't be sure whether they recognized each other for what they are: two of a kind—the Frenchman, a brigand who captained the local FFI; the Englishman, an unashamed, delightful scoundrel. And the reporter, me.

"A very famous reporter," said my friend of the Irish Guards. "What he writes is read by millions of people everywhere. He would like to study your organization and write learned articles about you. Trouble is, he has no transport."

"Transport?" said the chief of the FFI, and I swear I can't be sure he wasn't as thoroughly rehearsed as we. What he produced was a fine 1939 Chevrolet sedan—the gift of a grateful republic—in which that unscrupulous Englishman and I drove happily and comfortably away through the rain.

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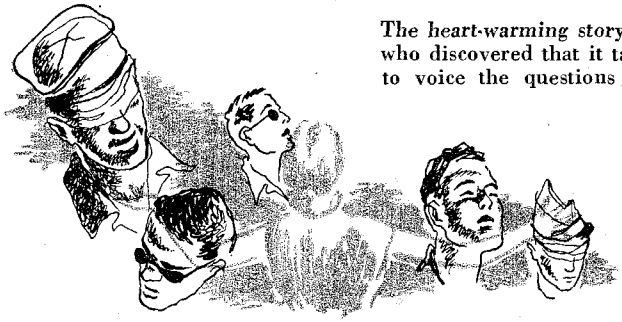

The heart-warming story of a remarkable lady who discovered that it takes a heap of courage to voice the questions blind servicemen ask

Mary Courageous

by DEAN JENNINGS

THE BOY from Tarawa was what the nurses in the Naval hospital called a "tough case."

And on this particular spring afternoon, as they wheeled him, protesting, into the hospital auditorium for a concert, he turned his sightless eyes on them and said: "Take me out of here. I don't want to hear anybody sing, especially a woman. I don't want anybody to see me. I look like hell . . ."

But the nurses moved silently away, and the music began. When the concert ended a tall, handsome woman came down the line of beds and stopped by the boy's chair.

"How did you like the concert, Jimmie?" she said softly.

"Oh, it was all right," he grunted. "I've heard better singers."

The woman laughed gaily. "Sure you have. But I'll try to do better next time."

"Oh . . . I'm sorry." The young Marine flushed.

"Don't be sorry," she said. "As a matter of fact, I imagine a fellow with such a nice voice is a pretty nice person. I can't tell, of course, because I can't see you."

"What?" said Jimmie. "You can't see how I look?"

She took his hand. "No, Jimmie. And it wouldn't make any difference anyway. When we're blind, looks don't count. It's what is in your heart."

Ten minutes later the blind Marine was pouring out his fears and heartaches to his new friend, Mary Cook Cowerd, noted blind soprano. During the long talk that followed, she taught him as a starter one of her pet little games, identifying flower petals by their texture. Jimmie learned the trick. More important, he learned something about himself. *He wasn't washed up.* And when Mary Cowerd went home to San Francisco that evening she had added a new name to her list of blind "sons," one more lad who had bridged that first agonizing gap and recaptured the will to live and work.

For the past year, with the gentle stubbornness characteristic of her own life, Mary Cowerd has been mother, confidante and first teacher to many a blind soldier and sailor fresh from the battle zones of the

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Pacific. And she has done it with a simple creed. "Only a blind person who has gone through it," she says, "can help another blind person get over that first big hurdle." Sound training, understanding relatives and friends, guided by patience, can do the rest.

Many months ago Mary Cowerd, who incidentally is managing director for the National Association of Blind Artists, discovered that the stricken mind of a blind serviceman surges with a multitude of questions. They are simple, human questions, but they take courage to ask. How can I eat without seeing the plate? How can I dance? How will I know if a girl's pretty? How can I write or play poker or dial a phone? How can I tell if I'm putting on the right suit and tie? Can I ever get a job again?

Mary Cowerd has the vital answers, because she once asked those questions herself when, as a young girl, an accident destroyed her sight.

Just the other day some of her boys called to talk about their pal Eddie, a new arrival at the Naval hospital. Eddie, they said, had once been a fine dancer, and now, bitter and morose about the loss of his eyes, he had no interest in living.

"Can't you do something for Eddie, Mary?" they asked.

"We'll try. Bring him to San Francisco tonight even if you have to kidnap him."

Some hours later Eddie sat at a table in the Cirque Room of the Fairmont Hotel, sulking while his blind friends chatted gaily with Mary Cowerd. During a lull in the conversation, while the orchestra was playing a new number, Mary felt Eddie's right foot tapping, keeping time with the music.

"You know, Eddie," she said casually, "I'd love to dance, but I'm not sure of myself. It takes a good man to lead a blind girl . . ."

Eddie suddenly shoved back his chair. "How about me?" he asked.

"Well . . . I don't know." She hesitated. "Suppose we get lost out there?"

Eddie stopped short, and she could feel his fingers tighten on her arm. "I was lost in a jungle once," he said. "The guys came and got me out. I guess I can get out of this jungle too." And so they danced, Eddie and Mary, and she knew it was hard for him to do. But it was done, and his fear was gone, and he would begin to live again.

THERE WILL be many Eddies and Jimmies facing these mental hazards before this war is done. Some will take their loss in stride, others will stumble until strong hands guide them back to the right road. All of them will need help and advice. Mary Cowerd has no use for hearts-and-flowers sermons. She believes strictly in common sense, and her therapies are as practical and useful as a bank account.

One of her protégés, preparing for his first San Francisco date, telephoned Mary one evening. "There's one thing that bothers me," he said. "How am I going to know what kind of a girl she is?"

"You can always tell, Johnny," she answered. "You can hear the tone of her voice, and know something about her heart. You can listen to her speak, and it will tell you about her mind. If you could see her, your eyes might deceive you. But your other senses will

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always tell you the truth, Johnny."

"That's swell, Mary," he said. "I never thought of it that way."

"And one more important thing," she added mischievously, "is your sense of touch. You can 'see' through your hands."

The boy went out on his date feeling happy and secure again. He's married now and has just passed a Federal examination as a radio operator.

Mary Cowerd's combined home and office is virtually an equipment warehouse for her blind friends. If one of the youngsters feels like playing cards, she can produce a special Braille deck. Checkers? Mary has one of the new Braille checkerboards just perfected by a blind Californian. She has told them about the small Braille writing slates and styluses that can be carried around in the pocket, and about watches that tell time in Braille. Science has also developed a Braille telephone dial, a Braille stenotype machine, and many other mechanical aids for the blind. When any of the boys ask about clothes, she suggests buying suits, shirts and ties with a distinct texture so they can be picked out by touch.

"But, Mary," one young lieutenant asked, "didn't you have trouble learning to eat without seeing the food?"

"Yes, I did," she admitted. "It's really not so hard. But don't ever try to carve a chicken. It can't be done. You can handle almost anything else with the aid of a piece of bread as a pusher."

Mary Cowerd learned early in life that you can't afford to be squeamish when you're blind. And that's why she frankly advises her young wards to wear glass eyes or Reforms, close fitting artificial eyeballs made of a thin film, because they contribute to the psychology of confidence.

"There's no use in worrying about what you've lost," she has said many times. "Think about what you have left, and how to make the most of it. And the worst thing any mother or wife can do is to make a blind man dependent on her."

RECENTLY one Army officer in a San Francisco hospital refused to be sent back to his home town.

"I don't want all my friends to fuss over me and do things for me," he told Mary Cowerd. "I'm going to do things for myself."

"But what about Dorothy, the girl you were going to marry?"

The young man smiled cynically. "I told her not to come here. She won't want me now."

"I'd like to bet on that," said Mary sagely.

One week later, after she had come to San Francisco for a chat with Mary Cowerd, a wise and cheerful girl walked into the officer's room without any advance notice. "Now, darling," she said before he could recover from his surprise, "listen to me! I fell in love with a man, not just a part of him. Let's get that straight right now, and never mention it again."

They were married just the other day, and they've gone home, happy in their faith and knowledge that they can lick the world and its troubles. For it can be done. Young men are getting in their first punches now, in Army, Navy and civilian training centers for the

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blind everywhere. And Mary Cowerd has a great respect for those programs which prepare blind men for the work they want, and eventually bring many of them that priceless gift—a guide dog for the blind.

It wasn't like that years ago, when Mary Cowerd was a girl, and a playmate's bullet severed her optic nerve. She had to learn a new life the hard way, and it took years to soften the impact of the blow.

"I wanted to be a singer," she said. "I wanted people to judge me on my voice, not on my blindness. And if my name was ever going to go up in lights, they were not going to book me as 'Mary Cowerd, the Blind Soprano.'"

And Mary Cowerd did it just that way.

She has sung in concert at the Metropolitan and on the vaudeville circuits. She has sung for kings and skid-row bums. And she has had a normal happy life as a wife and mother. Maybe that's the reason she has given so much to the blind boys in uniform.

Because somewhere in this world at war is her son Hollie—First Lieutenant Hollie Cowerd, Army Air Force. And in these lonely, fearful nights she hopes and prays that it won't happen to him. But if it does, Mary Cowerd would find the needed courage and warmth in her heart and would tell him what she has never mentioned at home before.

"Now, Hollie . . . I learned something long ago. You must not remember what you have lost, but only what you have gained."

Qualified!

HE WAS AN INFLUENTIAL vote-getter. Barging into the newly-elected official's office with his moronic-looking son in tow, he announced expansively, "Bill, my boy says he would like a job in your department."

The official regarded the boy dubiously. "What can he do?"

"Nothing," the big shot admitted frankly.

"Oh, that simplifies it," beamed the office-holder. "Then we won't have to break him in!"

—LOUIS HIRSCH

ARMED WITH A YALE DIPLOMA and credentials for graduate work at Freiberg, Germany, John Hays Hammond breezed in to see Senator Hearst, foremost mine owner in the West and father of William Randolph Hearst, to apply for a job. But the senator was a shrewd businessman.

"With all that study at Freiberg, you have a head filled with a lot of fool theories," he said gruffly when Hammond had finished. "I don't want any kid-glove engineers."

The young man's hopes plunged. Then, suddenly, he had an idea. Leaning toward the senator, he said softly, "If you promise not to tell my father, I'll tell you something."

"Yes?" returned Hearst curiously.

"I didn't learn a single thing in Germany!"

Hammond went on the Hearst payroll.

—THOMAS J. MEINHARDT

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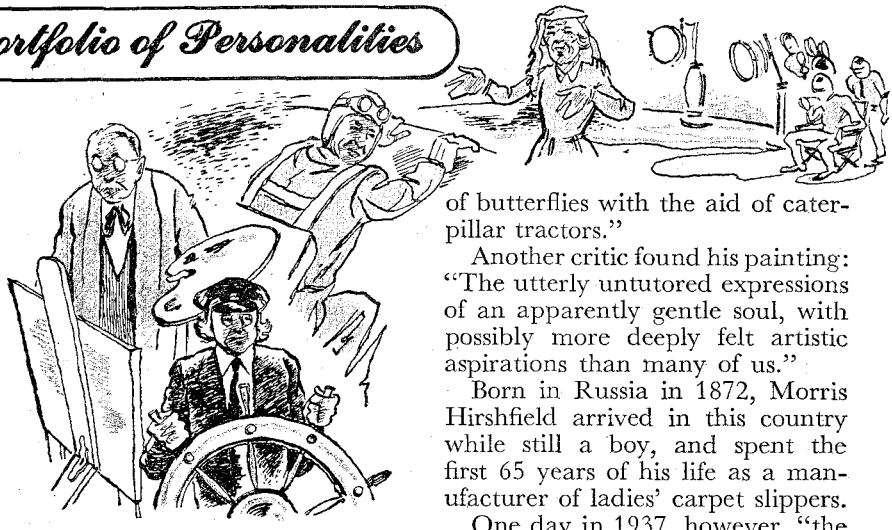

Late Flowering Wonders

by ROBERT W. MARKS

YOUTH IS NOT merely a matter of being young in years, witness the bromide, "You're as young as you think you are."

The fact that no one need grow old so long as his will to think and act is free from rust, is well illustrated by the following young old-timers. Each of these personalities tackled new ideas and projects without letting advancing years add anything more than color to his or her project.

The years, as a matter of fact, have added to each person's vitality a special determination in life, tempered by a greater sense of values. Life began for these four when they least expected it.

Morris Hirshfield

After a recent exhibition of his work in New York's Museum of Modern Art, Morris Hirshfield's technique was described as "the hunting down of butterflies with the aid of caterpillar tractors."

Another critic found his painting: "The utterly untutored expressions of an apparently gentle soul, with possibly more deeply felt artistic aspirations than many of us."

Born in Russia in 1872, Morris Hirshfield arrived in this country while still a boy, and spent the first 65 years of his life as a manufacturer of ladies' carpet slippers.

One day in 1937, however, "the old man," as his grandchildren call him, was overwhelmed with a desire to paint. He invested in oils and canvas. "My one ambition," he announced, "is to paint images more realistically than they can be caught by the camera."

Two years later, while seeking critical appraisal of his self-defined "realism," he met Sidney Janis—a man who was scouting for pictures for an "Unknown Americans" exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. Hirshfield was unknown, but not for long.

Because of his instinctive sense of form he was hailed overnight by critics as one of the great "primitives" of modern times. He now paints from nine in the morning until eight at night. He is not over-tolerant of the work of his contemporaries—thinks "modern art is crazy." He never uses a

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model. "If I paint a tiger," he says, "can I ask a tiger to pose for me? I couldn't very well bring a nude woman in and paint her. At my age, it wouldn't look right."

At 73, slipper magnate Hirshfield of Brooklyn, N. Y., is a painter with an impressive following.

Capt. Mary Parker Converse

High in the mountain-locked city of Denver, Colorado, lives the only woman master mariner in America. Far from the billowing waves, Capt. Mary Parker Converse, now in her seventies, teaches navigation to future midshipmen.

Ten years ago, when she applied for a second-class pilot's license, the licensing inspector explained, "You're too old."

"Too old!" boomed the grandmother. " 'As long as she creaks, she holds' is a saying of the sea—and by gosh, I'm still creaking."

All her life, Mrs. Converse had sailed ships. Her husband, Col. Harry E. Converse, had a yacht built for her as a wedding present—and together they had cruised the world. When he died in 1920, Mrs. Converse retired to Colorado. But at this point her old love of the spray overcame her.

The examination was given. Mrs. Converse passed with honors.

On one of her later voyages, she shipped as fourth mate on a freighter headed for Mombasa, British East Africa. Altogether, she logged 33,700 miles.

On September 13, 1940, she received her final and highest honor—the title of Captain in the Merchant Marine. This accomplished, she went back to Denver to recruit for the Merchant Marine.

No sooner was she comfortably ensconced as a landlubber than the telephone rang. "This is Commander Johnson of the Navy Recruiting Station," said a genial voice. "We have a batch of applications for the Naval Reserve. And we want these boys to become ensigns in the shortest possible time. Will you give them a course in navigation?"

"But I'm not qualified," said Capt. Converse. "I've never taught in my life. Besides, I'm too old."

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "You're just the person we want. I'll send some boys out tonight."

Capt. Converse has since prepared 2,300 recruits for service as officers in the United States Navy and United States Maritime Service.

Capt. Mary plays tennis daily and poker whenever possible. Her greatest annoyance is having her name in the papers. "They never make me salty enough," she says.

A. I. Martin

A. I. Martin, octogenarian-aeronaut and farmer of Montour Falls, N. Y., was 79 when he took his first flight.

"I was asked to go aloft," he says, "because it was thought I would be useful as ballast. But I soon decided to take over the controls."

After eight hours of instruction, he soloed.

Martin was too old to get into the last war, but he's doing his part in this one. Today, at 83, he's the oldest Civil Air Patrol pilot as well as the oldest licensed pilot in

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the country. He takes part in regular military drills, and flies his own patrol plane on duty—guarding strategic military objectives.

"My only companion on these air junkets," he adds, "is Gibette, a cocker spaniel."

A former railroad company employe, Martin had retired to his farm and was busy growing crops; that is, until he sprouted wings.

On that wonderful day, he forsook crop rotation for aviation. He

rolled a piece of marshland on his farm into an airfield, and put up an administration-hangar building. He helped neighborhood boys to buy planes and imported a flying instructor.

Then he formed an air club, "The Seneca Eagles" which has since trained hundreds of men to take their place in the Air Forces.

One of Martin's nephews, who was taught to fly at his airfield which now occupies most of his 300-acre farm, was killed recently on combat mission.

Looking much more like 53 than 83, Martin advises: "The surest way to keep young is to keep flying."

Adeline de Walt Reynolds

The term "Morning Glory" in show business means an actress who blossoms out overnight, then fades into oblivion. But for starlet Adeline de Walt Reynolds, the title "Century Plant" is more fitting. For "Grandma" Reynolds came into full bloom at 83.

When Mrs. Reynolds' husband died 44 years ago, she was left—in California—with four children and an exhausted bank account. Opening a typing agency, she plugged, she slaved, she saved. Finally, Mrs. Reynolds' youngest daughter earned her master's degree. "Now," said Grandma triumphantly, "I'm 66. It's my turn to go to college."

At 72 she walked off the campus of the University of California with a master's degree. Graduate Grandma plagued the Hollywood casting offices. "Nobody took the old gal seriously," she reminds you.

But one day an old woman was needed to play Hephzibah in the movie, *Landslide*. By a fluke, she got the part, and was speedily cast as Jimmy Stewart's grandmother in *Come Live With Me*.

"Granny," crowed the director, after the first scene was shot, "you're a natural."

Since that dramatic moment, Grandma Reynolds has never gone three weeks without a role. She's never sick or late at the studio, and she learns her lines in half the time taken by young actresses. Her only resentment is the deduction for old-age pension.

"Retire?" she snaps, when anyone suggests she take advantage of the pension. "Bosh! A man doesn't really get started until he's past 80. That's the time to do what you've always wanted to do—and never had the time for."

Her secret: "You'll never lose your youth or your vigor if you're enthusiastic about what you're doing."

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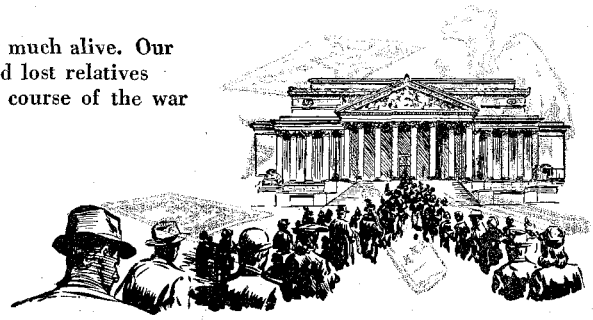
"Dead records" can be very much alive. Our National Archives has found lost relatives and even helped shape the course of the war



They Ask a Million Questions

by HELEN AND CLEM WYLE

A YOUNG WOMAN, who had been adopted as a child, lost her foster parents several years ago and decided to search for her real father. She had but a single clue: he had gone to live in a soldiers' home after his wife had died. Inquiry, however, revealed that he too had passed away.

Despondent, the lonely woman tried to search for other possible relatives, but no matter where she went she was unsuccessful. Finally, at a friend's suggestion, she communicated with the National Archives—Uncle Sam's repository for Federal records.

It was a wise move. An archivist, digging into some pension files, learned the woman had brothers and sisters. What's more, he gave her their names. Not long afterwards she was able to trace those who were still alive and join them.

The National Archives—located in Washington—is a veritable gold mine for information of all kinds. The 600 thousand cubic feet of records there can tell you practically anything, from the depth of the Monongahela River to the name of the undertaker who buried Lincoln. They can also solve some very pressing problems. Old land maps, for instance, have helped farmers clear title to property. Old family Bibles, samplers, and other genealogical documents have proved descendancy for inheritance-seekers. And census reports have established eligibility for old-age benefits.

No wonder, then, that the Archives receives about one query every 30 seconds, or more than 300 thousand a year. A great many come from government agencies, which have found that "dead records" can be very much alive—particularly during a war. Charts of ocean currents in the South Seas, prepared nearly a half century ago by the old Fish Commission, have been used in our campaigns against the Japs. Weather reports for 30 years back revealed that during June the English Channel is least stormy. Consequently, that month was chosen for the invasion of France. And right after Pearl Harbor, when the Navy faced a serious shortage of experienced

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seamen to take our fast expanding fleet into immediate action, service records of former enlisted men made it possible to recruit them with incredible speed.

But dispensing information is not the Archives' only task. It must decide which Federal records should be preserved. For, as Dr. Solon J. Buck, head of the Archives, points out, only a fraction of government records have any permanent value.

Selecting that fraction is no hit-or-miss affair. Suppose, for example, that the Department of Commerce has one thousand cubic feet of records it no longer needs. An Archives specialist in that department's affairs goes over them carefully. Those he feels will be of no use to other government agencies, scholars, or citizens, are recommended for disposal. If Congress approves—and it always has—the unwanted records are fed to macerating machines and sold as scrap. The rest are taken to the attractive, gray stone National Archives building, scientifically constructed for record storage.

It is a cube within a cube. The outer one contains offices, a library, research and reference rooms, and a huge, circular Exhibition Hall, where such documents as the Bill of Rights, the Emancipation Proclamation and the Louisiana Purchase agreement are on display. The inner cube is a steel and concrete vault divided into 21 tiers called stack areas. Once the records are cleaned with air-brushes, fumigated in a gas chamber and carefully filed, indexed, and packed, they are stored in these "stacks." Temperature and moisture are carefully controlled in these tiers, and the fire alarm system is so set up that if a ten-degree rise in temperature occurs, within a minute an alarm is sounded.

All these precautions are a far cry from the past. With the exception of our founding fathers, who preserved their records from 1774 to 1789 in beautifully bound volumes, government officials, as a rule, treated documents very shabbily. When they were no longer current, or occupied badly needed floor space, records were frequently stored in cellars, garages and warehouses, and exposed to the ravages of fire, water, and vermin. Other records were thrown out, sold as junk, stolen by autograph hunters, or kept as souvenirs by retiring office holders.

With the establishment of the National Archives in 1934, this confusion began to clear up. At the same time, a systematic search for errant records was begun. These treasure hunts were dirty, tiresome, and tedious work, but always worthwhile. Take the one that led an archivist to the eerie, unlighted attic of an abandoned house. There, under dust and cobwebs inches thick, he found the original plan for the Washington Monument—long sought by architects.

Fishing constantly in the Archives' well-stocked stream of Americana—which flows as far back as the 1600's—are researchers, biographers and historians. The hauls have enlivened many a scholarly tome and best-seller.

Whenever you see a period movie, you can be sure that many of its colorful and realistic touches come from the Archives. In most

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cases they emanate from the photographic department, which has more than a million prints. The setting for the Atlanta battle scene in *Gone With the Wind*, for example, was faithful in every detail to an on-the-spot picture taken by that ace photographer of the period, Mathew Brady. And more recently, Darryl Zanuck, insistent on complete authenticity for his screen biography of Woodrow Wilson, had researchers study with magnifying glasses the Archives' pictures of the elaborate wallpaper and rug patterns of the former President's Paris home, so that they could be reproduced on the screen.

Faith in the authenticity of these photographs is well justified. They are checked and rechecked. But occasionally there has been a slip-up. Early in 1938, a well known magazine asked for a portrait of William Cullen Bryant for reproduction. It later appeared alongside a caption that praised the photographer for having captured the Bryant mind, wit and soul. This was all well and good, except for one slight detail. The portrait proved to be that of John Greenleaf Whittier.

For people who cannot come to Washington, the Archives furnishes information by mail. If necessary, it also prints photostats of records at cost. Businessmen often ask for advice on their own record problems, as do universities, research foundations and Latin American nations, whose representatives recently took courses in Archives administration under Dr. Buck.

Dr. Buck is also an expert in American history. So, too, are the members of his research and reference staff. They have to be. Otherwise they could not assist people like one swarthy young man who wanted to prove his citizenship. He knew that he and his father had been born in this country, but didn't know where. He was certain, though, that his grandfather, an Arabian camel driver, had arrived here almost a century before and become a citizen.

The archivist handling the case was stumped for awhile. Then he suddenly recalled that when Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War under President Pierce in 1852, he had imported camels and camel drivers for transporting supplies over our western desert. Quartermaster records told the rest of the story. One of the drivers was the young man's grandfather, who, it was shown, *had* become a naturalized citizen.

Obviously, not all people who deal with the Archives get what they want, and generally for good reasons. A dowager demanded proof that she owned half the state of Maine. A young Romeo, engaged to a girl for seven years, wanted to know if she was "nice and worth marryin'." And a "scholar" requested documents showing the part Oregon played in the Revolutionary War. He was preparing a thesis for a learned journal.

The Archives now is collecting voice recordings of outstanding personalities. Besides such recordings, researchers of the future will be able to refer to newsreels and transcriptions of radio broadcasts, such as those made on D-Day. Tomorrow's investigators also will find an endless variety of documents on microfilm. This probably

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will be the Archives' answer to its coming space problem, which is bound to be acute because of the unprecedented rate at which Federal records are growing.

Sifting them will be no easy task, considering that the Archives staff of 350 is already carrying quite a load. In addition to its regular work, it administers the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park, and publishes the *Federal Register*, a compilation of government edicts, rules, orders, and proclamations. Yet all these chores are performed with an enthusiasm which you are quick to detect.

The influx of old and new records creates adventures by the dozen for archivists who never know what is going to crop up next. Once it was the skeleton of a cat that had suffocated in a filing cabinet. Another time it was a collection of disguises used by Shipping Commission agents in tracking down smugglers. Best of all, though, was the yield of the Wickersham Commission, which investigated Prohibition. Among its extensive records was a luxurious assortment of *empty* whiskey bottles —proof positive, according to one archivist—that filing can drive even the best people to drink.

Magic Words

MAGIC WORDS and sentences are short, simple, handy. How easy it is to say, "Please!" "Thank you!" "Pardon me!" These words are easy to use, but *do you use them often enough?* Do you go around looking for places where they apply?

An elevator packed with people isn't a pleasant place. Everyone in it feels like saying, "Quit pushing!" "Don't talk so loud!" "Get off my foot!" But that tense and nervous crowd can be turned into a pleasant and warm human assembly if you just say, "Pardon me" to the people you brush against as you get off. The magic of your courtesy lights up the cab and proves that human nature is not so bad after all.

If you want one of your employes or associates to do something, how much more potent than a command or a brusque order is a simple request preceded by the words, "Would you please" or "Do you mind?" Filling such a request is pleasure, not work, and human dignity glows under the warmth of such magic words. You, the user of the words, not only get things done faster and with much less expense and resistance, you also feel grand and good for having remained on the courteous side.

And these words are doubly magical if used when not called for. You may be taking your car out of your garage only to find your door blocked by a truck. The situation calls for resentment. The truck driver should be told he is trespassing on your rights by parking where he is. But approach him with a smiling, "Do you mind?" and when he moves his truck give him a warm "Thank you!"

Blame nobody; blame nothing. Just enjoy the balm your own courtesy has brought to your day.

—JAMES T. MANGAN

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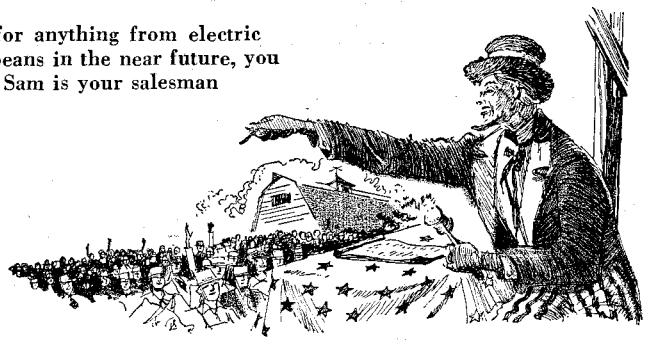
If you're shopping for anything from electric fans to dehydrated beans in the near future, you may find that Uncle Sam is your salesman



Bargains in War Goods

by AIKEN WELCH

WITH AN ESTIMATED 50 billion dollars tied up in surplus war-bought goods Uncle Sam, the world's biggest buyer, is getting a healthy notion of what it means to be on the other side of the counter.

Even before the bells of victory begin to clang he has to start unloading motorcycles and mules, automobiles and wool shearlings, horses and carpenters' kits, egg beaters and wastebaskets.

As the average American begins to realize that surplus goods are available, thousands of letters are being written to the government demanding a jeep. A Navy lieutenant who wanted his men to have a car to run around in whenever their ship touched port took up a collection from the officers for a surplus jeep. The answer for the officer and thousands like him was, "Sorry, no jeeps." There aren't any for general sale yet, and nobody knows when there will be.

Americans have lost their hearts to the indomitable little climber. And they are eagerly expectant when a government agency announces that military equipment is being studied to determine what will be useful to the farmer, and that the vehicles under consideration range from jeeps to standard four-wheel trucks.

Farmers first, civilians next. Most people see the justice of allowing the farmer first choice. He can attach his plow to the jeep and use it as a tractor. It will clamber up over his furrowed hills and bounce down safely on the other side. He can detach his implements and drive the jeep to market.

But Mr. John Q. Public has another picture in his mind. When he takes to the road again, he wants his girl by his side in a solid, sporty little jeep—inexpensive to operate, almost fool-proof, which slithers easily up a country road off the main highway.

What will the probable cost be? Most likely it will approximate the price of a second-hand car of a popular and inexpensive make.

Suppose you are a lover of horses or a farmer who needs them. Auctions have been and are being held to which farmers and horse fanciers come directly to buy. For

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example, when the Coast Guard recently reduced the number of horses in its beach patrol, it released about 5,500.

Riotous auctions—good entertainment as well as good business—were held in Front Royal, Va., Sacramento, Cal., Eastern Shore, Md., and in many Army depots. If you bought a horse there, you paid about 70 dollars.

A change in design of Army garments for outposts in the north or a revision in battle plans confronted the disposing agencies with cartloads of wool shearlings that used to line our sheepskin jackets. What can be done with them?

If you've been fingering garments disdainfully, noting the lack of genuine wool in many a sleazy jacket, you will have a surprise when these wool shearlings turn into civilian clothes. And the price won't be higher just because it's made of wool—not if OPA sticks to its economic guns and you stick to OPA ceilings.

Many a stenographer who has lost her temper over an outmoded typewriter, her favorite having gone patriotically to the government, may find a happier working day in store for her. Reports of released typewriters—some almost new, most of them in excellent condition—are already circulating.

Dehydrated foods like baked beans that have been most successful abroad may be available. Egg powder that includes pulverized egg shells—thereby increasing the calcium content—may be offered to shops and restaurants. A nutritious mixture of bananas may be offered as a dessert.

So much for speculation. You want to know how to go about getting what's available now.

First of all, the non-selling agency controlling war-bought goods no longer needed is the Surplus War Property Administration. Its job is to see that the owning and disposing agencies work together. The War and Navy Departments and the Maritime Commission are the principal owners. Five agencies now operate as the disposers.

What is your course of action as a consumer? The Procurement Division of the Treasury holds the reins on all goods that are ultimately consumer goods, but it doesn't as a rule sell directly to consumers.

If you want a surplus government car, for instance, you'll have to go to a car dealer who has bought surplus cars from the government. If you are a dealer, you will have to communicate with any of the regional offices of the Procurement Division of the Treasury in 11 large cities. For further information about surplus products, consult your local businessmen or write to a regional office of the division.

To protect the consumer and the small businessman, the Surplus War Property Administration is trying to avoid the mistakes made after the last World War. Then, too, there were left-over goods.

You may also remember the Army and Navy stores that once sprang up all over the country. Under government supervision for a year, they took in between 30 and 40 million dollars.

When the government withdrew, the sale of surplus property grew really wanton. In some places, goods were dumped and sold for

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next to nothing. Speculators scurried in like ants. There were over five thousand independently-owned Army and Navy stores.

Most Americans thinking them still government-operated were naturally very resentful when they paid eight dollars for a camping outfit, to find the same thing at half price a few miles away. Many of these once "gypped" citizens now write letters imploring the government to keep out of the retail business.

So the Procurement Division of the Treasury now circulates fortnightly lists of materials that have been declared surplus and which can be sold within policy rules.

By next spring the smokepots planned for screening enemy attacks in the Pacific may be fumigating the peaceful apple orchards of American farmers. Your newsboy may be wearing a canvas wraparound—made to carry a jungle fighter's hand grenades—as an apron with change pockets.

You may be driving slowly down a tree shaded road in a surplus government car. Nobody can promise for a certainty that you'll be riding around in a jeep—but you can dream, can't you?

Price List for War's Leftovers

These conjectural prices are based on OPA ceilings, actual prices now cited for surplus Army and Navy goods and their probable markdown later, and the experienced guess of second-hand dealers. Prices vary with the condition of the article and how much the dealer has had to invest in it before selling it on the market.

OBJECT	DESCRIPTION	PRICE
Trainer Plane		$700 to $1,200
Jeep	1½ ton type, 1 spare tire	$425 to $600
Truck	1½ ton type, standard make	$500 to $600
U.S.N. Life Rafts	1, 2, 5-man	$35 to $75
Typewriter	Noiseless, standard make	$43.50 to $55
Portable Typewriter	Standard, with tabulator	$31.25 to $40
Station Wagon	Popular make	$600.25 to $950
Sedan	4 door, popular make, 1 extra tire	$745 to $850
Sewing Machine	Electric, standard make, portable	$40 to $55
Treadle Sewing Machine	Less well known make	$25 to $50
Electric Fan	12-inch blade, 3 speeds	$12.25 to $15
Bed	Maple finish (no springs)	$8
Bookcase	4 sections, horizontal unit, walnut finish, 13 by 11½ by 12	$29.37
Swivel Chair	Oak, wooden arms	$5
Maple Desk	5 ft. high	$2.50
1 Doz. Percale Pillow Slips		$2.79
Basketball		$2
Baseball Mask		$1.10
School Bus for 42 Children	7 tires, good make	$2,000

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If laughter's the best medicine, then here's to your health

Grin and Share It

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

IT HAD BEEN a busy day. The Congressman was so tired he didn't want to bother reading the menu so he merely handed it to the waiter and said, "Bring me a good meal."

The dinner was served, and the Congressman tipped the waiter generously.

"Thank you, sir," said the waiter, "and if you have any more friends who can't read, just send them to me."

DURING HIS first trip in a submarine, a Navy chaplain was surprised to hear the sounds of swearing and blasphemy emanating from the engine room. He marched indignantly to the captain and registered his complaint.

"Father," said the seafaring officer, "our sub has just sprung a leak. Those cuss words you hear come from the men trying to keep the engines running. While they're pumping and swearing, you're all right. When they stop cussing and start praying—good night!"

WHEN A bookseller in New York city passed away, his widow was inconsolable. She cried for three days without stopping. Then a lawyer appeared with a check from the insurance company. She stole a look at the amount—$50,000—sighed, and with a tear glistening in each eye said soulfully, "You may not believe it, but I'd give $20,000 of this to have him back!"

THIS STORY is supposed to have happened on Dewey's recent campaign trip. As Dewey spoke from the platform, a man in the front row seemed to be getting more and more interested in the speech. As the talk neared its end, this spectator seemed fairly limp with excitement. His eyes danced, his body twisted, his entire frame fairly writhed with frenzy.

One of Dewey's campaign staff, considerably impressed, approached the spectator at the end of the session and said: "I've watched many people at political addresses in my time, but I've never seen such a reaction. Do you admire Dewey so much?"

"Oh, it's not that," was the reply. "I happen to be a dentist and never in my entire professional life have I seen a speaker who, when he laughs, shows both rows of teeth all the way round!"

PEOPLE THESE DAYS are often given short emergency courses in how to carry out difficult tasks. An elevator operator, off for the day, was replaced by a girl who on her first trip with live passengers brought the elevator to an abrupt stop. "Did I stop too quickly for you?" she asked the passengers.

"Oh, no indeed," coyly replied a little old woman in one corner of the car. "I always wear my bloomers around my ankles."

THEY WERE TALKING about diplomacy at a restaurant the other noontime. Someone recalled the French government official whose duty it was to issue passports for those who wished to go from one town to another. It fell to this official to make out a passport for a rich and highly respectable lady of his acquaintance, who, unfortunately, had only one eye. Not wishing to hurt her feelings, the gallant Frenchman, in filling out the description, wrote: "Eyes, brilliant, brown and expressive—only one is missing."

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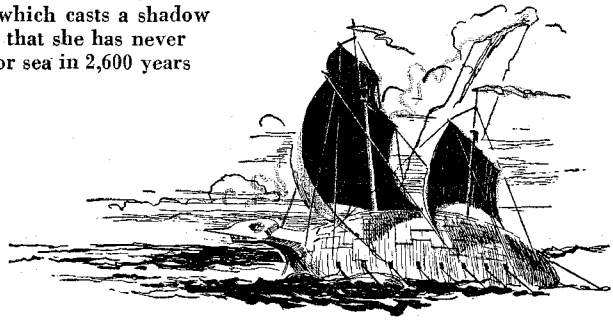
Here's a battle record which casts a shadow on Japan's proud boast that she has never been defeated on land or sea in 2,600 years



Japs on Their Knees: 1594

by RICHARD SHARPE

JAPAN WOULD like the world to believe that she entered the present war with a record unblemished by a single defeat on land or sea, in all the 2,600 years since the Sun Goddess Amaterasu bestowed the empire of Japan on her descendants. Yet 350 years ago, Japan took the worst beating a mighty nation ever got when she first turned her eyes toward western conquest under the rule of the first of the great Shoguns, Hideyoshi.

It all started in a curiously modern manner. Hideyoshi had made himself supreme ruler of Japan and the legitimate Emperor was literally a prisoner. The whole nation was under absolute military rule. When his power was secure, the Shogun faced the dangers of peace. He had huge armies, but there was nothing for them to do. So, like all dictators in history, he looked around for easy and lucrative conquest.

Right at hand was rich, enormous China with a land route to it through Korea. Whereupon, the Shogun sent envoys to the king of Korea offering a choice between an alliance with Japan against China, and free passage for his troops—or war and invasion.

The Koreans, who considered the Japanese good imitators, half monkeys and noisy frauds, laughed the Japanese envoys out of court. They sneered at the worst the Japs could do, and neglected to make even the slightest preparation against their invasion threats.

In 1592, Hideyoshi invaded Korea with a mighty and well-equipped army of a quarter million men. They swept up the peninsula with the inevitability of a tidal wave, and conquered every city in the country, forcing the King and his court to flee northward from Seoul, on the Peking Road, and take refuge on the border.

Elated over their success, the Japanese generals—Kato and Konishi—settled down to celebrate complete victory in conquest at the capital. While they celebrated, they reorganized and drilled their army for penetration into China and waited for reenforcements in men and matériel from Japan. But none came. For in 1594 there arose

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in Korea one of the most extraordinary naval geniuses the world has ever seen—the Grand Admiral of Korea, Yi Sun Sin.

Admiral Yi had escaped with a mere remnant of his fleet to uninhabited—and uninvaded—islands and inlets in the south, and established headquarters. Here he set out to be a one-man blockade of the whole coast of Korea. The ships he had were quite inadequate to meet and overpower a fleet capable of transporting a quarter million men. So the admiral used his wits.

He took the largest of his oar- and sail-propelled galleys and rebuilt it into an ironclad. He constructed a huge sort of turtle deck over the whole superstructure of the craft and paved it solidly with plates of iron that reached below the waterline. Then he armed the prow with a great turtle's head, with a pointed beak as a ram, and in this fantastic metal tortoise put to sea 270 years before the advent of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* of our Civil War.

No Japanese ship was equal to the turtle. One after another, it rammed and sank the courier ships which were leaving Korea for the Japanese capital of Yedo with appeals for reenforcements.

Soon the Japanese in their comfortable quarters in the Korean capital at Seoul began to feel a little hungry. They were living entirely off the land, and the Koreans, recovering from their defeat, were harassing them by guerrilla warfare and scorching the earth on which the Japs were dependent for food.

Furthermore, the mighty army of the Rising Sun began to shrink. And every man who died in the ranks was irreplaceable, for the redoubtable Admiral Yi Sun Sin had blockaded the coast completely.

Finally, in a single tremendous effort to break the blockade, the Japanese sent a mighty armada carrying 60 thousand men, together with all their supplies, to save their armies. But with his small flotilla, led by the metal turtle, Admiral Yi ran right into the very heart of the fleet, ramming smaller ships on every side and creating the wildest confusion.

At the height of the conflict, he launched great bundles of flaming arrows and set the Japanese fleet afire. Flames roared from ship to ship, jammed together in the narrow waters near the coast, half of them sinking. The troops aboard them drowned by thousands in their frantic efforts to escape. A few small Japanese ships and the men aboard them fled back to their homeland with news of the catastrophe and the miniature fleet of Yi Sun Sin remained in full command of the Korean coast.

After that fabulous battle, the Japanese, cut off entirely from supplies, began to starve. They were forced to abandon section after section of territory as their forces dwindled, until they were penned into a thin line of forts along the seacoast. Here they were held imprisoned for two years. In 1596, the Shogun sent ambassadors who promised reparations, redress and full withdrawal, in return for safe passage across the sea to their homeland, unhindered by the fabulous Admiral Yi and his iron turtle.

The King of Korea, believing the Japanese promises of future

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peaceful actions and intentions, gave his consent. But of the quarter million Japs who had invaded Korea, only 70 thousand of that number lived to return to their homeland. All the rest had died.

But Yi's work was not yet done. For the moment the Japs were safe at home they began to plot against him. And with their accustomed guile, they managed it neatly. A pro-Japanese Korean fifth columnist was sent to the king with the report that a Japanese fleet was approaching through a dangerous group of islands, and he recommended that Admiral Yi Sun Sin and his fleet be sent to intercept.

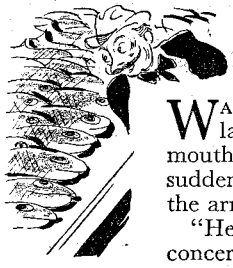
The admiral knew no fleet could thread the waters cited and, suspecting an ambush, refused to go. The king was furious, and the pro-Japanese traitor accused the admiral of cowardice and treason for his refusal to obey the royal command. When Yi Sun Sin refused a second time, he was shorn of his high rank and reduced to the level of a common seaman. Which was just what the Japanese were waiting for. The moment he was out of the way, they sailed immediately for a second invasion.

In 1597, almost a quarter of a million Japs and over a thousand ships arrived. The Korean fleet, without its leader, fled at their approach and the landing was unopposed. Again the Nips spread like locusts across the land. It was then the cry went up for reinstatement of the fallen admiral.

He was recalled and took up where he left off, repeating his victories on an even greater scale. In the fall of 1598 the Nips were again defeated and started disconsolately for home. But this time their promises to be good didn't protect them from the wrath of Admiral Yi.

He set upon them with his iron-beaked ship, his flaming arrows, his slashing tactics. With the odds even more against him, he succeeded in destroying the entire fleet. Admiral Yi Sun Sin was mortally wounded in the fight, but he died happy in the knowledge that his work was done. And it was a full three hundred years before Japan dared encroach upon Korea again.

Why Admiral Yi Sun Sin is unknown to the rest of the world is not difficult to determine. Korea has been controlled by Japan for the past half century, and dares not boast of old triumphs over her present master. And the Nips, for obvious reasons, prefer that the admiral's exploits remain unknown and unhonored.



Sucker's Row

WALKING WITH A FRIEND one day, Fritz Kreisler passed a large fish market where a fine catch of codfish, with mouths open and eyes staring, were arranged in a row. Kreisler suddenly stopped, looked at them, and clutching his friend by the arm, exclaimed:

"Heavens! That reminds me—I should be playing at a concert."

—ANDREW KIRK

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Game Book Section:

BUMPEMOFF, the notorious bandit, dropped in at the post office to pick up an important package of stolen goods. Unbeknownst to the bad man, he was being pursued by the sheriff. About to ask for the loot, Bumpemoff glanced through the window to see the sheriff approaching. Each reached for his gun at the same moment. One was a shade quicker, his bullet striking just as his opponent's went off. Both bullets passed through the window. *A* designates the sheriff's bullet hole, *B*, the bandit's. From the evidence above, can you tell who fired first, and how do you know? You will find the answer on page 134.

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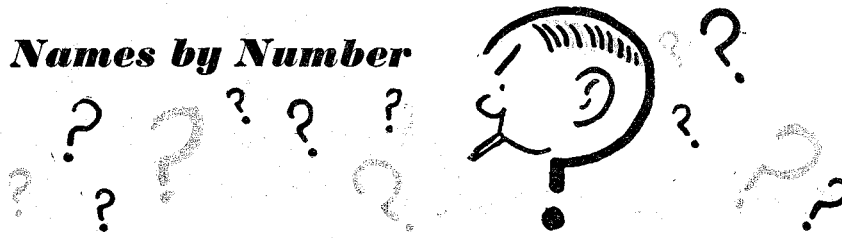
Names by Number



FREQUENTLY AUTHORS, anthologists, playwrights and composers use numbers in phrasing the titles of their works. Just to prove that it does happen more often than now and then, we have listed 50 titles of books, stories, movies, songs and plays, the titles of which include figures. In each case you are to name the proper number to complete the title. Each answer counts two points. A score of 50-70 is fair; 70-80 is good; 80-90 is very good, and anything over 90 is excellent.

You will find the answers on page 134.

1. .... Seconds over Tokyo
2. Life Begins at ....
3. .... Years at Hull House
4. Snow White and the ... Dwarfs
5. The House of .... Gables
6. The ... Wise Men (Bible)
7. .... O'Clock in the Morning
8. A Tale of .... Cities
9. ... Pillars of Wisdom
10. The Postman Always Rings ...
11. .... th Night
12. The .... Commandments
13. .... th Summer
14. The Moon and .... Pence
15. .... Years Before the Mast
16. Tea for ...
17. .... Guinea Pigs
18. ..... Men on a Horse
19. Dinner at ....
20. .... Years in Sing Sing
21. .... League Boots
22. The .... Horsemen of the Apocalypse
23. Mr. .... by ....
24. The Sign of the .... (Sherlock Holmes)
25. .... Feathers
26. .... Gentlemen of Verona
27. Schubert's .... Symphony (Unfinished)
28. .... Famous Poems
29. .... Steps (mystery story)
30. .... Leagues Under the Sea
31. The .... Black Pennys
32. My .... Years in a Quandary
33. The Wreck of Old '....
34. .... (Booth Tarkington novel)
35. The .... Who Fled
36. .... Old Men
37. .... Jills and a Jeep
38. Mathematics for the ....
39. .... Men and a Girl
40. ....nd Parallel
41. Over ....
42. .... Cornered Moon
43. The Fighting ....th
44. The .... Who Came Back
45. .... Men on a Raft
46. Pennsylvania ....
47. .... O'Clock Whistle (song)
48. The .... (O. Henry)
49. The .... Hour
50. .... Told Tales (Nathaniel Hawthorne)

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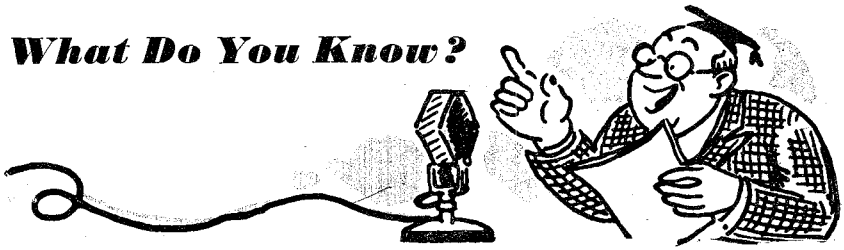
What Do You Know?



IF YOU'VE A SECRET yen to be guest expert on a radio quiz program, here's a chance to find out whether you'd end up in a flush of success or a blush of embarrassment. Below are 20 questions, proposed by two of radio's popular quizmasters. We warn you—these are tough. Score five points for each correct answer. If you score over 80, you may have a great future in radio. Between 70 and 80 makes you not expert but average. Below 60 indicates you'd better stay on the listening side of the microphone. You'll find the answers on page 134.

FROM BOB HAWK OF *Thanks to the Yanks* (CBS)

1. What is it that you normally eat every day in its pure form that is neither animal nor vegetable?

2. Suppose you were going to exercise for 15 minutes and had your choice of swimming, sawing wood or walking upstairs. Which would require the most energy?

3. What is the smallest number of Senators that can transact official business?

4. Is it correct for an Army officer to keep his hat on when stopping to talk to a lady on the street?

5. Is the earth nearer the sun in the summer or in the winter?

6. According to a widely accepted theory, which of these creatures carries on organized warfare—spiders, ants, centipedes?

7. Which has more teeth, a grown dog or an adult human?

8. Which body of men must ratify the peace treaty—the House or the Senate? Or both?

9. What flower provides vanilla?

10. What's the difference between pinking and bluing?

FROM JIMMY McCLAIN OF *Dr. I. Q.* (NBC)

11. If you see a person with a mouse, and he actually isn't with a rodent, then what is he with, according to the popular slang expression?

12. If someone took you for a ride in a black widow, you would probably be flying in the United States' sensational night-fighter airplane. In what would you be riding if someone took you for a ride in a black Maria?

13. There are five people in a room. Three leave together. Of the three, two come back. One goes outside again. While he is gone, one comes back into the room. At this point, how many people are there in the room?

14. Since each of our 48 states has complete jurisdiction as to the designation of holidays, there are no national holidays in the United States. As a matter of fact, there are only two holidays of every year observed as such by all 48 states. Name at least one of them.

15. To what popular song title am

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I referring when I say: "Purveyor of the substance containing lactic acid, maintain the containers in a state of noiseless animation."

16. The President of the United States lives in the White House, and Marshal Stalin lives in the Kremlin. What is the London residence of the King of England called?

17. If a lion roars and a hyena laughs, what does an elephant do?

18. If you were to see a pitchman on the street, would you expect him to sell you something, throw something at you or be directing traffic?

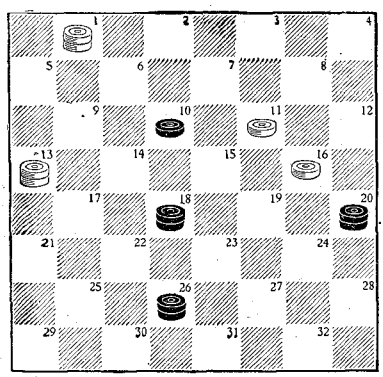
19. Both the words kaiser and czar are derived from the name of what famous dictator?

20. When jealous a person is said to be green-eyed. When unhappy, he's blue. What color is associated with deep thought?

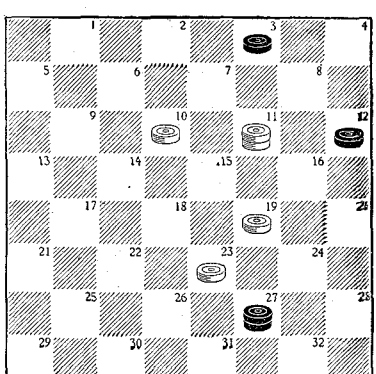
Checker Brainteasers

THERE'S NOTHING like playing a cagey game of checkers with yourself to brush up on your game strategy. Here are a few tricky situations all set up for you. You must play both sets of checkers (so, of course, you can't admit defeat), giving White the first move up the board in each case. White wins every game with three moves in the first, four moves in the second and four moves in the third.

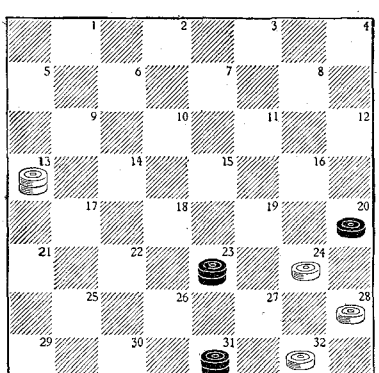
List your moves and compare with the solutions on page 134.



1. White Wins in Three Moves



2. White Wins in Four Moves



3. White Wins in Four Moves

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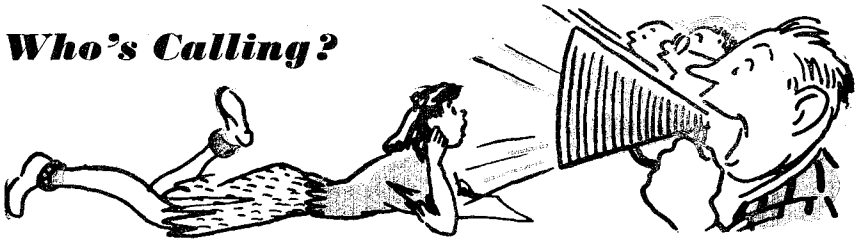
Who's Calling?



YOU DON'T HAVE to be a jack-of-all-trades to score high on this quiz. Because certain expressions are popularly associated with particular jobs or games, you should easily be able to tag them. Each expression is identified with one worker or player in the group of three below it. Choose the correct one. Score five for each one right. From 85 to 95 is excellent; 70 to 80 is good; 55 to 65 is average. Answers are on page 134.

1. *hot iron*
   (*a*) riveter
   (*b*) brander
   (*c*) tailor

2. *anchors aweigh*
   (*a*) racer
   (*b*) swimmer
   (*c*) sailor

3. *presto*
   (*a*) magician
   (*b*) camel man
   (*c*) singer

4. *fore*
   (*a*) golfer
   (*b*) polo player
   (*c*) dancer

5. *extra*
   (*a*) waiter
   (*b*) movie director
   (*c*) newsy

6. *shoot one*
   (*a*) executioner
   (*b*) marble champ
   (*c*) soda jerk

7. *snake eyes*
   (*a*) snake charmer
   (*b*) crap shooter
   (*c*) janitor

8. *let 'er buck*
   (*a*) hunter
   (*b*) gambler
   (*c*) bronc rider

9. *play ball*
   (*a*) umpire
   (*b*) referee
   (*c*) billiard player

10. *quiet, mike*
    (*a*) cameraman
    (*b*) radio man
    (*c*) gangster

11. *I object*
    (*a*) doctor
    (*b*) lawyer
    (*c*) writer

12. *service*
    (*a*) bridge player
    (*b*) electrician
    (*c*) tennis player

13. *front*
    (*a*) hotel clerk
    (*b*) mailman
    (*c*) lion tamer

14. *contact*
    (*a*) confidence man
    (*b*) aviator
    (*c*) detective

15. *send me*
    (*a*) doodlebug
    (*b*) tumblebug
    (*c*) jitterbug

16. *put 'er to bed*
    (*a*) editor
    (*b*) nursemaid
    (*c*) doctor

17. *roll 'em*
    (*a*) lion tamer
    (*b*) movie director
    (*c*) convoy captain

18. *soup's on*
    (*a*) baker
    (*b*) safecracker
    (*c*) cook

19. *timber*
    (*a*) lumber dealer
    (*b*) lumberjack
    (*c*) carpenter

20. *mush*
    (*a*) dietician
    (*b*) chef
    (*c*) dog driver

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Answers . . .

Game Book Cover Quiz

The sheriff. A crack made by the bandit's bullet is stopped by a crack made by the sheriff's bullet, thus proving that the sheriff must have fired first.

Names by Number

1. Thirty
2. Forty
3. Twenty
4. Seven
5. Seven
6. Three
7. Three
8. Two
9. Seven
10. Twice
11. Twelfth
12. Ten
13. Seventeenth
14. Six
15. Two
16. Two
17. One Hundred Million
18. Three
19. Eight
20. Twenty Thousand
21. Seven
22. Four
23. Five . . . Five
24. Four
25. Four
26. Two
27. Eighth
28. One Hundred and One
29. Thirty Nine
30. Twenty Thousand
31. Three
32. Ten
33. '97
34. Seventeen
35. Seven
36. Nine
37. Four
38. Millions
39. One Hundred
40. 42nd
41. Twenty One
42. Three
43. 69th
44. Five
45. Three
46. Six Five Thousand
47. Five
48. Four Million
49. Zero
50. Twice

What Do You Know?

1. Salt. (It is a mineral)
2. Walking upstairs
3. 49—a quorum consists of a majority
4. Yes. (The hat is part of the uniform and should not be removed outdoors)
5. In the winter
6. Ants
7. A grown dog
8. The Senate, by a two-thirds vote
9. The orchid
10. Pinking is to cut with indented edges; bluing is used in laundering
11. A black eye
12. A police patrol wagon
13. Four
14. Christmas and Independence Day
15. *Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet*
16. Buckingham Pálace
17. Trumpets
18. Try to sell you something
19. Caesar
20. Brown

Checker Brainteasers

1. 11–7, 20–2, 1–6, 2–9, 13–31. White wins
2. 10–7, 27–18, 19–16, 12–19, 11–16, 3–10, 16–7. White wins
3. 32–27, 23–32, 13–17, 20–27, 17–22, 31–26, 22–24. White wins

Who's Calling?

1. (*b*)
2. (*c*)
3. (*a*)
4. (*a*)
5. (*c*)
6. (*c*)
7. (*b*)
8. (*c*)
9. (*a*)
10. (*b*)
11. (*b*)
12. (*c*)
13. (*a*)
14. (*b*)
15. (*c*)
16. (*a*)
17. (*b*)
18. (*c*)
19. (*b*)
20. (*c*)

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Death Sails the Waldeck

by CHARLES R. DURBIN

AS BOHM WENT BY, I stepped out from behind and slugged him with a blackjack. I caught him as he fell, and dragged him into the dark alley. There I lowered him gently to the cobblestones; I didn't want to spoil his uniform. After removing his passport, Gestapo badge, pier pass and uniform, I used the hunting knife—twice through the heart and once below the right ear. It was a quarter of midnight and Bohm was not expected aboard till twelve. I had time.

The uniform was a little snug around the shoulders; otherwise, it fitted. Giving it a last tug, I stepped from darkness into the glare of the heavily-guarded pier area. There lay the *Graf Waldeck*, a mass of floating steel, rising high above my head. Possible interference from the pier guards didn't worry me. Basically, they were like the Genoese workers among whom I had lived for the past two months awaiting this chance. They were sullen and indifferent; in any case, they feared a Gestapo uniform.

At the head of the gangway stood the *Waldeck's* chief master at arms and two corporals of the guard. They all were Germans. As I strode up into the bowels of the ship, the trio clicked their heels and saluted. Very smart—our Germans—very correct. But I was preoccupied. Bohm was a beefy, moon-faced man, with beetling brows and a mop of grizzled black hair. Now I am bald except for a scanty blond fringe. A nice contrast. If anyone demanded my passport photograph . . .

Long ago, in the old days (it was only a few years ago, but it seems like centuries) before the war, Bohm and I both were in the employ of the Hamburg-American Line. I sailed out of Hamburg as a marine engineer. For a time I was second assistant engineer on the *Kolumbus*. Bohm was a pier superintendent. As far back as I could remember he was always battling with the stevedores to keep them down. He was a tough man, strong and capable.

When Hitler came to power in '33, Bohm organized one of the first Nazi cells in Hamburg. Rather,

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he brought it out into the open—he had organized it long before that. It was he who arrested me the first time—that was after he joined the Marine Section of the Hamburg Gestapo. He almost killed me with beatings. Nothing subtle about Bohm. Now he was dead. In a quiet sort of way, it was satisfying. I can no longer hate with any vehemence—or be afraid either. Both have become chronic.

I climbed another companionway, sad because I had no deck plans. I know ship layouts pretty well—that is, peacetime ships. But after they tear a ship's insides out and convert her to a troop transport, a merchant sailor can get lost in her as easily as a landman. I hoped Neumann had been able to steal a few plans this time. We had placed him on the *Waldeck* three months before as a purser's clerk, and he somehow had managed almost everything else.

Neumann now awaited me in the ship's office. But where in hell was the ship's office? I avoided asking directions. Our Germans are touchy about giving information on sailing night even to the Gestapo. This person who wears the Gestapo uniform may be a British spy. We Germans are very thorough. Or may undue skepticism arise from shaken nerves?

The ship was a labyrinth of doors, companionways, corridors and blind alleys. Several electricians in greasy overalls were busy removing the ship-to-shore telephone connections. They stepped aside to let me pass. I went by a number of junior lieutenants, tunics unbuttoned, one or two unshaven. They favored me with quick glances of interest, indifference, curiosity; anything else? They knew I was not sailing. I lacked that sailing look. They must have been fatigued by an excitement which had begun that day with the setting of the sun. For this was embarkation night. They were experiencing the grim reality of being off to the wars.

I climbed another companionway, rounded a corner, and blundered into a troop area. It was fetid with the odor of many men in a cramped space. The bunks crowded each other in tiers five high—close, too close for comfort, and most of them filled. SS guards wearing helmets, brassards and lifejackets patrolled the aisles, swinging their truncheons.

I recognized the outfit's insignia—the 199th Light Infantry. It was my old outfit in the last war! The soldiers stared silently—and stood aside to let me pass. Who was this man and where was he going? Why shouldn't he come with us and share our dangers? There are so many big shots in this world, so many exempt from death and wounds, so much important business—it's all too much for the brain of one poor German private. Some of them stiffened to attention and saluted. They were the old soldiers who took no chances. None of them looked over-sprightly. What was it? A fear of the Gestapo? No, merely soldiers on embarkation night. What would you expect?

"The ship's office," I rapped out. "Direct me to it."

"Down this passage, My Captain," a sergeant replied, "Then take the stairway to your left. At the landing, turn right."

With a curt nod I stamped off.

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If I rattled the saber enough, I thought, if I snorted and snarled and huffed and puffed, I might yet carry the thing off with impunity.

At the foot of the stairs stood a Fascist militiaman sentry in full field kit—an Italian. Why field kit? It was stupid; perhaps a disciplinary measure. Beside him stood a lieutenant—also Italian. He was a slim and elegant youth with a carefully groomed mustache and a well-tailored uniform. My handsome empire-builder, I shall ignore you. I swept by. The lieutenant touched my arm lightly and saluted. In fluent German he said:

"Pardon, My Captain, no one is permitted above this deck without specific authorization."

"Gestapo," I crackled, "Captain Bohm of the Gestapo."

"Your business, Captain?"

"My business is to check every troopship clearing the port of Genoa."

"It is a mere formality. Your credentials, please."

I produced the pier pass and the badge. What if he demanded the passport? He did. My shirt grew moist. Neumann expected me at midnight. It was now a quarter after.

The lieutenant was opening the passport—so slowly. The stiff paper rustled. In my pocket I gripped Bohm's luger and my palm sweated. The lieutenant's delicately arched brows were knit in a slight frown. He stared at Bohm's photograph—big, fat Bohm with the grizzled hair; then up at me, then down again at the photograph.

The lieutenant's eyebrows are joined, I thought irrelevantly (that is a sign of beauty among the Arabs) and I must now shoot the lieutenant where they join, squarely between the eyes. Then I shall have to kill the sentry—and perhaps a few others—yet save a bullet for myself. Those who let themselves be captured alive by Fascists have reason to regret it later. And so, the choicest plans are negated by unexpected blunders.

The lieutenant was saluting stiffly. He folded and returned the passport. With an enigmatic smile he stood aside.

"This way, My Captain."

Why has he let me pass? I don't know. Shall I worry about it? Shall I insist on his telling me? Then go forward and waste no more time. Neumann may be able to tell you.

WHEN I entered the glare of the *Waldeck's* office, Neumann was there, hard at work. He looked up and his left eyelid seemed to flicker in recognition. There was some kind of a bond among Bohm, Neumann and myself. We three all had worked for the same steamship line. Little bespectacled Heinz Neumann was a steamship clerk. He had started with the company as an office boy. Who would have thought this stooped quill-driver had so much cold nerve? But he did have. And there he was—a bony lamb, cooped up in an iron tub with wolves, fiends and scorpions, for three whole months.

Neumann was speaking: "Heil Hitler, Captain Bohm. Did you have difficulty in finding the ship? I've already checked the crew lists for you. Be assured, they're in good order."

"Danke schön." I unbuttoned Bohm's tunic with a great rattling of accoutrements and flung it on a

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chair. We were alone in the office. I sat down, stuck a cigarette in the corner of my mouth and Neumann leaned forward to light it.

In the Moabite manner—lips unmoving—I murmured, "Where is everybody?"

"Hollweg's here. That schwein of a colonel has had him upstairs for almost two hours rearranging the junior officers' mess. That's properly steward's work—but the steward is an Italian."

"So?"

"It will amuse you. They object to messing with Italian officers."

"Every instance of disunity between the noble allies is deeply appreciated," I said, and told Neumann of my encounter with the lieutenant. He could not enlighten me.

"No matter," I said. "How many aboard?"

"Six thousand," he said. "Officers and men."

My skin was taut with jubilation and anxiety.

"The munitions?"

"In the Number One Hold," said Neumann, "forward on the starboard side."

I made a pretense of checking my crew lists. "Your bloody troopship's well patrolled. What's up?"

"Munitions. They're never carried with troops. So much, at any rate. This is an emergency."

"It goes not so well in Africa, eh?"

"Something like that."

"What about Hollweg?"

"He just transferred today from the *Cecilie*. He won't know you from Hitler. Here's a floor plan of the Number One Hold. Here's another for the engine room."

He handed me a sheet of tissue which I crumpled into my pocket. "I've got the detonator here—in my pocket," I began. "Some of the connections will . . ."

Hollweg stepped into the room and Neumann rose.

"Captain Bohm, may I present Herr Hollweg, one of our pursers."

Hollweg then clicked his heels. "Heil Hitler. At your service, My Captain."

He was sallow, with thick pomaded black hair. A Berliner, I thought. A rich boy who beat the Russian Front. A bad place, the Russian Front, eh? It is better to be a purser on a troopship.

We shook hands and I flashed my best smile. "Heil Hitler. Thanks to your efficiency, gentlemen, my work is more than half done. You have been doing good work here in Genoa."

Hollweg liked my affability.

"Captain Bohm," explained Neumann, "is from the Marine Section, Gestapo, covering the port of Genoa."

I thought: It's useful to have a friend in the Gestapo, eh?

We chatted inconsequentially for a few minutes and Neumann said, irrelevantly perhaps: "It's forty minutes after one."

Hollweg smothered a slight yawn. "So it is. What of it?"

I took the hint. "Excellent, excellent. Since we're so far along, I think I'll drop down to the steward's pantry. Is Holz still there making his excellent coffee?"

These were some of the intimate ship's details in which I had been painfully rehearsed. A pity they were wasted on this conceited pig.

"The same crowd's down there,"

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said Neumann. "They don't leave this ship."

Hollweg took the bait; he suspected nothing. Well, well, we could use whatever little advantages accrued to us. There'd be trouble enough before the night was over.

Yawning, I donned my tunic and strolled from the office with an air of knowing the ship blindfolded. The troop areas had quieted down by now. In this section of the *Waldeck* the soldiers had been fed early in the evening. Their mess kits were put away and every bunk was occupied by a fully clothed soldier. Many of them had removed their heavy field boots. I squeezed through aisles between the tiered bunks from which protruded bare, healthy young feet in pairs. German feet, Nazi feet, stolid, obedient infantry feet. To their owners I say—it won't hurt much. If I can help it, you'll never know what hit you—you and your officer swine in the staterooms above.

Many of the soldiers had no bunks at all and lay on the flooring and in the passageways, wrapped in their greatcoats and pillowed on their helmets. It was all very soldierly. A nation of warriors troubling the earth. And the earth is weary of warriors. A nation to be pacified once and for all, with a terrible pacification.

The night guard detail—ominously helmeted—patrolled the silent dim-lit corridors, truncheons swinging. I passed the section guard office and caught a glimpse of the duty sergeant. He was asleep at his desk with his head resting on his arms. Poor fellow—he must have been very tired—a sergeant has so much to do on embarkation night. A pity his labors would be wasted. For your labors, Sergeant of the Reichswehr, shall be wasted.

I skirted the troop galleys and finally reached the steward's pantry. Those galleys had been scrubbed and burnished and mopped until they sparkled and shone behind their heavy wire caging. A single bulb burned in each galley and threw long shadows. The pantryman was most deferential. He handed me a small tray containing a silver pot full of coffee, sugar, cream and a plate stacked high with toast. He invited me to enter and enjoy my coffee at the table. The coffee was strong and black; it refreshed me.

A junior lieutenant on duty entered, removed his helmet and life-jacket and yawned. He was chewing noisily on a cheese sandwich. I invited him to join me at coffee. He was flattered, clicked his heels, bowed and introduced himself. He was quite young, not more than 23. How martial and grim he must have felt in all his gear of war and his well-fitting helmet. He was talkative—bursting with high adventure—a veritable young devil. "Ah, in all this welter of maleness, if we only had a few women; a few nurses, say." I had trouble getting rid of him.

How these Germans do buzz around an officer of the Gestapo—half-fawning, half-fearful—for they have degenerated into dishonor, tarred with the same brush as the devil they obey. The possibility of establishing a useful connection in high quarters is paramount with them. That's how things are done in Nazi Germany—by personal connection.

It was ten minutes of two. I

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slipped the pantryman a huge tip and he bowed to the ground. Both he and the lieutenant were impressed with my lordly air. They ended up by crawling. This passion for servility and obedience, among other pathic traits of another kind, summarizes in part the complex German soul. But—to work.

I HAD A moment or two to study my plan in the latrine. The weight of the little bomb dragging at my pocket reassured me a little—but not enough. Only an Underground worker in Germany can know such nightmarish twinges of fear. There is a sinister fertility of imagination about the Nazis capable of chilling the stoutest heart. I wondered about the Italian lieutenant—and why the ship was so quiet. But, then, how else should the *Waldeck* be?

I could not stop—I must go forward. Leaden-footed, I moved ahead along the starboard side, dropping deeper and deeper into the entrails of the *Waldeck*, down an interminable succession of greasy steel companionways and ladders. Sentries were encountered, of course, but not often—and they did not trouble to challenge me. I was glad they were Italians. The Italians aren't as zealous in the performance of duty as the Third Reich would like. They were perfunctory, sullen, indifferent. When they saluted me, it was with grudging sloth. I wear the uniform of a unique organization, I thought. Unique, because it is so universally and wildly hated.

The door I sought was marked on Neumann's chart. It was the door to the compressor room where the refrigerating pumps were installed. Turning the knob softly, I entered the room and closed the door behind me. The air in the room was heavy and saturated with ammonia fumes. The pumps pounded and throbbed with throaty softness. Overhead a small light glowed behind a heavy wire guard. I saw the door marked "Number One Hold. It is strictly forbidden to enter." The key Neumann had given me slipped easily into the lock. That part of the job he had done well. We had a good worker in this little steamship clerk.

There was a light tap on my shoulder and my stomach flipped over. I straightened out and turned around to stare into the eyes of a tall young man in the uniform of a Schutzstaffel lieutenant. His white teeth were clenched in a tight sardonic grin.

"My old friend, Willi Henschler—I might have known it would be you. In Gestapo uniform, too."

His hand whipped down. He might have been grabbing for a pistol. I don't know; there wasn't enough time for that. I simply rushed him and swung my fist almost vertically under the point of his chin in a short drive, leaning my 220 pounds behind it. He staggered back, fell to one knee, and I began to flail him. We rolled around on the floor grappling but I had the edge on him with the first punch.

I pounded his head on the steel flooring and still he would not go out. The second I released him he began to get up again. But I knew I had him and drove my right knee into his groin—hard. He fell again, curled up, and then I started battering his skull in for good. What a small world it was!

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Here and now to encounter an old acquaintance—Borowitz, the ex-policeman, who joined the SS early in '34. The bloody old days in Hamburg. The times they beat me with belt buckles and wet leather. When it rained my scars still ached. And now Borowitz was a Schutzstaffel lieutenant. It was nice to see him like that—limp and wet on the floor.

I was certain it was the Italian who had reported me. Why hadn't they issued a general alarm for me? If they wanted to hog all the credit, so much the worse for them. The door to the compressor room began to open softly and I stepped behind it, shoving my pistol into the Italian lieutenant's back as he stepped in. He was an intelligent young man—quick to understand. He handed me his gun without even attempting to turn around. The universal language of a gun muzzle.

I indicated the compressor room door and whispered: "Bolt it." And then: "Unlock the door to the hold. So, careful, softly."

He was white-faced, moving obediently with a soft economy of movement. The interior of the hold was black and silent. The air within was hot, dead and musty. I switched on a small flashlight.

"Pick up your friend," I told the Italian, "and carry him in."

Panting, the Italian dragged Borowitz over the steel drums and cases and I followed, lighting the way. Under my direction he wedged the unconscious man down well away in the darkest corner behind a double tier of steel drums and made a clumsy spring at me. I might have expected something like that. He was inept. In the midst of so much ammunition and explosives I had no chance to use the gun. It fell to the steel flooring with a clatter and we wrestled around. He was a slim youth and light and I was able to bear him down by sheer weight and strangle him in silence. I exerted pressure on his Adam's apple until my fingers ached up to the wrist. In the thick darkness—for the flash had gone out—I heard him gurgle. Then he sagged and was motionless.

When I turned the beam on his face, I saw it was very white and his eyes were staring from his head, straining and wide open. I smashed the pistol down on his head till his heart seemed to stop beating—I couldn't be sure, for my own was beating so loudly. With Fascists, leave nothing to chance. I was doing my job well.

Switching on the tiny beam of the flash again, I looked at my watch. It was half past two in the morning and the time bomb was set to go off at 20 minutes after three. I had about 50 minutes in which to finish the job. Or was it set to go off? I lifted the bomb delicately to my ear. The mechanism was dead.

I heard a rattling at the door, extinguished the flash and crouched behind the drums near the two bodies. I heard voices and footsteps and a beam of light swept the hold.

A voice said: "Everything all right here, sergeant. Lock the door." I recognized my young acquaintance, the junior lieutenant of the pantry encounter. Quite right, Herr Leutnant; everything is and will be all right. They finally left, and when it was quiet again I switched

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on the flash and spread on a steel drum the tiny tool kit which I usually carry about my waist. With as much care as I could muster I unbolted the steel shell of the time bomb. Before that bomb was loaded, I had practiced blindfolded often enough, dismantling and reassembling it. Still, my fingers were all wet thumbs. Those few moments were bad but finally I had the hairlike copper wires connected to the posts. The clock device ticked and purred like a sated cat.

I cradled the time bomb in Borowitz's stiffening arms and he lay there like a sleeping man embracing a jewel casket. He had died very easily.

I STEPPED OUT, locked the door and returned to the ship's office almost at a run. I was puffing when I came in. Neumann must have been under a strain; when he saw me the relief in his eyes was so strong it almost had substance. Hollweg was sprawled out in the only armchair in the office, sound asleep. Neumann's eyes questioned me but I didn't trust myself to speak or Hollweg to hear. I nodded.

Neumann began gathering up all the papers and cards which Bohm usually took ashore. He stuffed them into two big manila envelopes. He kept muttering under his breath; the sudden let-down must have been too much.

"Come," he said finally, "a good night's work. You have about eight minutes. They start hauling the gangway clear soon."

I adjusted my tunic and Neumann's hands shook as he donned his lightweight raincoat. "Come," he said, "come."

There was a knock on the door, a deck officer entered, and for the twentieth time that night I felt my body dissolve into perspiration.

Neumann's face was a little ghastly in the strong light and he swallowed with spasmodic jerks.

"My Captain, may I present Carl Berger, the fourth officer of the *Waldeck;* one of the best in the old Hapag Line."

Far above us, the *Waldeck's* whistle blew, a long, hoarse shuddering blast which set the floor beneath us reverberating.

Berger grinned and said: "Heil Hitler. Your face is very familiar, My Captain; haven't . . ."

Again the office shook as the hoarse warning blast sounded.

"They're rousing the skipper to take the bridge over. Are you sailing with us?"

"Not if I can help it," I said. "I get seasick as the devil."

"Then you'd better get off the ship. We're hauling the gangway in about five minutes."

"Excellent idea," I said and took one of the manila envelopes from Neumann.

"The gangway is my job," said Berger, "let's all go down together."

The three of us stepped out into the passageway. It was silent and empty except for the soldier pacing it at the other end. And then a third time the ship's whistle sounded.

"This is it," said Berger. "You'll just about make it."

He sauntered ahead of us in a way that set my teeth on edge. I wanted to kick him out of the way and start running. And then he was in a jovial, talkative mood. It seemed like an hour till we reached the gangway. The master at arms and

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the two corporals on guard earlier in the evening, were gone. Berger took over. There was a sergeant of the guard awaiting him, a big hard-looking Prussian, and the Italian pier-master. On the pier side I saw a group of pier guards, some officers and a workman sitting ready in a light autopowered crane. They had a steel wire cable slung around the middle of the gangway and were awaiting the signal from the bridge over the public address system to haul it clear. On the ship side, two seamen were busy letting go the lines to free the gangway.

The Prussian sergeant saluted and examined my badge and pier pass. He half opened the passport and glanced at it carelessly in the light from a single dim shaded bulb. But he stopped Neumann.

"Pardon," he said with suspicious politeness, "crew members are forbidden to leave the ship."

Neumann said: "I'm just showing the Captain the way out."

Berger listened idly to the exchange and from the background a shadowy form detached itself and strolled forward. A plainclothes rat, I speculated, and wondered if I could bluff an arrest—turn on Neumann, arrest him, and announce that I was taking him ashore.

Neumann must have surmised my thoughts and shook his head. There was no help for it. We shook hands and I said: "A pleasant trip and a safe return."

Without another word he turned and disappeared around the corner. There really was no help for it; he had to go along with the ship.

When I emerged from the cavernous gloom of the long pier, the guard at the entrance saluted in a sleepy way. I had to muster all my self control to keep myself from running. I crossed the railroad tracks which ran parallel to the bulkheads and, only then, did I start sprinting. I dove into a pitch black malodorous alleyway and redoubled my speed.

A rolling, rumbling explosion seemed to split the sky and the earth, and I was flung forward on my face—deafened, stunned and bruised. I picked myself up and continued on in a staggering run, threading and twisting through the waterfront slum quarter. Broken glass, sifting dust, grits and embers rained down on me. Overhead the sky flamed red and livid and the peace of the night was punctuated by a series of rattling explosions. I slowed down to a walk, then stopped and leaned against a wall. I was tired.

Hollywood Stories

♛ ONE OF THE SMALL independent film producers in Hollywood was asked how business was. "Colossal," he replied. "But it's improving."

—*Oklahoma City Tinker Tailspin*

♛ POINTING SCORNFULLY at a diminutive figure on the set, the film magnate asked, "Who is that?"

"He's the man who plays Napoleon," answered the director.

Angrily the tycoon asked, "Why did you get such a little man to play such an important part?" —JEROME GREGG

♛ HOLLYWOOD ACTOR Jack Carson has his own definition of a fan club:

"A group of people who tell an actor he's not alone in the way he feels about himself." —JAMES HARRIS

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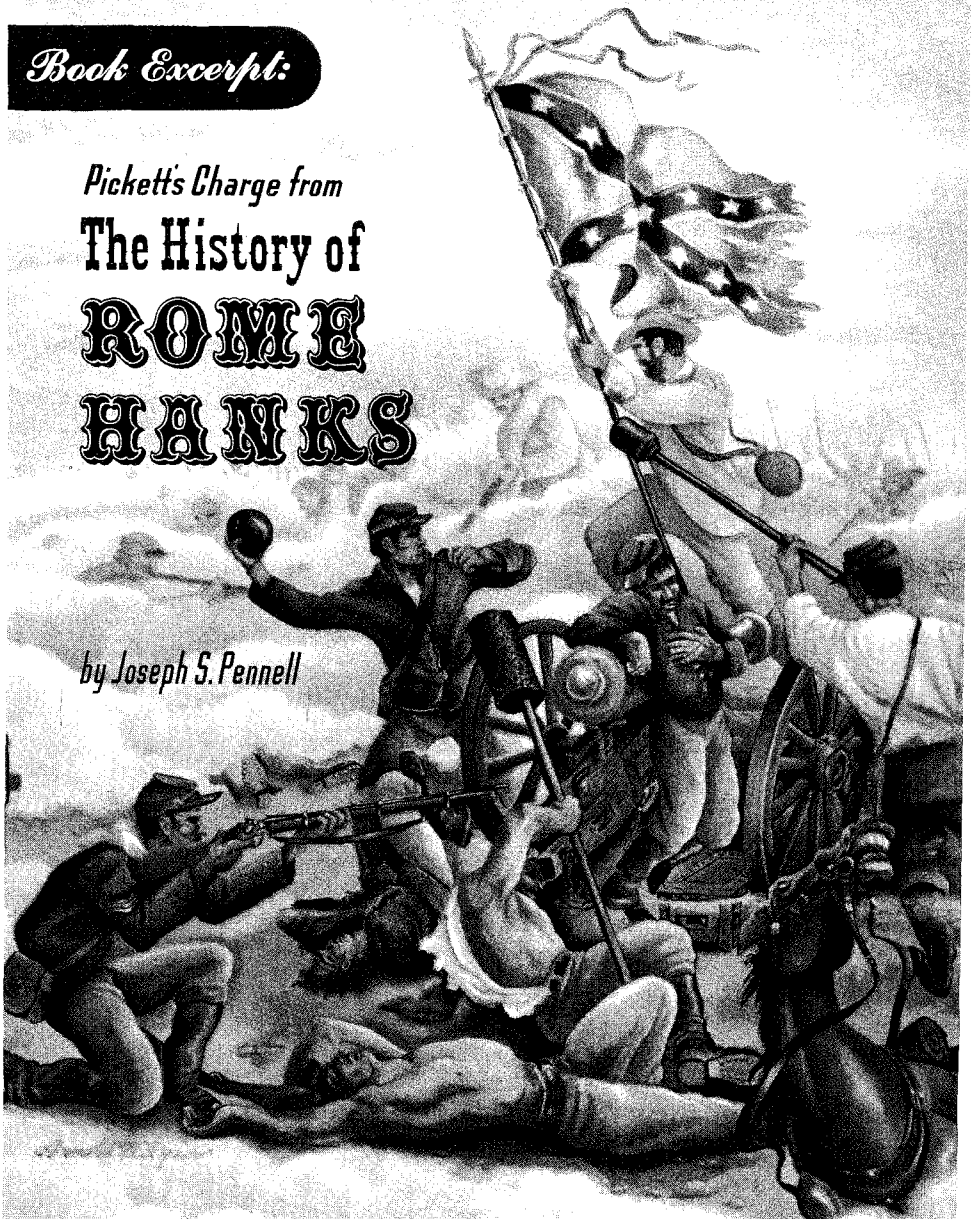
Book Excerpt:

Pickett's Charge from

The History of ROME HAWKS

by Joseph S. Pennell



You march along the field at Gettysburg with the boys in gray, view and smell the grim sites of battle as you read this stirring tale. You discover that war, yesterday as today, evokes the same confused and terrible emotions in all who let blood spill . . . An unforgettable excerpt

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Pickett's Charge

by JOSEPH STANLEY PENNELL

There were about eighty of us after Pickett's Charge, Uncle Pink said. Oh, a few more came in afterward when we got back into Virginia, but I don't reckon we was more'n a hunderd and fifty when all was totaled up—and we had eight hunderd when we marched into Pennsylvania.

YOU WANT TO HEAR about your grandfather and the Eighty-sixth North Carolina regiment, Uncle Pink said. I was right fond of Jud. Judson was maybe fifteen when he and I went down to join Zebulon Vance's old regiment. We signed up at the courthouse.

We joined the regiment in Virginia in the winter of sixty-two. Ole Wagg, the captain of the Gadkin county company, was an ignorant kindhearted ole critter. He said the War was a war fur God—and he could coat scripter to show hit was. Anything he could share with us he shared—anything but hardship.

Gettysburg, Uncle Pickney said, —what they call Pickett's Charge. The Highwater Mark of the Confederacy! Why they call it a high-water mark, I never could tell. Mebbe a highblood mark. And *Pickett's* Charge! It would be just as correct to say Pettigrew's Charge. The Virginians got all the credit for that assault.

You know we might have got 'em that day if something hadn't happened. But whose-ever's fault it was —it was a killin' for the Yankees.

After a good many years, you git to thinkin'—and you think how could I have been such a tarnal fool? That wasn't my fight, or Jud's, or pore brother Sion's. It may have been Robert E. Lee's and Wade Hampton's and Jeb Stuart's—but it wasn't even old Tom Jackson's. Let alone Zeb Vance's.

There were, as you know, three days of the battle of Gettysburg. When we marched into Pennsylvania, I thought it was the purtiest green fenced-in, tidied-up country ever I saw.

That first day at Gettysburg was the first real war for Jud and me.

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You and I can sit here under the honeysuckle vine and talk about war; and I can tell you how there were Yanks across the branch with loaded rifles in a field and how we had loaded rifles too. I can tell you how we went towards each other and started firing at each other—and how I saw boys and men bleeding at the mouth, the head, the breast; with ankles shattered; with legs blown off. There was one Yankee lad—I lay down near him, and he died while I was there without saying a word—with blood rolling out of his neck onto a fine white linen shirt. He made a gurgle sound, a little like my pipe.

But there is something metaphysical, mebbe, about battle—something in the ether between the two armies. It is not a smell, or a look, or a taste, or a noise, or an emotion—it is something that you remember (not all of it—not all complete, however) for years. Maybe you remember the smell and the look and the feel and the taste and the noise, but they were thrown into you then and mixed up and jogged around as if they were in a mortar being pounded around by a pestle with something else, some X, being added—and you yourself and thousands of others being pounded into this mixture. No; Uncle Pink said. It ain't hate, fear, anger nor pride. It's something else. It's something curious and cruel—it's something like that hillbilly brother-in-law of mine felt when he got a call while he was walkin' along between the plowhannels. All of a damn sudden a man feels powerful strange. He looks around him and says: This is the earth I walk on every day; these are the trees that shade me; there is the sun again—but where am I? And what, in God's name, am I?

Those who get the call must have felt the way I did at Gettysburg on the first of July, Eighteen sixty-three.

WE HAD roast pig to eat before Pickett's Charge, Uncle Pink said. We were all standin' around droolin' at the mouth when a tall feller with dusty jackboots walked up to Wagg and saluted. Cap'n? the man said in a voice soft as rich fur. Cap'n, ah lost mah hawss.

You lost yore hawss, suh? Wagg said. And mah rigiment too. Ah figgahed you might let me he'p with youah batt'ry heah. Well, suh, Wagg said, yore laborin' under a misapprehension. That batt'ry hain't ourn. We ain' hawss ahtillery er hawss cavalreh—we git around on shank's mar'. We fit on foot for three years. Suah you didn' smell ouah pohk meat? Well, Cap'n, ah cain't say ah *didn't* smell it. But ah said to mahse'f, those men look like they could lick the hell outa one of Gen'l Wade Hampton's beahs, so ah come ovah to inquiah if you needed any he'p.

What's yore outfit, young man? Wagg asked. Jeff Davis Legion, Cap'n. Ah cain't find hide naw hair of mah command. Well, Wagg said, I reckin you kin holp. We was eight hunderd 'fore we hit Pennsylvany—I don't reckin we got more'n three hunderd now. What's yore name an' rank, young man? Reese Eliot, suh. Private. Wagg grinned.

You, Jud, and you, Pink! Carreh this cavalrehman oveh to yon wagins and git him a Yankee muskit and some U.S. ca'tridges. Let me make you acquainted with Private

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Jud Harrington and Private Pink Harrington. It's an honah, Reese said quietly.

He walked along with Jud and me half like he was under our command and half like we were his hosts. Suah is hot! he said. It's gonna be hottah foah the Yankees today though. Ah heah we gonna hit 'em this aftahnoon with the whole ahmy!

We ain't heard it, I said. How do you know, Reese? Jud said. Well, Reese said, ah been lookin' foah the Jeff Davis Legion all mawnin', an all the men in Longstreet's corps said they huhd Gen'l Lee was fixin' to hit 'em with evehthing we got this aftahnoon. Now, if ah can just git me a good rifle, we can git in among 'em and whip the hell out of the Yankees, cain't we? Shore can! Jud said.

Pretty soon we came out into the sunlight of a wheatfield where the wagons were. Jud and me got Reese a .58 calibre Springfield musket with U.S. arsenal marks and 150 rounds of paper-minie cartridges.

I can remember the walk back to the regiment too: it was on the way back that we run onto the buryin' detail. They had a long shallow trench dug and were gatherin' Southerner and Yankee alike. Some of 'em were stiff with their arms up in the air—they were fairly fresh kilt—and others were limp—they were gittin' black in the face. None of 'em had any shoes on. No sir! We never buried a pair of shoes after Eighteen sixty-two that I can remember—and not many clothes.

They lay in the shallow trench like you could stand 'em up and have a company front ready for action. I saw Orren Brabble dead with his eyes open and Drury Bugg and Old Jeems Marsh—all from Gadkin county. And they'd all been alive on the second of July. Why, Goddamn it! I remember now. Orren Brabble got a cake from his mother and give a little piece of it to every one of us in the company—a mere sliver—and took the smallest sliver for himself.

When Jud and me got back to camp with the recruit, Wagg and Abner Snead were cutting up the meat. Wagg gave us three extry large and choice hunks of pig. We were still eating when a young staff officah on a hawss rode up and hollered: Who's in command heah? I am, suh! Wagg hollered back. The man on the hawss hollered: Have your regiment ready to move at a moment's notice.

Jud and me took Reese oveh to our brother Sion and introduced him. We were sorter proud of Sion, for he was color sergeant and had been at Seven Pines—and Old Wagg said Sion'd saved his life at Malvern Hill.

Wagg got the regiment formed in two lines an' said: Set down whur you are, men. Soon as we git the order we can git up. I saw Old Wagg take a Bible out of his pocket and walk over under a tree, moving his lips as he read to himself.

NOW, UNCLE PINCKNEY said to me, mark what I tell you, boy! I heard the two guns of the Washington Artillery that started the greatest cannonade the world had ever known up to the twentieth century—the signal guns. They went off almost at once. I could see the Virginia battery laying the weeds flat in front of their muzzles. Over

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on the opposite hill where the Yanks were, puffs of white smoke began to show in the sky.

Wagg came out from undah the tree and said: Let the pig dygest—and remembah what the Lawd said unto Jeremiah. Majah Dula is goin' to ride with the regiment—but I'm not goin' to ride. I'm gonna walk right along with you and holp you whup the Yankees. *Gird up thy loins!*

SOME MORE cannon had opened: and Jud would blink now and again and close his eyes tight for a second or two. Up the line back of us I could hear a hawss galloping. Then I saw Pickett's men begin to move out onto the fields below. Pickett's Charge. Whenever you hear about it you think of a big army, maybe on horseback, rushing across a big open space and waving their swords and firing their muskets and hollering like hell—all happening in the clear air, so that you can see 'em cutting down the enemy and the enemy shell breaking in among 'em. Well, it wasn't like that: you couldn't see much: a good number of men walkin' in a fairly straight line across a smoky dusty field—a red flag now and again and the line gittin' crookeder all the time.

I saw a battery galloping forward across the field once that day—bouncing and kicking up the dust—but even that when you're far from it doesn't look like much. It ain't fast! But that didn't matter. We felt something big was fixin' to happen.

We got the order over the hot air. Forwaahd! It seemed lazy and fur away—even when Wagg hauled out his sword and stood out in front of us and bellowed: Fohwahd—Maahch! and we started to walk slowly towards Cemetery Ridge.

I looked up and saw Sion's flag: once I read Seven Pines on it and Malvern Hill. Heah we go! Reese said. Heah we go, Jud! Heah we go, Pink! Gonna lick the hell outa the whole damn' Yankee ahmy!

We marched along easy except for the dead men and hawses and our own guns we had to march through—those cannoneers shore looked tired. But they hollered out at us as we went past. There was one bunch of dead hawses we went past: they looked like wooden hawses the way their legs stuck out.

Keep closed up, Wagg hollered. An' remembah what the Lawd Gahd said to Jeremiah! After a little way you could look around, Uncle Pink said, because it was such a long walk in the hot sun to the Yankee lines—you could look around and wish for a drink of water and wondah what was goin' to happen. For a while I thought the bayonets looked like a tall steel picketfence in the sun. You could walk along and figgah: I got me a Yank in front of me comin' at me with his bayonet. I can't shoot him, because I just fired. Shall I jump outa his way and come in and stick him from the side, or shall I knock his bayonet to one side and stick him from the front, or shall I mash in his head with a club-musket? Supposin' he gits me fust? Supposin' I tuhn and run—and he sticks me in the back? And I kept thinkin', if it wasn't so damn hot and I had a drink, I wouldn't really mind gittin' kilt.

Look theah, Reese hollered. By Gahd! theah's an officah wearin' an *ovehcoat!* A Yankee ovehcoat at that! I saw him, Uncle Pink said,

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but I couldn't think at the time what Reese was laughin' at. Fur as I was concerned a whole battalion of overcoats in July wouldn't have surprised me then.

It was General Dick Garnett. He was just out of an ambulance and still sick, but he rode in with the men in his old Union army overcoat. I don't think I had eveh seen him before and I never saw him after. He was killed that day. I waited until Eighteen eighty-seven to find that out in a piece in the *Century Magazine*. The man was sick, buttoned up in a blue Yankee overcoat, on July third—a hot July third—riding into what *he* knew was almost certain death. My Gahd! Uncle Pink said. Who remembers Gen'l Dick Garnett now? Who remembers anybody but Lee, Jackson, Grant and Sherman?

We kept on walkin', Uncle Pink said, in a long line. I could hear a rumbling in the ground, but for a while I couldn't make out what it was. Then it dawned on me. Why, by Gahd, I said to myself, it must be our feet. Ten thousand pair of feet, thinks I—that'd be twenty thousand feet. Be a good many won't make any noise after today.

I quit listenin' to the feet and I heard maybe a battery limbered—it had a lumbery sound like a springless wagon, but it jingled like a battery. The dust got thicker, but nothin' seemed to happen except we was goin' for a walk. I looked up toward the opposite ridge and saw smoke break loose.

It must have hit the line about ten, fifteen foot to the right of me, for there was a gap there—and Jud and Reese were still there beside me. Down at the end of the line I caught a glimpse of Sion with the flag—opened out and rippling slow on the hot air.

Now that they had us out in the middle of the field, the Yankees opened right up with their cannon. Another solidshot or a shell that didn't explode hit Abner Snead in the right leg and tore it off. The blood spattered on Jud and Reese. Behind Abner a diagonal line of men went down—maybe six. Lige Boggs—Harrison Lacey, a half hillbilly who was as mean as they make 'em, said later—got that solidshot or unbursted shell in his belly. It went clear through him and rolled and skipped away on the field as Lige lay bloody and flopping with his guts spillin' out—but already dead, like a chicken with its head cut off. I saw Abner jump up from the ground and hop up and down on the leg he had left. He hollered once, then he fell oveh with the blood spurting from his stump—and then he toppled oveh.

Ole Wagg was still out in front. Close up! he hollered. Remembah Jeremiah! He walked along backwards. You know what I can remember about him? I can remember how his belly was cut into with that belt and how it joggled up and down every backwards step he took. He put his hand up to his mouth and hollered loud: Come out hyear with the cullahs, Sion! I saw Sion run out with the flag jerkin' and pullin' the hot air above him.

I looked at Cemetery Ridge one minute and saw the Yankees and guns, and I looked the next minute and nothin' but smoke with red far flashes comin' out of it. The dust from our own feet got thicker and thicker, but I could see the lines

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gap open—and see the men begin to cough from dust and smoke. They warn't usin' any solidshot now—canister and grape was breakin' all around us. It got so thick I couldn't tell how close we were gittin' to the ridge—but my legs felt as if they were climbing. I could get glimpses of Wagg walkin' backwards out in front: I could see him twistin' that bullneck of his'n to look oveh his shoulder. And I could see Sion's flag beside him and, now and then, Sion walkin' along as straight as he could oveh the holes that the Yanks had kicked up in the field.

I saw the railfence then, Uncle Pink said. It was 'longside a road. There was a few of our boys behind it shootin' at the Yankees. I saw one man plain, lyin' on his back bitin' a cartridge—I saw him git his musket between his knees and ram it home. Ole Wagg and Sion were almost at the railfence when I saw hit happen.

I saw Brothuh Sion's head neah the flagstaff one second—and then the next I saw the flagstaff and flag and all the names of the battles marchin' along beside Wagg with no head near it. I saw Sion walkin' along beside Wagg—at attention—without any head, totin' the flag. It's in the smoke, thinks I. I'll see all of him in a minute. I even shut my eyes and opened 'em quick to clear away the cobwebs—but there was Sion, still walkin' along a little ahead of Wagg, who was still waddlin' along backwards. I even recognized Sion's shoulders. I saw his hands still on the flagstaff. He's lookin' down, thinks I. He'll throw back his head in a minute. But he didn't. He must have marched six steps before Wagg caught the flag and waved it.

I saw Jud and Reese running forward. I don't remember running myse'f. One minute I thought I heard Captain Albright holler: Close up! Next I was with Jud and Reese lookin' down at Sion. The blood was spurting out of his neck and I could see the gray of his windpipe—and his adam's apple workin'. I kept thinkin': That's Sion, all right. I know those shoulders and back like a book—like I know the road from Caldwell to Blowin' Rock. But there wasn't any head at all.

Jud looked like a froze rabbit then all right. He didn't even move until Reese put a hand on his arm. Come on Jud, boy, Reese said. Let's you and me git us some Yanks.

Jud started on with him. Harrison Lacey had taken the flag from Wagg. Wagg was hollering: *Out of the* NAWTH *an evil shall break fo'th upon all the inhabitants of the Land!* Oveh the fence, boys! Git the Gahddamn' niggerlovin' bluebellies. They got little Sion! Remembah Zeb Vance and old *Nawth Cahlina*—but hol' yore fiah till we git oveh!

That was whar the heaviest Yankee musketfire started. The minnie balls began to whistle and the railfence shed splinters like a sawmill. Wagg and Lacey were running toward the fence screaming. Reese and Jud were right after 'em. I think I saw Dance Sudderth and James Poe and Wheary.

I must have run after 'em. I got across the fencerails—or they were knocked down. Reese and Dance Sudderth and Jud and me were firing into a Union battery behind a

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low stone wall. When we began to load, I saw Reese slump down behind the wall and thought they'd got him for a minute—but then I saw him jerk Jud down to the ground. I lay down to load too after that. But Dance Sudderth didn't need to lie down; he fell over easy with the blood shooting out of the left side of his neck. Over to the left outside the stone wall, I saw a thick line of Yanks with muskets. Oh, I wasn't afraid now. I'd begun to git used to it. Nothin' seemed to matter. I saw Jud and Reese roll over on their backs to finish loading—Jud was bitin' cartridge as calm as if it was target practice. Reese got up crouching.

There were a good many Confederates comin' up behind us when the Yankees burnt into us with a round of canister. I got blood in my face and heard Reese yell: Canistah! By Gahd, canistah! Save that bullet in youah rifle. Let's git oveh the wall and in among 'em.

Wagg was right near us: Eighty-six Nawth Cahlina! *Out of the* nawth *an evil shall break fo'th!* Ralley hyear! He pointed to Lacey and the flag. Git the Gahddamn' bluebellied bastuds. Little Jud! You, Pink! An' the cavalreh! Oveh the wall, boys! Give 'em the cole steel!

I can see Ole Wagg trot up to that wall and climb it like a bar on a rock. He stood up on the wall and aimed at and shot a man who was about to pull the lanyard of a Napoleon. Then he jumped down on the other side like a ton of brick.

Looked to me like all the Yanks' faces ever I saw that day didn't have no more expression than a turnip or a stick of kin'lin' wood. My hands were skinned and bleeding—I must've skinned them on the stone wall. James Poe and Wheary were comin' over the wall and Reese and Jud were oveh. I saw a couple of Yankee ahtillerymen ramming what looked like a double charge of grape into a Napoleon gun. Reese killed one with his musket and Wagg beat the other over the head with his clubbed-musket.

Just about that time I saw a Yankee ahtillery officah walkin' up to Jud. He was fixin' to shoot Jud. I pulled up my musket and started to fire, but Jud got his up and jerked the trigger with one motion. The Yank was powerful close. His pistol went off in the air as he went over backwards. Looked as if he jumped up—mebbe he was blowed up—off the ground. There was a big hole in his blue ahtillery jacket. The edges of the hole were burnin'—and his bare hide looked like a sidewalk where a firecracker has gone off, with blood in the middle of the explosion.

THE YANKEE infantry kept comin' in from the left and rolled us up. Lacey had stuck the flag of the Eighty-sixth in the ground, and he and Wagg were trying to turn the Napoleon, which the two Yanks had been loading. The rammer was still in the muzzle. Split—mebbe by a minnie ball—it looked forked, like a snake's tongue. Wagg's back arched like a plow hawss and the gun swung around on the Yanks. Reese ran around to the lanyard. Wagg and Lacey stepped aside, and Wagg yelled: Fiah! Reese jerked the lanyard. It went into 'em canister, rammer and all—it was a Gahd's wonder the bar'l didn't

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break. Wagg picked up another rammer and Jud and me got canister. Wagg and Lacey rammed in another charge just as the Yankees closed up and came on. Reese had out his Yankee pistol firing into 'em as he pulled the lanyard again. They were right up on the gun. That charge blew at least two Yankees in two—and the legs and heads off a couple. I saw something light on the ground mebbe ten yards away. I think it was an arm.

But they kept closing in: Wagg was beating 'em off with the rammer; and Lacey was slashing around with a sharp bayonet. Gahd! Uncle Pink said. I saw him rip the mouth out of one Yankee boy—and he had a grin on his face while he did it. But that kind of thing couldn't last long. There were too many comin' up. I saw Jud poke with his bayonet, pull back, put his foot against a Yankee, and pull again. The Yankee grabbed the bayonet with his hand. Lacey was tearing the flag off the pole.

Then, suddenly, I saw Reese: he had his father's Mexican War sword swung high oveh and back of his head. His shoulders looked likely to bust his jacket any minute —and they swelled up when he brought the sword down and threw it back again. Two Yankees went down under it with their heads and shoulders bleeding. He stood there restin' for a little spell, his jacket crept up and tight across those shoulders, the buttons open careless and his plumed hat jammed down oveh his ears. Then he hollered at Jud: Come on, Jud! Let's git back!

Now, Union batteries were galloping along the crest of the ridge near the cemetery. I could see a few bewildered-lookin' Confederates climbin' back oveh the wall. We started to run, Reese and Jud and Lacey. I stumbled oveh a dead hawse's legs, and Reese picked me up. The hawses were in heaps—dead and wounded—and so were the men.

Time we got to the wall there were right many climbin' oveh. We got oveh and to somewhere 'longside that railfence that hadn't been knocked oveh. Git down! Reese said. Snake undah it! We threw ourselves down and wriggled through on our bellies. Then we crouched and ran a piece. We almost fell down and lay flat, panting.

We could hear ourselves panting. There wasn't much musketry or cannonading now. A lot of legs passed by us just walkin' slow. Jud still had a grip on his musket and he was coughin'. I had mine too and, for the first time, I noticed the bayonetblade was bloody. Reese's father's swordblade was right under my nose. It was bright in the sun where the dirt wasn't stuck in the blood on it. Sticking out of Lacey's coat was the Malvern Hill on the flag. In his right hand he had Ole Wagg's Bull Pistol and in his left a stone. He'd lost his bayonet.

We saw somethin' movin' near us. I grabbed onto my musket harder, until I saw what it was: it was a man settin' up. He pushed himself up with his hands. He still had an old brown slouch hat on the back of his head. He had tears in his eyes.

Before Gahd, boy, I neveh hope to see anything worse. Below the man's nose there wasn't any face. From the hair and the look of what

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face there was left, it was a boy of about sixteen—worst thing about it his eyes looked familiar.

The eyes looked at me study. He pointed to my musket and then back to himself. I couldn't move.

Reese saw him and began to load the Yankee Colt. He capped a nipple, cocked the hammer, took the pistol by the barrel and got up. Come on, he said. Le's git back and find the regiment. We went on ahead—and he came up with us. We just walked back; we couldn't run. Well, we suah hit 'em anyway, Reese said.

It was a strange part of Seminary Ridge—not where we started from—Uncle Pink said.

Men were comin' back just like we were. They all looked bewildered.

There were some officahs on hawses—one with a redjacket and a queer hat. One of 'em in a plain shabby gray uniform rode out to us. He had a Vandyke beard like yore grandfather use' to wear. I knew him in a minute, even if I'd never seen him before. It was Lee. Nobody could mistake him. By Gahd! You could feel him. It was all my fault, he said. We must all stand together now, to save the rest.

I didn't say anything, but Lacey came up hollering: Look Gen'l Lee! he hollered, and ripped the flag out of his jacket. I saved the Ole Eighty-six flag.

Lacey began to cry—and the Old Man took off his hat.

That was what they called Pickett's Charge, Uncle Pink said.

Vocabulary Lessons

THE MOTHER OF TWO carefully brought up little boys was shocked to hear her new neighbor swearing loudly. In an effort to shelter her small sons, she took Ken, age four, confidentially aside.

"Ken, dear," she explained, "when you hear Mrs. Harris shouting like that, I want you to take Tim and play on the other side of the house."

Not long afterwards Mrs. Harris flew into another rage. Ken seized his younger brother's hand and tugged him around the house. Jerked away from his play, Tim began to remonstrate.

"But you *have* to come, Tim," Ken was heard to say. "Our neighbor—she's all out of good language."

—KATHRYN PECK

SOMEWHERE TOMMY had picked up an excellent command of profanity which greatly embarrassed his parents. When the little boy was asked to a birthday party, he was given conditional consent. "You may go," his mother said, "if you promise not to swear. If you *do* and are sent home like last time, I'll give you a paddling you'll never forget."

The next afternoon, bright-faced and eager, Tommy left for the party. In 15 minutes he was back. Grim-faced, his mother administered the promised spanking. As she led the howling youngster off to his room, she asked, "Now what did you say to be sent home so soon?"

"I didn't say anything," wailed Tommy. "The blankety-blank party's not till tomorrow."

—RICHARD NOSSAMAN

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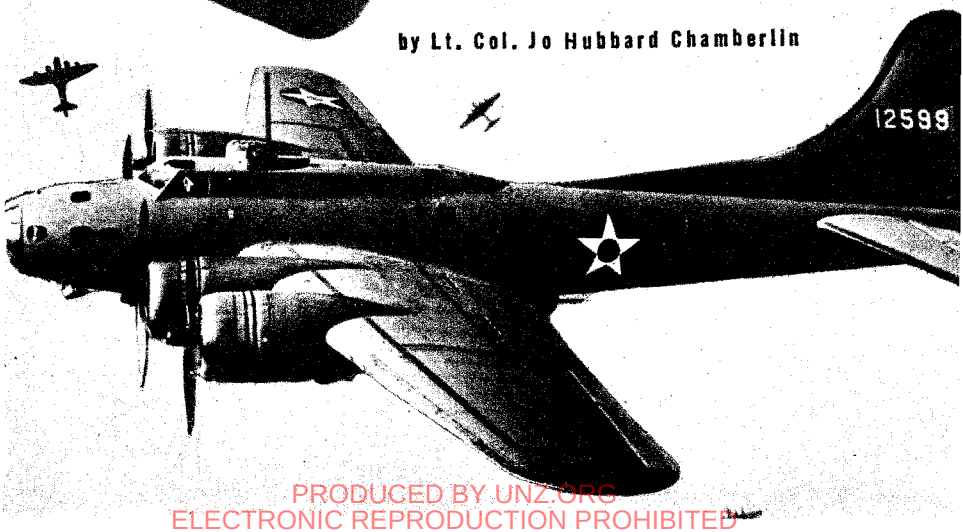
Special Feature:

The Army's Incredible SMITH

by Lt. Col. Jo Hubbard Chamberlin



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The Army's Incredible Smith

by Lt. Col. Jo Hubbard Chamberlin

General Henry H. Arnold called a special meeting of the officers concerned in AAF Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

The pressing problem was how to get our planes through a hazardous section of the new North Atlantic route to Europe, where we needed them desperately. In this particular section the weather was considered excellent if you could see your own feet through the fog, or if the cups were not being blown off the anemometers. Plainly, the job called for a *Superman* to get the planes through—a combination of Paul Bunyan, Dan Boone, and Admiral Byrd—and no such man was available.

General Arnold listened to his officers' spirited discussion, then said quietly, "We'll send up A. D. Smith." Arnold, who enjoys surprising his younger officers occasionally, offered no explanation, and the men filed out of his office.

Who, they asked each other, is A. D. Smith?

All they knew was that he was then a colonel in his fifties, who had been stationed for two years in the sun-blistered American desert. An "early bird" Army pilot, he had taught himself to fly in a plane he had built himself. These qualifications were impressive, but they did not make A. D. Smith the ideal man to command a sub-Arctic base, where even young men died battling the elements.

So they searched further.

They found that practically nothing had been written about A. D. Smith. But they also unfolded—from official records and from the words of men like Billy Mitchell and Jimmy Doolittle—a surprising story. A. D. Smith has done as much for Army aviation as any man flying today.

There are 83,440 Smiths, Smyths, and Smythes in the U. S. Army, but he is undoubtedly the Number One Smith—and a gentleman with 99 lives.

He is the kind of man who is the backbone of the global AAF.

Albert D. Smith began his

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military career at the age of one by cutting his first teeth on an old Army rifle barrel. In 1904 he enlisted as an infantry private, and was promptly sent to the Philippines to battle Moros on the warpath. He returned from the Philippines and landed at San Francisco just before the earthquake of 1906. As a first sergeant, he helped fight fires up Market Street, dynamiting buildings in the Army's effort to check the holocaust.

As a soldier, A. D. saved his pay. He left the Army in 1907, and started for Montana where the government was opening up ranch lands. At the San Francisco docks there was a steamship bound for Seattle, but there were also plenty of guards. Smith sauntered about until he saw sacks of potatoes being slid down a chute into the ship's hold. When the loaders stepped away for a moment, he too slid down the chute.

Smith arranged to be seen at the edge of crowds wherever the purser was collecting tickets. When the purser got too close, A. D. would saunter off and join another group. Finally the purser looked at him familiarly and said, "I believe I already have your ticket?" A. D. breathed easier and said, "Oh, yes, indeed."

At the docks in Seattle, a gust of wind blew a landing card out of a passenger's hand, and A. D. picked it up and handed it courteously to the purser as he stepped down the gangplank.

From Seattle to Montana, Smith rode in his own private boxcar. He secured his land from the government, and set out to make it pay. Everything, he announced, had to *produce*. On his ranch he had females almost exclusively—hens, sows, ewes, cows and mares.

However, in 1910 his keen interest in airplanes won out over ranching. He sold his ranch and with a friend built a powered plane—from books they had read. In 1911 they had an offer of 200 dollars to fly at a Spokane event, so they decided to win money and learn to fly at the same time! A. D. took off without difficulty, and what he had not learned before came to him fast in the air.

A. D. was scared stiff.

Down the Spokane River he flew, contrary to the announced plan of the flight. A. D. managed to keep the plane in the air, and headed for the nearest field. He could not throttle down the motor, and he ignominiously crash-landed in a combination dead stick and power dive. Luckily, A. D. escaped with only minor injuries. The outraged sponsors refused to pay for the abortive hop, but A. D. argued successfully that since he had left the ground and came down again it constituted a flight.

Smith learned to fly correctly and became a skillful pilot. He flew over 6,000 hours during the years that saw most pilots killed before they reached 300 hours. By 1915 A. D. was acting as a commercial test pilot in his spare time.

AT THIS TIME the Japanese government became aware of Smith's flying and engineering ability. He had just established a world's single engine seaplane endurance record. Twice the Japanese offered A. D. a huge contract to take charge of their army aviation. It would have

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put A. D. on easy street, but he turned it down to become an Army pilot at 200 dollars a month.

He became our leading test pilot.

Once A. D. was sent to Buffalo to test a new and different version of the Bristol fighter. Before taking off, Smith checked the ship. He gave one strut a stout tug—and to his amazement it came loose in his hand. Examination showed that the bolt—and several others—had been sawed in two by German saboteurs, and the cuts cleverly hidden with soap and filings. With the first strains, the plane would have disintegrated in midair.

Tremendous pressure was brought to bear on U. S. Army aviation in the last war to adopt British planes and training methods 100 per cent, without questioning their applicability to us. A British delegation came over to this country with an impressive array of planes. From the roof of the old State Department building in Washington, Army and Navy officials watched British pilots stunt an Avro. They were much impressed. They declared that Americans couldn't possibly fly that well, and that our methods were no good. H. H. Arnold, then a colonel, was much disturbed. Arnold believed in American designed planes and American trained pilots.

He telephoned Smith at Wright Field, and told him to come to Washington at once.

Next morning, A. D. went over to the flying field and walked casually up to the Avro. The British Commanding Officer asked him if he wanted to fly it. "Why should I want to fly it?" A. D. asked. Nettled, the C. O. praised the plane's characteristics, and A. D. finally agreed to fly it *as a favor*. Meanwhile, Arnold had the "brass hats" up on the roof again. In a plane he had never flown before, Smith outdid himself stunting in the sky. He did loops, chandelles, rolls, Immelmanns, whipstalls and spins—he made up new stunts as he went along. The "brass hats" were thus convinced that Americans could fly as well as anyone—we would continue to build planes and teach men to fly in our own way.

The soundness of that view has been proved in two world wars.

In March, 1918, Arnold had business at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. As he landed he noticed a flier stunting a Nieuport. The pilot was just touching his wheels to the ground, as he looped the loop. Arnold believed that the flier was at that stage all airmen go through, when he knows all the answers. Arnold remarked to attendants, "We'd better call the ambulance now." Sure enough, the next time 'round, the Nieuport crashed. Wreckage was strewn across the field, but A. D. Smith, its pilot, was still alive. He had merely broken his leg, fractured his ankle, injured his right eye, broken three ribs, hurt his spine, and sustained serious internal injuries!

Yet, when Mrs. Smith arrived breathless at the hospital, she saw A. D. in bed, swathed in bandages, barely able to talk—and sitting on the bed beside him was a little Negro boy who had wandered in from a nearby ward. Smith was telling him animal stories.

A. D. was soon hobbling around Wright Field on crutches, doing groundwork for tests then under

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way. One day a plane crashed just outside the field. A. D. threw away his crutches, climbed a high fence and pulled two airmen from the burning plane. But in the rescue his leg was broken again. Due to the pressure of war, he never did allow himself enough time to get well. He ignored his injuries and flew again.

Smith had piloted the first airplane to have plane-to-ground and plane-to-plane radio contact. In 1918 he directed by radio from a plane the greatest number of aircraft (312) ever flown in one formation, until recent years. One of them was piloted by a 21-year-old flier named Doolittle. That same year, he became the first pilot to cross the U. S. and return in an airplane, leading a flight from San Diego to New York and return by way of Florida in 72 days! High winds, bumpy landing fields, or none, delayed the others—but A. D. finished the trip alone.

In 1919, Smith joined Col. H. H. Arnold's Northwest Forest Fire Patrol. This was a pioneering task to preserve our national forests for future generations.

One day Arnold, A. D. and two other pilots were flying to Seattle. Only A. D. knew the way. The clouds got lower and lower, and finally A. D. was threading his way up a deep and narrow canyon. They passed a freight train so close they could shake hands with the conductor. Soon Col. Arnold saw the end of the canyon up ahead—and a railroad tunnel. Either they had to fly up into the clouds and perhaps into a mountain, or fly through the tunnel. There was no room for Smith and the other three to turn around and fly back, past Col. Arnold. A. D. suddenly zoomed up into the clouds, followed by the other two pilots, and Arnold had to follow. After being in the clouds for a few minutes he figured that Smith probably had known what he was about, so Col. Arnold carefully nosed down, and to his immense relief came out into the clear. He saw A. D. ahead of him, leading his friends up another canyon, as though nothing had happened.

All this time, A. D.'s old injuries still troubled him; he had never given himself time to recover. In 1923, he was retired from the Army for physical disability. He bought a small property in California. One day he was digging a deep well. A helper was at the bottom of the shaft loading the bucket, which A. D. hauled to the top. The winch failed. Knowing that the falling 200 pound loaded bucket would kill the man in the well, A. D. threw himself on the winch, and stopped it.

He received a skull fracture and brain concussion, but the loaded bucket did not fall. The helper could reach up and touch it with his hand as it dangled dangerously above him. A. D.'s physician stated that his basal fracture might have been fatal, had it not been that the blood pressure was relieved by his defective ear, the result of a concussion which had happened 20 years before.

During the winter, Smith was caught in a blizzard, and would have lost his feet had he not rubbed them with tepid water, according to his own common sense, rather than snow, which medical authori-

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ties of the time recommended. On another occasion he was working on a contracting job to earn funds to improve his property. The contractor's scaffold failed, and A. D. broke his back.

He had long been anxious to get into commercial aviation, and so he organized the Scenic Airways, which operated several flying schools and flew tourists down into the Grand Canyon. However, most tourists preferred a saddled horse beneath them instead of 5,000 feet of air. Customers were few, and overhead was high.

One day word came by telephone that a hunter had lost his arm in a hunting accident near House Rock Valley. A. D. said, "Tell the men there to roll any boulders off that hogback ridge below the camp, and to mark the corners of the field with white flour. Then build a fire and throw an old auto tire on it which will make a black smudge to show wind direction and velocity."

The only plane available was a Ford Tri-motor—designed for long concrete runways. A. D. circled the field, and then came in to land—calculating that the *up-hill* rise would offset the shortness of the "field." He pulled up the big plane, just short of the end of the hogback—and disaster. As the result of a soft-nosed bullet, only a fragment of flesh held the disabled man's shattered arm to his shoulder, so A. D. cut it off with a hunting knife and bandaged up the wound. Again, he figured correctly—rolling *down-hill* in the Tri-motor, he gained speed rapidly enough to take the air before reaching the lower end of the "field." A. D. flew to Flagstaff, where a doctor was waiting, and the hunter's life was saved.

After Scenic Airways folded its wings, A. D. joined an airline which later merged with others to form TWA. Smith was an excellent operations man, and rose rapidly to occupy several important posts.

In his spare time he loved to fish.

Once, in Colorado, A. D. was catching his limit of trout, while the other men in the party were having no luck. Queried, Smith went into a long and serious dissertation on fly rods, wrist action, tapered lines—and recommended several flies. His friends still had no luck. At the first opportunity, one of them peeked into A. D.'s kit. A. D. had none of the flies he had so heartily recommended. The only one he had been using was the "Jock Scott"—which he had not even mentioned.

A. D. RESIGNED from a fine job with TWA in 1940. After years of hard work, he was determined to have a long vacation, and fish as much as he liked. Maybe forever. Fifteen days later, he was back in the Army. Long before Pearl Harbor he saw trouble ahead for the nation. He could have had a higher rank but he insisted on returning to service as a captain at 200 dollars a month. His wife got herself a job in an aircraft plant, working at machines she had never seen before. Smith became operations officer at Albuquerque Air Base. During 1940 his main job was training the 19th Bombardment Group, which distinguished itself against the Japanese, and became the most decorated group in the AAF. In 1941 he was charged with

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operations for a four-engine bomber training school, and a bombardier training school, which turned out the AAF's first heavy bomber crews.

A. D. was back in Army harness.

By the summer of 1942 the AAF was pioneering its routes across the North Atlantic. To one of its key bases General Arnold sent A. D. Smith, as previously described. By now he was a colonel.

In this particular area there were no adequate radio communications, weather stations, landmarks, or navigational aids. In the winter it was often 40 degrees below zero. Relations between ourselves and our allies were none too good at that moment, for a variety of reasons, none of which were valid. One night a high-ranking Allied officer called up and said he was bringing a friend to call on A. D. He came over, and mentioned that he had heard Smith was good at shooting craps, a game at which he fancied himself no mean hand. He left many hours later—a great friend and a greater admirer of A. D.'s manual dexterity. With personal relations established on a friendly basis, all administrative differences were soon ironed out.

Smith's after-hours ability at shooting craps is supported by ample evidence. The money means nothing to him, but fellowship does. His friends twit him about the time he felt sorry for an unknown opponent, and returned 300 dollars. The man was a professional gambler. One time A. D. and a friend, grounded by weather, wandered into the rear rooms of a hotel in a western city to pass the time. Smith had made only a few passes, when he was told that he would have to throw them out of a cup. His friend protested to the manager, "That's a fine way to treat us. We walk in here, a couple of unknowns —and you accuse my friend of being a sharpshooter!"

"He may be unknown to you, but he isn't to me," said the manager. "I served with your pal in the Army in Mexico in 1916. I've seen him roll."

SMITH DID an excellent job at his northern air base. He built hangars, auxiliary fields, weather stations and established a first rate base for getting airplanes through to Europe where they were needed desperately. He was awarded the Legion of Merit, and sent to help Bernt Balchen conquer Greenland.

Greenland was not only a strategic stop-over on the North Atlantic route, but also the birthplace of North Atlantic weather. The Germans knew this. They had weather planes and ships in the area. The enemy radioed the weather to the high command in Berlin, to the Luftwaffe, to blockade runners, to submarines in the North Atlantic. Nazi planes were flying near the American continent. Nazi subs were refueling in the Greenland fiords, to strike at our convoys.

A short air route to Europe crossed Greenland's tip, but to make it useful, we should have to put sizeable forces ashore, supply them with food, provide for their defense, and build airfields on the ice and rock. A. D. battled drifting snows, gales, haze, and sudden thaws that flooded airfields. In winter the days were four hours long; in summer they were 24 hours. Yet in a matter of months,

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Greenland was a going concern.

One of A. D.'s first jobs in Greenland was to find a pure water supply for his base.

The men had been drinking highly chlorinated surface water that looked like coffee and tasted like bilge water. Meanwhile deep wells were being driven in the hard rock. Undismayed, A. D. surveyed the area on foot. With his farmer's common sense, he located a large, clear waterfall a mile and a half away. The water was found pure, and A. D. had only to pipe it in.

ABOUT THIS time word came out of the north that the Germans had landed on Greenland's eastern coast. Due to the great distances, it was decided to bomb and strafe the Germans from Iceland, using extra gas tanks and lighter bomb loads. A. D. participated in a heavy bombardment mission, giving the Germans a blasting, and being fired on in return. The Germans realized that the jig was up, radioed to Berlin for rescue. They were gone when our air and sea forces came back to attack a second time, and they left a trawler behind in their hurry.

By late 1943 Smith felt that the greatest danger of German attack on Greenland was past, and that any enemy landing could be handled with the forces available. He urged that the bomber unit be withdrawn from Greenland and used where it was needed more—in combat. Now, Army officers who offer to give up units under their control are almost as rare as actors who cut themselves out of big scenes. A. D.'s recommendation was approved in Washington at once, with the commendation of the Chief of Staff, General Marshall.

When faced with a tough problem, A. D. does not send long wires back to headquarters claiming his equipment is no good. He just lights up a new pipeful of tobacco—and tries to do the job some other way. He pays little attention to form or rank. He readily admits his limitations. His men respect him.

After A. D. had done a good job in Greenland, General Arnold sent him to a new base being built right under the nose of the enemy, on some volcanoes sticking out of the sea. Here, the enemy could attack him any time, and blast him off his island perch. If the enemy didn't, the earthquakes might.

However, A. D. set to work with characteristic good humor. Furthermore, he was made a Brigadier General and put back on flying status — just 35 years after he had crashed his first home-built plane. Putting a veteran airman back on flying status is like putting a tennis racket in Bill Tilden's hand after a long layoff.

A. D. was again doing the thing he loved best—flying for the Army.

When the news of his promotion to Brigadier General arrived at the base, a sergeant cut two huge bright stars from a tin C-ration can. They were presented to the new general, and amid cheers he wore them to mess. It had been a long journey from private to general, but this was Uncle Sam's Army, where it could be done.

Besides, A. D. is not just any guy named Smith. He is the Army's *Number One Smith!*

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Gems from the Coronet Story Teller

The most closely guarded German secret of the first World War was the code for the official messages. Only one copy of the key to the code existed.

Alexander Szek, a young Austrian, was one of the few who had access to it. His knowledge of telegraphy had so impressed the German High Command that they entrusted him to transmit the most important messages.

A British admiral, Sir Reginald Hall, discovered that this key man had an English mother to whom he was devoted. She was convinced that her son's patriotic duty lay with England, and through her influence Szek undertook the dangerous task of copying the code. When the mammoth project was completed, he himself secretly brought the copy to England.

On January 19, 1917, a coded dispatch was sent from Germany to her minister in Mexico, promising that if Mexico allied with Germany in waging war against the then neutral United States, she would recover her lost provinces of New Mexico, Arizona and Texas. The publication of this letter in the United States aroused an outburst of indignation which quickly prepared this country for war.

Although the German Staff was completely mystified by this exposure, they never once suspected that the key to the code was known to the Allies, and, in fact, used continuously until the Armistice. The services of the spy Alexander Szek were of titanic import—services which came about through a man's devotion to his mother.

When the magician Harry Houdini and his wife visited Moscow in 1913, they were much impressed by the Kremlin bells. Their guide explained that the bell ropes had rotted away, and the bells had not been heard for over a century. But Houdini determined to ring them, should an opportunity arise, and confided his intentions to his wife.

A few days later he appeared before Czar Nicholas in a special performance. The magician entranced the court and completely captivated the superstitious Czarina. Still skeptical, the Czar challenged Houdini to ring the bells of the Kremlin. "Very well," he consented, "I will ring those bells without stirring from this room."

He strode to the window, sprinkled some purple powder upon his handkerchief and waved it three times in the direction of the Kremlin. Their Majesties were dumbfounded as the peal of the bells burst upon the silence of the room!

Not until after Houdini's death was the secret of this super-human feat revealed. Mrs. Houdini, standing on the balcony of the hotel, had seen the agreed signal of the waving

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(*Continued from inside back cover*)

handkerchief and fired a small rifle, with a silencer, at the Kremlin bells. It was the sound of the bullets striking those great tocsins that had awed and impressed the rulers of Russia!

One night in 1883, the weary editor of a New England farmer's almanac closed his desk and prepared to leave. He had predicted the weather conditions for every day of the coming year except July 13th, and that could be filled in the next morning.

That evening an agitated office boy arrived with word that the printers' deadline had been moved up and completed copy for the almanac must go out on the next train. The editor ordered impatiently: "Put in something suitable for July 13th—but don't bother me."

Finished copies had been distributed when the editor, worrying a bit about sales—for the margin of profit was small—happened to notice the prediction for July 13th. It read: "Wind, Hail and Snow."

Livid with rage, he summoned the office boy. The lad stammered that he thought such weather would be nice—and unusual for that date. In despair, the editor resigned himself to bankruptcy.

But on the morning of July 13th, 1884, wind, hail and snow *did* descend upon New England. By this one prediction, the almanac became both famous and prosperous—all because of an office boy's farfetched prophecy.

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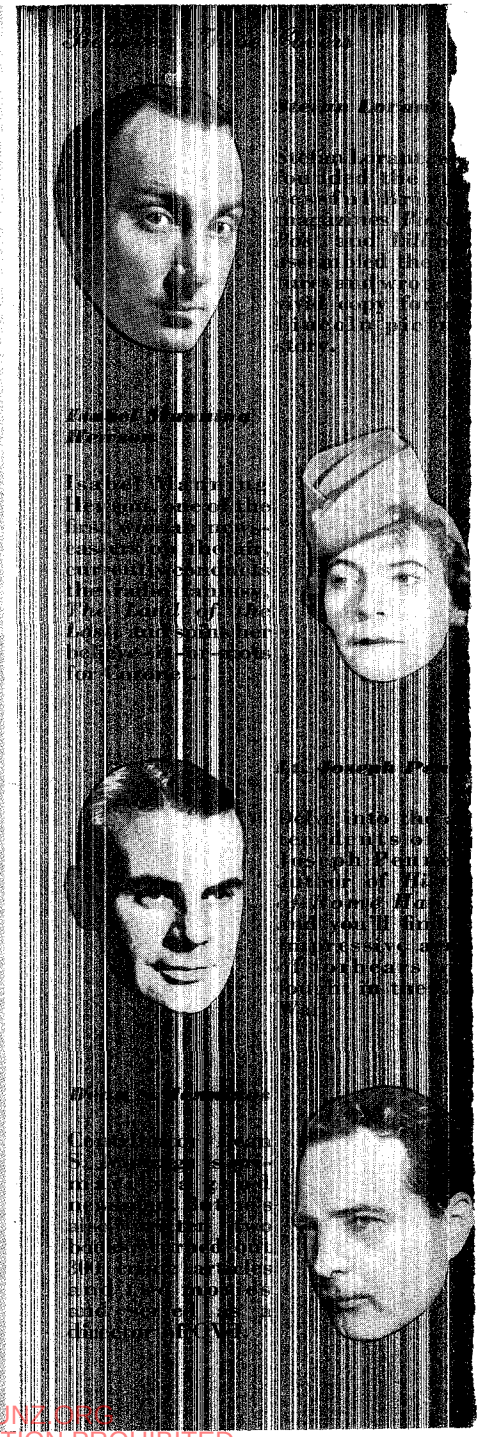

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